A FURIOUS GALE.

Great Destruction to Life and Property Reported.

Wrecks Reported All Along the Coast-Many Craft Lost in the Chain of Lakes. -

The Tornado Surprises and Destroys an Oyster Fleet.

The gale of Monday and Tuesday last has equalled in velocity, if hot destructiveness, anything of the kind which has been known here for series of years. It first developed dangerous propensities about 5 o'clock Monday evening, and continued to increase in violence until 4 o'clock Tuesday moru-Equitable building at the rate of fifty miles an hour. This indicates a terrible rate in such exposed points as Mount Washington and Block Island. The destruction to life and property along the coast has been quite serious. One of the first annoyances of the storm was the damage to the telegraph wires. At 3 o'clock Tuesday morning the business was practically at a standstill. The Western Union company at that time was able to get messages through on but four of their many wires, and even these were work-

having covered a territory many thousands of miles in area.

Reports from many of the little villages situated alone the east and west side of Cape Cod tell of considerable damage accomplished by the wind to private property. In several instances schooners at anchor in the harbors were blown ashore, sustaining no great damage, however. The gale throughout the night at Provincetown created the most intense excitement, as it was one of the most severe that has visited the Cape for years. It was hardly safe to venture upon the street on account of the danger from flying pieces of wood, bricks, etc.

In Maine and New Hampshire.

Augusta, November 13.—The great gale which n this section. The trees were uprooted in many places, in some cases falling across the roads and in the city proper a number of chimneys were blown off. A portion of a connecting veranda between ome of the buildings at the insane hospital was badly shaken up. The wind seemed to be high up in the air. The gale reached its height about 2 a.m. At that time probably nearly every house in town had most of its innabitants out of bed. The house fairly rocked as the gusts struck them. At Kent's till the roof of Sanborn Hall was blown off and other damage done.

Reports from Laconia and vicinity indicate a great deal of local damage. Buildings were blown down and unroofed, fences levelled, signs torn off, windows smashed and trees uprooted. No loss of life has been reported.

While the steamer Nellie was lying at the wharf in Alton bay, the wind got under the stern, lifted her completely up and buried her bow beneath the waves. She filled and sank immediately.

IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

Heavy Loss of Life and Property-The Tornado Surprises and Destroys an Oyster Fleet.

BALTIMORE, November 13 .- The heavy gale that visited this section of the country yesterday swept the Chesapeake with the violence of a tordo. All the steamers were delayed and strange rumors of disaster were brought to this city, which were, however, not substantiated until the arrival from the oyster grounds, giving details of the terrible experience of the oystermen during that flerce ble experience of the oystermen during that flerce strife of elements. Captain Lybrand Thomas of the Gertrude states that the bay was full of oyster vessels at the time, which were all lying at anchor when the storm struck them in the morning, and many had sails up drying from the late rains. The weather had been so calm of late that no squall of such intensity as was experienced was creamed of. The gale struck them when on most all the vessels all hands were below asleep. The wind rapidly increased to sixty miles an hour, and among the flying spray and night nothing could be ascertained of a neighbor's fate. The wind continued heavy even after daylight and blew all the ensuing day heavy from the northwest. Upon the rise of the sun a terrible picture of devastation was presented; nearly every vessel that had been at anchor was aground, while the beach was lined with wreckage. On James Point the large oyster schooner Walter F. Thomas, Captain Preston Webster, was bottom upwards, Captain Webster, his mate and crew of eight men having been drowned. Andrew Jones and Jack Wikes were among the number. Near by was the schooner G. A. Kirvin of Baltimore, Captain James S. Kirvin, sunk in several fathoms of water, her crew of ten men and commander clinging to the rigging half frozen. They were rescued with difficulty by the trew of the sloop Annie. The pungy Seaman's Bride, Captain John Geise, went down near James Point; crew saved. Off Sandy Point two large unknown schooners went down with all on board, some twenty men, all lost. Captain Thomas states strife of elements. Captain Lybrand Thomas of unknown schooners went down with all on board some twenty men, all lost. Captain Thomas states some twenty men, all lost. Captain Thomas states that the loss to vessels, cargoes, etc., will amount to many thousand dollars. More wrecks were seen, but it is impossible to get particulars. The news created much consternation in the oyster trade here. As the crews of oyster vessels are usually composed of the seum of the population, driven to the hard life as a last resource, it is difficult to obtain names. Captain Thomas left tonight again for Deals Island to notify the owners of the schooner Willie F. Thomas of her loss and the disaster to the crew. He carries provisions for relief of sufferers at James Point. Other relief will be sent tomorrow, when a more complete report is exsected.

BALTIMORE, November 14.—Additional par-

Baltimore, November 14.—Additional particulars being received from the oyster fleet down the Chesapeake bay, it is now accepted as true that the crews of the two unknown schooners known to have foundered off Sandy Point perished. The number of men on them was probably ten each. The schooner Willis F. Thomas Captain Preston Webster, which was lost with all on board, adds nine lives to the list while four others were lost by the sinking of an unknown sloop off Crisfield, inaking thirty-three in all. It is supposed that numerous other small craft have foundered with their crews, leaving no trace behind. The storm came up like a white squall, and gave no warning. The pecuniary loss is immense.

Hundreds of Acres Laid Low by Tuesday's Cyclone-Huge Trees, Piled in Inextricable Masses, Completely Blocking the Streams,

BANGOR, Me., November 19 .- The gale of Tues day was more severe than was at first supposed, and in some places in the State amounted to a terrible havor the winds caused among the timber lands in Piscataquis county. Messrs. Lewis F. Stratton and William Engel of this city and Frank Gilman of Winn have a crew of sixty men and fourteen horses at work on the west branch of the Piscataquis, where they own a large tract of valuable timber land. Early Thesday morning a cyclone swept through the forest, levelling acres and acres of timber land as smooth as if the trees had been cut to clear a farm. It damaged thousands of dollars worth. A great many trees were blown into the stream, which will have to be cleared before driving. The heavy trees fell first, and on to these were piled small trees and brush. The timber that has been blown down will be many cases, be worthless as it will

trees fell first, and on to these were piled small trees and brush. The timber that has been blown down will in many cases be worthless, as it will cost more than it is worth to get it out of the tangle. Large trees were torn up by the roots, showing how strong must have been the force of the wind. A number of trees blew on to a tent, in which were a number of men, but fortunately no one was injured.

Atwell and McLeod have a crew at work on township 5, range 9, east of Katahdin Iron Works. It was estimated that there was a million of pine standing on the landwhich this firm had purchased. Such was the terrific force of the cyclone that on scores of acres of the land scarcely a tree is left standing. The firm will keep at work for the present, but there is much of the timber it will not pay to attempt to haul.

The cyclone was also very destructive to timber land owned by T. N. Egery, Esq., of this city, the Howard National Bank of Boston, and the heirs of S. K. Rindge of Cambridge, Mass.

Those who have seen the places laid waste by the winds say that nothing except a cyclone could have created such rain. Great trees were blown and twisted about as though they were toothpicks. An old resident of Piscataquis county says he has never known so long and severe a gale. The noise of the gale is described as dreadful and well calculated to excite ierror. Above the sound of the gale could be heard the falling of the timber. noise of the gale is described as dreadful and well calculated to excite terror. Above the sound of the gale could be heard the falling of the timber, the crash of which was audible for miles. It is a cause of wonderment to all that some of the men who were in the forest through which the gale passed were not injured or killed. General Charles

Hamlin of this city was at Katahdin Iron Works Wednesday, and says that he should estimate that the loss to timber in the immediate vicinity would amount to \$50,000.

TWO MILES IN TEN HOURS. Rough Experiences of Two Runters in the

Maine Woods During Monday's Gale. CONCORD, N. H., November 18.—"Fin" Butter-field tells a thrilling story of his experience in the field tells a thrilling story of his experience in the Maine woods during Monday's gale. He was there on a hunting expedition in company with smith West and two companions, and last Monday was encamped at the headquarters of Pleasant river, ten miles south of Moosehead lake. The wind blew some in the morning, but about noon the fun began. Their camp blew away, and the giants of the forest began to fall like rain. When the gale ceased there was not a tree left standing in all Piscataquis county. Tuesday morning they started to get out of what was woods when they went in, taking with them only guns and blankets. The first day they walked 9½ hours and only made two miles, and the second day in 11½ hours they advanced only four miles. They had to literally chop their way out, and on the second day were met by a gang of men who had started in after them, but had only cut a path of five miles in that time. The scene beggared description. Men whose fortunes were in the forests were rulned in a few hours. One man had four yoke of oxen and five pairs of hours at a camp in the devastated region, all of

ON THE LAKES.

The J. H. Ackley Goes Down in Lake Michigan with Six Persons - Twelve

Others Saved by Daring Men. CHICAGO, November 16 .- A United Press special from Toronto says that the tug D. T. Thompson, which arrived at Kingston today, reports that the barge Milwaukee, with six men, broke her hawser while being towed by the tug Charlotte Saturday, and was carried by a tre-mendously high sea upon the New Gallop Islands, where she was dashed to pieces and her crew lost. She could not assist her.

where she was dashed to pieces and her crew lost. She could not assist her.

CHICAGO, November 14.—Another marine disaster, including the loss of six lives and the fine steam bargo J. H. Ackley, occurred Thesday, nine miles off Holland on the east shore of Lake Michigan. Coupled with it was an act of bravery by two brothers, David and Daniel Miller of the schooner Driver, who saved the twelve remaining persons on board the Ackley in the face of one of the heavest storms ever known on the lakes. The Miller brothers courageously lowered their only skiff and went to the aid of the survivors, who were drifting in a yawl without oars at the mercy of the waves. Captain Stretch stuck to his post until his vessel foundered, going down with it himself. The Ackley carried 50,000 bushels of corn for Buffalo. She was caught in the great gale of Sunday, and her machinery becoming disabled she got in the trough of the sea and her cargo shifted, causing her to sink.

Grand Rapids, Mich., November 13.—The Colchester reef lightship foundered last night.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

Disasters Along the Atlantic Coast to Ship-

ping and Buildings. Reports of disasters from the recent severe gale are still coming in, varying in extent from the loss of anchors and destruction of fences to total wrecks of vessels and buildings. In some cases lives have been lost, but the full loss in this direction cannot be known for many days, for there is always the possibility of some members of a wrecked crew being saved.

Damages to the Cloucester Fleet.

GLOUCESTER, November 19 .- Fishing schooners are arriving considerably damaged by the late gale. Schooner S. R. Lane, from Bay of St. Lawgale. Schooner S. R. Lane, from Bay of St. Lawrence, lost seine-boat and two seines while crossing the Bay of Fundy. Schooner Smuggler lost two anchors and cable and had her dory stove. Schooner Edward Trevoy had her salls split and bowsprit spring. Schooner Hidegarde had dory stove. Schooner George W. Stetson had decks swept and bulwarks stove. Schooner S. A. Parkhurst lost two anchors, fifty fathoms of cable, and had her dory stove. Schooner M. H. Perklus fell in with an abandoned three-masted schooner loaded with ice and took her in tow. She has not yet arrived. Schooner Jennie Severns of this port, homeward bound from the Bay of St. Lawrence, is reported at Shelburne with bowsprit gone.

Three Barges Lost in the Sound. NEW LONDON, November 13.—The steam tug C. B. Sanford, Captain Edgar F. Halleck, owned by Haddock & Steele of New York, arrived here Monday night with the barge Hatieras, laden with coal, in tow. The tug lost three barges with their crews, eight men in all, during the gale Monday afterneon in the Sound between Cornfield light and Faulkner Island.

Making Fast to an Apple Tree. CINCINNATI, O., November 13.—The schooner Mary of St.Catharines was blown ashore near here at midnight. Shewas carried bythe hurricane clear over into Gilbert's orchard, where the crew leaped out and made the vessel fast to an apple tree.

MOST OF A CITY IN ASHES. The Business Portion of Shenandoah,

Penn., Burned-Loss, \$1,000,000. SHENANDOAH, Penn., November 14.—A fire broke out in the United States Hotel, a large threestory frame building at Main and Centre streets, Wednesday, and burned from \$750,000 to \$1,-000,000 worth of property. The wind blew a hurricane at the time. The building in which the fire started was soon enveloped in fiames, which communicated to adjoining buildings north of Centre street. The book on the opposite side of the street caught fire at 3 o'clock. Sixteen street fronts were destroyed, including the United States Hotel, the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Academy of Music, the Herald office, the Opera House, the Mining Herald and Saturday Evening News offices. Assistance was sent from Pottsville, Ashland, Girardville, Tamaqua, Mahonoy City and other places. Over 250 families have lost everything. It is utterly impossible to give the amount of insurance, but it is supposed to be large. But few accidents happened. One young man, named George Heuton, on his way home, tried to jump on a passing engine and had both legs taken off. He will de. An appeal for help has been issued. Contributions of clothes or money may be sent to John Cathers, treasurer of the relief committee. 000,000 worth of property. The wind blew a

Almost Total Destruction of the Town-Distress of the Citizens.

The streets of Shenandoah are crowded with people viewing the ruins made by the great fire yesterday. The burnt district covers an area of yesterday. The burnt district covers an area of five acres. A person walking over the ground cannot tell what street he is passing through. The ruins are still smoking and emitting an unhealthy smell. Where the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church stood, nothing can be seen but the bare cellars. The Academy of Music, at the corner of Main and Centre streets, was also destroyed. There was nothing left to mark this immense structure. The work of rebuilding has begun in many parts of the burnt district.

trict.
While THE GLOBE correspondent was passing

While The Globe correspondent was passing through the streets of the burnt district he saw many business men standing at their former places shedding tears. Many of them lost everything and have not a dollar to start again. The majority of the business men had no insurance either on buildings or stock. Places where liquor was sold had their contents emptied on the streets, and nearly all of it was stolen by roughs, causing much drunkenness and many free fights.

David Keezer of Reading, Penn., who has a carpet store on Main street, near Oak, saved everything. However, the building was badly scorched. Mrs. Philip Wolfe, who was rescued from a burning building by a brave firemen at the peril of his life, died this morning from fright. Her husband, who lost all he had, is almost frantic from grief. George Heaton, who was working yesterday and started for his home to save a few articles, and had his legs cut off by a coal train, died also this morning, after suffering intense agony. George Whitaker, aged 23, had his leg broken this morning while removing some articles from the burning runs. Patrick Delaney, who lost his store and furniture, is so overcome by grief and fright that he is in a precarious condition and cannot recover. Jerry O'Nell, one of the bravest firemen of this place, received severe injuries this morning. An actual count by Chief Burgess Daniel Williams shows that 200 houses were destroyed and 500 families made homeless and destiture, causing a loss of \$550,000. Joseph Robins has started in building a row of houses for the poorer class of citizens this morning. The Third Brigade band of Pottsa row of houses for the poorer class of citizens this morning. The Third Brigade band of Pottsville will hold a concert tonight for the benefit of the suffering. Contributions are coming in fast from all sections.

from all sections. A Cas Flame That Illumines the Whole

Country. PITTSBURG, Penn., November 19.—The new gas well of Haymaker Brothers, in Westmoreland gas well of Haymaker Brothers, in Westmoreland county, which was opened on Friday last, was lighted on Saturday. The flame shot upwards 150 feet, and illumines the country for miles. Its roar is terrific, and can be heard for three miles. By its intense action houses are sinken within a radius of a mile. The well is pronounced by experts to be the largest ever developed.

WRECKED IN THE PACIFIC.

Adventures of the Steward of a Maine Ship.

Fifteen Weeks Spent-in Utter Solitude on a Desolate Island.

Rescued by Japanese Boatmen-A Bad

Experience.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., November 16 .- The good ship St. Clair of Thomaston, Me., sailed from New York on December 18, 1882. She was commanded souls, including her first and second officers and wreck. The weather was stormy and the waves, possible efforts to save anything. A ship cannot with safety go nearer than two or threes miles to the ness and rocky nature of the bottom, on which, if lost. The captain, knowing that the island upon visited by Japanese fishermen at a certain season

shore, and some small trees and bushes grew upon the island, so that he had no great trouble in getting a supply of fuel.

As to shelter, he found this already provided for him, as there were some sheds used by the fishermen who make periodical visits to the place for the purpose of catching and curring fish. These fish were a species of mackerel which they cure by splitting them, as is customary with Yankee fishers, and then laying them upon the dry ground to cure. In addition to the mackerel is a kind of shark, which is very lat, and is taken and melted down for the oil, the bones being saved and made an article of traffic and used in manufactures. The large iron kettles used in this business were sitting in their positions just as left at the end of the previous fishing season, and by putting some sea-water in one of them and drying it out again by means of fire, Mr. Wall secured a supply of sail. He found plenty of good oysters at low tide, and in basius among the rocks many fish were left in a condition to be easily taken. There was thus no danger of actual starvation. Being thus thrust into this utter solitude,

A Species of Lethurgy or Torpor

seemed to seize upon the steward which almost

days, but it gradually were away and he found himself again possessed of his normal mental activity and physical vigor. He soon found that for him the supreme virtue was patience, since to attempt to escape by any effort of his own making was quite out of the question.

He saw that if he lived his rescue was a mere matter of time as the people who were in the tempt to escape by any effort of his own making was quite out of the question.

He saw that if he lived his rescue was a mere matter of time, as the people who were in the habit of visiting the island would certainly return, At least, he had the best of reasons for expecting them to do so, since they had left property there and the place afforded them profit. He soon became tired of his fish diet and looked about for some means of varying it. The island is some twenty miles in extent in one direction and is destitute of any game. There were, however, some small land birds sometimes to be seen, but without a gun he could not secure them. After enduring this sort of life for some fifteen weeks the Japanese boats arrived and the steward rushed to meet them. Although unable to speak an intelligible word to these people he grasped one by the hand, and found it more welcome even than that of a "brother in a foreign land." In short, these people were kind to the stranger and did all that they could to make him comfortable, and in a few days the first boat started for Teobe and he went with it, and thence to Yokohama. Reaching that city, he was protected by the American consul, and sent by that official to this city, where he arrived a few days ago, Washi is a very well informed man, and repeats the story of his adventure in a very entertaining manner, despite his foreign accent and imperfect command of the English language. He has two motherless children living near San Francisco, and he has set about the business of gaining a support for them by commencing again as steward on board one of the Northeru coast coliters, with the captain of which he has been long acquainted. The story as told by its hero does not equal the famous picture of Robinson Crusoe as painted by the brilliant per fed Robinson Crusoe as painted by the brilliant per fed Robinson Crusoe as painted by the brilliant per fed Robinson Crusoe as painted by the brilliant per fed Robinson Crusoe as painted by the cirlliant per fed Robinson Crusoe as painte lightly challenged.

She Married Alfred, Meaning to Marry Henry, Who Was Alfred's Twin.

(Portland Oregonian.)
A remarkable story comes tonight from St.
Helen, which is well vouched for. About six months ago, twin brothers-Alfred and Henry Grove-arrived from Kansas and settled near St. Helen. There was a very strong resemblance be Helen. There was a very strong resemblance between them, in fact so strong that intimate friends could scar-ely tell one from the other. Henry was married, but his wife was living in Kausas. He soon made the acquaintance of the family of John Avery, living near, including their daughter, Lottle Avery, aged 13. One night about five weeks ago in jest he asked her to become his wife and to his utter surprise she accepted, informing her mother immediately. The mother in a practical way broached the subject of the date of the marriage, etc., and before Grove could recovered from his surprise the details had been arranged.

arranged.
He immediately went to his brother Alfred, told He immediately went to his brother Alfred, told the story and asked for advice. Alfred volunteered to personate the brother and stand for him. The ceremony took place October 21, the couple remaining at the home of the bride's parents. Alfred fell in love with the girl, and a week after the marriage told of the deception. In her indignation she ordered him from the house. Sire then informed her parents, and the father started after the son-in-law with a shot-gun, and has followed Alfred to this city, where he is supposed to have field.

VENICE, November 19.—Three Venetian girls, named Angeli, belonging to one of the highest and nost influential families, committed suicide to gether by taking poison at the seashore, last week, after having wreathed their mother's tomb-stone with flowers. One of the girls suffered from defective eyesight, another was subject to epilep-tic fits, and all three had grown melancholy from unrequited love. They had been very despondent for some time past.

Another Silver Excitement.

WALDRON, Ark., November 19 .- A farmer of this county, while hunting recently, discovered a cave in which he found the skeleton of a man, together with several silver coins. These latter had evidently been manufactured by Spaniards years ago, the date, appearance and inscription indicating extreme autionity. The ramains were in a won-

derful state of preservation, although the skull and ilmbs were detached and scattered. The belief is expressed that the cave is close to the silver mines which are said to exist in the mountain, and which were worked by the Spaniards many years since, and afterward closed so effectually that no trace of them has ever been found. Parties have been organized to make a thorough search throughout the chain of the Boston mountains, and it is hoped that the shafts so long closed may be found.

Told by a Sailor Returned from a Siberian Gold Hunt.

A story which possesses all of the charm of Tom Sawyer," added to the adventures of "Captain Kidd," is printed in the Honoluiu Saturday Press of October 20. About a year ago a number of men living in Honolulu were moved by a spirit of adventure and a desire for gold ested himself in it, but proposed to navigate the Ninito and her crew of adveaturers and fortune-himsers to some northern coast where the somewhat unusual combination of gold-digging and salmon-fishing e ind be successfully worked. Permien told such a glowing story that the company of adventurers, mostly mechanics and Ignorant of the mysteries of navigation and the wonders of Siberia, placed him at the head of their expedition, with a share in all possible profits. The Ninito was loaded with salf for the salmon, flour to trade with, and mining tools and fishing tackle purchased in San Francisco, and on the 21st of last March salled from Honoralin with a full crew and eight of the stockbolders of the "East Siberia Fishing and Mining Company" (as the expedition was officially named) as passengers. The passports of those on board were found to be for Vladivostock, Siberia. When the brig was out of sight of the islands the captain and mate forced the passengers to do Saltors' work, and the captain and a passenger named Nelson formed a conspiracy to run to the nearest land, leave the passengers, sail to the next port, and sell the entire outfit and brig, pocketing the proceeds as a reward for their ingenitry. This scheme failed for a time, and on the fortleth day out the little brig sailed into the port of Hakodadi, island of Jesso. There Nelson, while on shore, attempted to rob another one of the passengers named Mason of a watch. Mason attempted to rob another one of the passengers named Mason of a watch. Mason attempted to kill Nelson, in order to bring about an open rupture which should decide whether the conspirators or the passengers should thereafter manage the expedition. In this annicable and high-ty-diplomatic endeavor he was unsuccessful, and the brig continued until Vladivostock was reached.

PROTESTING AGAINST POLYCAMY. Address of the National League Adopted at Cleveland.

National League for the Suppression of Polygamy, adopted last week, says: Now is the time for action. The bonor of the nation is in danger. The total disregard of the law of the land The total disregard of the law of the land is bringing us Into disgrace among the peoples. Ever since Joe Smith established the Mormon church, the fundamental doctrines of which are polygamy and profligacy, there has rested upon the nation a stain, which has been a disgrace to us and to the civilized world. The Mormon church has flourished. The world cries out against such progress, and in the name of humanity, home and common decency, demands a hait in the rapid strides, of behery and law breating. As yet Congress had laken but little interest in the matter, for some reason best known to the members thereof, and as a consequence it remains for the people at large to throttle the evil in the best namer possible quence it remains for the people at large to throttle the evil in the best manner possible and rid the country of a curse which their representatives in Congress have failed to recognize. An inmense lobby of Mormon elders has signified its intention to be at Washington this winter for the purpose of defeating bilis introduced for the regulation of polygamy. A great deal of money will be spent, and if there is not a popular uprising against the obnoxious teachings and practices of the Mormons, Congress will again, no doubt, refuse to recognize the evil, and nothing will be done to eradicate it. In view of this, the National League for the Suppression of Polygany, of Cleveland, urgently request that petitions be circulated in every city, town and school district in the United States, asking Congress to submit to the Legislatures of the various states an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting polygamy. This would be an important step. If accomplished, it will prevent the institution from being recognized by any of the present States, or in territories that may become States hereafter. hereafter.

TELESCOPED.

Terrible Railroad Accident in Illinois-Six OTTAWA, Ill., November 16 .- A fatal smash-up occured today at noon on the Fox River branch of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad at Otter creek, fourteen miles south of here. The Streator express, which left Chicago The Streator express, which left Chicago at 8.15 a. m., was stopped by a construction train. An attempt was made to fiag an extra freight train coming behind, but almost immediately the latter, running at high speed, telescoped the two rear passenger coaches with terrific force. Four persons were killed instantly, S. G. Pierre, lawyer of Dwight, III.; Mrs. Alexander Henderson and her daughter of Wedron, III., and an old gentleman whose name is unknown. The injured are, Louis Gruner, farmer, of Streator; J. Murdock, Lawyer, of Streator; Frank Schwarz, farmer, of Otter Creek. The following-named were scalded badly and their condition is critical: J. Sullivan, a Fafrifeld farmer, Fireman Sauth and Engineer Young of the freight train, Rev. Samuel Deckover, and Dr. J. H. Finley of Streator were badly cut and bruised. Conductor Doyle of the treight train and John Henderson were slightly injured. The dead and wounded were removed to Streator. The track was clear by nightfall. Immediately after the accident the boiler of the freight loomotive exploded while imbedded in the wreck. The water horribly scalded the imprisoned passengers, and everything within a radius of 100 feet was blown to atoms. Lewis the imprisoned passengers, and everything within a radius of 100 feet was blown to atoms. Lewis Gowner and Rev. Deckover died in great agony at o'clock this evening, swelling the number of dead to six. Several others are expected to die shortly. An inquest will be held tomorrow morn-

TORONTO, November 19.-A scandal in high social life came to light recently, which tells of social life came to light recently, which tells of the downfall and ruin of a pretty and accomplished seventeen-year-old daughter of a banker here. She kept company with Anderson, at young medical student, unknown to her parents, and often visited his private room. When her trouble was found out, her father, although he is a Roman Catholic, forced Anderson to marry her at the point of a revolver. This was much against Anderson's will, as his lather had willed him \$60,000 only on condition that he would not marry a Catholic girl, and if he did the money was to go to an orphan asylum. Today the vice-chancellor of the High Court annulled the marriage on the ground that both parties had not consented of the ground that both parties had not consented of their own free will.

Washington, November 19.—Ex-Governor Crawford of Kansas has filed a supplemental brief Crawford of Kansas has filed a supplemental brief before Commissioner MacFarland, in the case of a land grant for the benefit of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company. Governor Crawford says that the grant intends to cover just such vacant sections of unappropriated lands as the United States owned absolutely within the prescribed limits at the date of the grant. He asks that the lands which he contends are unlawfully held by the railroad company be restored to the market under the homestead and pre-emption laws; that a suit be brought by the United States for the cancelling of the patents and recovery of said lands.

NEW ORLEANS, November 19.—The steamship Silvertown, said to be the largest freight carrier shertown, said to be the largest freight carrier afloat, except the Great Eastern, went to sea through the jetties last night without assistance, drawing twenty-five feet two inches. The heaviest draught vessei that ever passed through the jetties was the Rochester, in January last, which drew twenty-six feet three inches. The Silvertown carried 10,618 baies of cotton, the largest amount ever carried by one vessel.

TWO FAMOUS CASES.

Much Strife Generated by An Old Well.

Years of Legal Battling, and a Murder Narrowly Escaped.

A Sleighing Accident That Has Made Work for Many Lawyers.

AUGUSTA, Me., November 18 .- Two of the most persistently fought law cases in the annals of Kennebec county are now weaving their weary way through the intricate mazes of legal mys

The one of longest standing is in regard to a piece of land in Waterville, 120 feet long, 4 feet wide in its greatest breadth, and tapering off to a point at one extremity of less than onepoint at one extremity of less than one-fourth part of a foot. On account of this insignificant plot of ground thousands upon thousands of dollars have already been spent. The original claimant has long since passed to the realms of the unknown, as has also the next in line of succession to whom the suit came. One claimant has served a term in the State prison for attempt to kill, and the end is not yet.

History of the Case. The history of this case is interesting. Thirty-five or forty years ago there lived in the town of Waterville, in this county, a went-to-do gentleman by the name of Boutele. He and his nearest neighbor used as a well a peculiar contrivance, built by first sinking a hogshead and then building a sort of second story on top of this, out of timber and plank. The whole contrivance was in reality a sort of cistern. This well or cistern was exactly on the boundary line, and has now become a very important factor in the great contest. The neighbor using from this in common with the Boutelles was a Mr. Gilman, a retired tea merchant, of, for those days, great wealth. He is set down now as having possessed half a million.

He had been twice married, and his second wife was a person of great energy of character, and more than ordinary tenacity of purpose. Before either Boutelle or Gilman had come to regard this little strip of land as of any consequence the old well gave out. The second story needed repairs and it was finally decided to die a well a few feet further up than where the old one was situated. This was accordingly done. The old well filled up, and in time green grass grew over the place where the original well was placed.

Mr. houvelle was possessed of a lovely daughter, and to her Mr. Edwin Noyes paid court, and finally wed her. In time a new survey was made for some purpose, and the decas called for a line running so many feet and inches from the centre of an old well. The surveyor, of course, ran his line from the visible well. This brought the Gilmans to the front, and a neighborhood row was inaugurated, which has conflowed with ever-increasing fierceness. In time both Boutelle and Gilman died, and the teud descended as well as the property to the next heirs. In this way Air, Boutelle's daughter, who had married Mr. The history of this case is interesting. Thirty-

soutene and Gitman ded, and the feud descended as well as the property to the next heirs. In this way Mr. Bouteile's daughter, who had married Mr. Noyes, tell heir to the trouble. Mr. Noyes was a lawyer and a man of means. The feud now grew to still greater proportions. Mrs. Gitman was determined to have the acute angle of land mentioned above. Mrs. Noyes, through her husband, was determined to hold the same piece.

Almost a Murder.

In the years that had pass ed the line fence had been moved backwards and for wards, but, finally, a nuge solid board fence had been placed by the Gilmans. This, Noyes, by means of his surveys running from the only visible well, determined was all the way from three inches to four feet upon his territory, and he proposed to put it back to where it, in his judgment, belonged. This the Gilman interest, represented by a son of the second wife, Mr. Charles Gilman, decided Noyes should not do, therefore, borrowing a doubie-barreiled shot-gun and a sharpshooter's rifle, he posted himself for defence. In time a platoon of railroad employes appeared, under the command of Mr. Noyes, who was superintendent of the Maine Central railroad. The force was large enough 50 that by dividing the 120 feet of fence into sections it could all be moved in four or five minutes. This was something Gilman had not prepared for, so he concluded to put the commander-in-chief hors du combat. With this end in view he poked the shot-gun through the Ience and opened fire on Mr. Noyes. Noyes was unhart, but two or three scattering shot his two of the workmoved according to Noyes' original programme.

For this shooting the case came into the higher courts, and during the trial the sterling honesty of young Gilman was secured, and the fence man courts, and during the trial the sterling honesty of young Gliman was shown in an unexpected manner. The evidence when in, up to the time of Gilman going upon the stand, was all to the effect that the shot, so far as could be found, had all struck very low, and Gilman's counsel told him if he should swear that he only intended to scare Noyes and his men away, and did not mean personal injury, that he would probably go free, but if he testified differently he would, in all human probability, have to go to State prison for a term of years. "But I did mean to hit him; I meant to stop him then and there, and I can't swear otherwise," and he didn't. He was convicted on his own testimony, sentenced to State prison and served out his term, gaining the best will of the officers and receiving every hour of commutation allowed for good behavior.

General Rutler a Witness. courts, and during the trial the sterling honest

General Rutler a Witness.

As soon as he was out of State prison he began to collect new evidence, and now he is before the court asking for a review of a trial which, I believe, was held while he was in prison, and which was fought by his mother, since deceased. At this trial, which resulted tavorably to Noyes, or rather Mrs. Noyes, the court refused to hear any evidence tending to show the existence of the old well. Gilman has brought some ninety witnesses and affidavits bearing upon the case, among them one from Governor Benjamin F. Butler, who was conversant with the premises in his younger days, while a student at Colby University. The Governor's deposition is characteristic, he clinching his statement in regard to his recoinection of the position of a certain gate on account of his receiving a severe braise upon one hand at one time while passing through it. It is claimed that the old well or cistern has been ound underground five feet deep, just where the Gilmans asserted it could be found, and that exavations have been made, which clearly demonstrate the position of the posts of the old line fence of their vers are to collect new evidence, and now he is before the strate the position of the posts of the old line fence of forty years ago.

The case is exerting great interest, and much speculation is indulged as whether or no the court will grant a review.

Over a Sleighing Accident.

Over a Sleighing Accident.

The second case is of shorter duration and somewhat less tragic in some of its features. Two or three years ago this winter two ladies by name of Powers and sanborn were riding on State street in this city. As they came near the head of Oak street they heard sleighs coming behind them. A few feet ahead of them a horse and sleigh were fastened in such a manner that the sleigh stood out into the street at nearly right angles. Just as the ladies got nearly opposite this sleigh Mr. James Stevens drove by them, passing very near to both them and the sleigh standing out into the street. Immediately following him, and also driving faster than the ladies, was Captain Mitchell. The ladies, of course, had moved a little nearer the sleigh and made the passage between their sleigh and the obstruction somewhat smaller, so that there was not room for Captain Mitchell to drive between. In attempting it, his horse or the thills to his sleigh, or something struck the sleigh the ladies were in, and threw them forward on to the dasher of their sleigh, but did not throw either from the sleigh. The captain offered all assistance in his power, righted up the cushions and robes, and saw the ladies start for Hallowell, as he supposed, annurt. In time Miss Powers brought suit against the captain, claiming large damages. At the first trial the jury disagreed. A second trial was held, and Captain Mitchell got a verdict in his favor. This his friends received with enthusiasm, and hiring a brass band proceeded to his residence and tendered him a screnade. The plaintiff's counsel demanded a new trial on account of undue influence, and a new trial was granted, and the jury disagreed. The plaintiff now moved for a change of venue. The judge heard the argument, but did not render his decision until vacation time, or a time when no const was in session. The defendant now objected to this decision on that account, and it was carried to the full bench, where the objections were sustained. Then be plaintiff argued befor The second case is of shorter duration and some

The case has attracted widespread attention, and promises to compare favorably with the famous suit of Jarndyce'vs. Jarndyce, in Dickens' "Bleak House," where they were always "appearing and disappearing, and swearing and interrogating, and filing and cross-filing, and arguing and sealing, and motioning and referring and reporting, and revolving about the lord chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing themselves off to dusty death."

Presence of Mind of an Eight-Year Old. COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., November 17.—Yester-day Julia Robinson, 8 years old, living on the line of the Wabsah railroad, near Malvern, thirty

thinking all danger over, she got up and was knocked off the bridge into the creek and quite badly hurt. It is not known yet whether she will

TRACED BY HIS CUFF.

Black Bart, Gentlemanly Stage Robber, Captured-The Solitary Highwayman who had Stopped Twenty-Three Stage

stage robber, Black Bart, who has stopped twenty-three stages, was captured in this city Tuesday. three stages, was captured in this city Tuesday. He was known as C. E. Bolton, engaged in mining, which accounted for his frequent trips late the country. He began his career at stage robbing in August, 1877. He operated alone and on f.ot. He had a double-barrefled shetsun, a blanket slung over his shoulders and a piece of cle theorem is face. He never failed to bring a stage to a halt, and his order to the driver to throw out the mail, and Well's & Fargo's treasure box, was always obeyed. Passengers were never molested or robbed, neither did he make any use of his shotgun. It took the detectives three years to get a description of the solitary highwayman, It was his invariable habit, after breaking open a treasure box, to leave finit a piece of doggerel, signing it "P. O. 8th." The last robbery was committed November 30 last, when he realized \$4700. Detectives were promptly on his track, and tound at a place where he had camped several articles, among which were a silk handkerchief and a linen cuff. On the latter was the mark of the laundry, and from this he was subsequently traced. The laundry was found in this city, the place watched, and when Black

A FIREMAN IN FLAMES.

His Clothing Catching Fire, He Falls from

PHILADELPHIA, November 17 .- The Cape May express on the West Jersey railroad left Camden at 3.20 p. m., yesterday. Just after bassing Westville station Fireman Richard McLane began
firing up. The engine was running at
the rate of about thirty-five miles an hour,
and the engineer was looking out ahead.
Pretty soon the engineer noticed that he was
alone in the caboose. Then he ciapped on the
brakes and brought the train up with a round
turn. About a mile back McLane was found with
his clothes in a blaze. brakes and brought the train up with a round turn. About a mile back McLane was found with his clothes in a blaze. While firing up a spark from the furnace lodged on his oily blouse, and in an instant it was fanned into a flame. He attempted to extinguish the flame, which was shooting into his face, and staggered out of the caboose and fell over. The tail did not kill him, although it partially stunned him. He gained his feet with difficulty, and, in his agony, ciutched at his burning garments. Tumbiling over the iron rails, he rolled down a steep embankment into a clump of briers. Here he was found senseless and the fire eating into his body. Several of the passengers tore the clothes from him and thus extinguished the fire. The man was placed in a car and carried to Woodbury, where his injuries were attended to. His left arm, in places, were burned to a crisp, and his head and face were badly gashed. His right arm was broken in two places, and charred spots and brulses covered his whole body. MeLane has a rugged constitution and may pull through.

A Story of Fifty Years Ago Recalled by

the Finding of the Bethel Skeleton. LEWISTON, November 19 .- Colonel Thomas Litof the bones in Bethel suggested a mysterious disappearance that occurred some fifty years ago, "I was a boy then, old enough to remember a part of the incidents," said Colonel Littlefield, "It came about in this way, A man named Dennis Hatch lived at Minot Corner fifty years ago and was doing a business in a small way in a country grocery store. Hatch either failed or went out of business. He boarded there at Littlefield's tavern at the Corner. After he went out of business he bought a pedier cart and went to peddling. He used to drive through northern Maine and into New Hampshire, and would be gone mouths at a time, Hatch was in New Hampshire and it was always supposed went from there futo Bethel. At Bethel or the immediate wichity he disappeared. He couldn't be found high or low. The news was brought down into this vicinity, and that is how I happen to remember it. Hatch left his goods, and it was known that he had several hundred dolars in of the bones in Bethel suggested a mysterious remember it. Hatch left his goods, and it was known that he had several hundred dollars in money. Hatch was never heard from afterwards. Many said that he left Maine and went to Canada. Other people hinted that he was murdered. A friend of his named Samuel Merrow, went to the place from which he had disappeared and looked up his goods and took account of his stock and brought what there was back with him. Hatch was 25 to 30 years old, slim and tall. It was a mystery for years in this county. Merrow is now dead, and so is hearly every one who knew of it at the time, and was old enough to remember it more perfectly. If flatch was murdered, it is likely the bones found at Bethel are his.

DEPENDENT PARENTS' RICHTS. Secretary Teller Renders a Decision Which

Will Largely Increase the Pension List. WASHINGTON, November 19 .- Secretary Teller has rendered an important decision respecting the has rendered an important decision respecting the proper construction of the section of the Revised Statutes concerning pensions to dependent mothers. The secretary refers to the recognized moral obligation among all civilized people that a son should support his dependent parents, and holds that while there is no statutory provision requiring such support, still the may be accepted as an established fact, in the adjudication of these cases, that the loss of a son has deprived the parents of the support of that son in the days of their dependency. The statute governing the settlement of pensions for dependent mothers must, the secretary says, have a liberal construction, "so as to include all persons that, from all the circumstances and words of the statutes, the legislative mind must have included at the time of its passage." He reviews various points concerning proof to be required that the son contributed to the support of the mother, and says it would be unjust for a mother to receive a pension if she would not be dependent on the son, if living, and equally unjust to deprive the mother of the aid she would have received if her son had lived. If the son was a minor, the father was entitled to his services, or, if not living, the mother was so entitled, and therefore the dependent father or mother should be allowed a pension. The effect of this decision, in the opinion of pension officials, will be to increase the amount paid pensioners \$500,000, or perhaps \$1,000,000, aunually. proper construction of the section of the Revised

COLLISION IN ILLINOIS. Several Passengers Killed and Many Wounded,

CAIRO, Ill., November 17 .- Passenger trains Nos. 3 and 4 on the southern division of the Illinois Central railroad came into collision this afternoon near Bradford, burning five cars. Many persons were wounded and several killed. Among the killed are Mr. Coburn, line repairer and American Express messenger on No. 4. Particulars are not yet obtainable. It is thought to be the worst accident that has ever occurred on the road.

Sneeze to Death. CLEVELAND, November 19.—Sunday evening

John Woffin, aged 44 years, a laborer, made a wager in a drinking saloon on Canal street that he could drink fifteen drinks of whiskey in fifteen minutes. He then performed the feat and went home. Shortly after he was seized with a violent fit of sneezing. His chest began swelling and his lips became set and paralyzed. His abdomen sank in, and he died in terrible agony. He leaves a wife and five small children.

Training a Goat in Military Tactics. The trained goat belonging on board the United States steamer Powhatan is a great curiosity. When the sallors and marines turn out for drill he is on hand and takes his place near the head of the column. The orders for the movements are promptly executed by him with the steadiness of a veteran. He was obtained in some foreign port by the sallors and is a pet with ail on board the vessel.

Blown Off the Wharf and Drowned. GLOUCESTER, November 19 .- A daughter of Charles H. Brigham, residing on Wiley street, Rocky Neck, was found drowned in the dock at Rackliffe's wharf. She was seven years of age. She was missed by her parents in the latter part of Saturday afternoon. They suppose she was playing on the wharf, and was blown over by the force of the wind.

The Women of Oregon to Vote. PORTLAND, Ore., November 19 .- The Legislature has passed a bill striking out the word "male" from all election laws. The Governor says he will sign it. Women can thus vote at the general election next November and thereafter. There was a jubilant ratification meeting of women last nietz.

KATE SHELLEY'S REWARD.

The Perilous Ride of a Brave Young Girl.

Saving a Train Full of Passengers from Running Into Des Moines River.

Presented with a Medal from the Legislature-Honored by the People.

BOONE, Ia., Nov. 19.-Thursday was a gala one or this little town. There was a long procession the morning, and in the afternoon there was usic, speeches and a banquet in the Town Hall known in this region, was the formal presentation lature, of the medal voted her in recognition of but she achieved her present fame by an act of the greatest bravery when she was but 16.

At about dark on the 6th of July, 1881, a storm of wind and rain of unparalleled severity broke over this region. In an hour's time every creek was out of its banks, and the Des Moines rives such was the velocity of the wind that houses, barns, lumber, and all portable objects within

such was the velocity of the wind that houses, barns, lumber, and all portable objects within reach of the waters were carried away. Looking from her window, which in daylight commanded a view of the Honey creek railroad bridge, Kate Shelley saw through the darkness and storm a locomotive headlight. A second later it dropped, and though the crash which it must have made was not perceptible above the roar of the wind, she knew that the bridge had gone, and that a train of cars had fallen into the abyss. There was no one at home but her mother and her little brother and sister, and the girl understood that if help was to be given to the sufferers, and the express train, then nearly due, warned, she would have to undertake the task alone.

Hastly filling and lighting an old lantern and wrapping herself in a waterproof, she salled out in the storm. She first made an effort to reach the water's edge, but finding that the flood was already far above all the paths and roadways, and realizing that she could do nothing in or near that mad torrent, she climbed painfully up the steep buff to the track, tearing her clothing to rags on the thick undergrowth and lacerating the flesh most painfully. A part of the bridge still remained, and crawled up on this to the last the she swung her lantern over the abyss and cailed out at the top of her voice. It was pitchy dark below, but she was answered faintly by the eugineer, who had crawled up on some of the broken timbers, and, though injured, was safe for the time being. From him the girl learned that it was a freight train that had gone

tia kind.

When the story of her behavior spread throughout the State several funds for her benefit were started, and, so far as money can pay for such devotion, sue has been well rewarded for her night's work. At the session of the Legislature last winter it was ordered that a medal commemorative of the girl's bravery be struck, and a committee was appointed to present it to her. Her heroism was made the theme of many eloquent speeches.

SETTING A DISLOCATED NECK.

The Operation Aided by Four Men Pulling in Opposite Directions. SYRACUSE, November 19 .- John Ibetson and his son, Robert, of Troy fell from the roof of a house on which they were working in East

Syracuse on Wednesday last. The distance was fifty feet. Ibetson is portly syracuse on wednesday last. The distance was fifty feet. Ibetson is portly and weighs more than 200 pounds. His son fell on top of him. When Mr. Ibetson was taken up he was completely paralyzed. The physicians who were called found that Mr. Ibetson's neck was dislocated in precisely the way which commonly results in cases of hanging. His arms and legs were powerless, his head iromovable, and his body so devoid of sensation that he did not feel a pin thrust into him anywhere. He could speak. The doctors decided to try and repair the dislocation. Two strong men seized his fect, two more took hold of his head, and then they pulled in opposite directions with all their might, while the doctors manipulated the bones of the neck. It was three hours before the man's neck was set. When the pressure caused by the displacement of the bones of the neck was removed from the spinal column the man raised his arms and said ne felt better. Anæsthetics were next applied, and the patient said that he felt no pain during the operation. Today he was taken to his home in Troy. The doctors say that he will recover.

WRAPPED IN FLAMES. Buruing of the River Steamer T. H.

Parisot—Loss, \$250,000.

New Orleans, November 19.—About daylight yesterday the steamer T. H. Parisot was
burned. She was on her way to New Orleans
with a cargo of 350 bales of cotton, 1296 sacks of oil cake, 261 sacks of seed, fifty-two barrels of oil and 35 kegs of powder. When about eight oil and 35 kegs of powder. When about eight miles above Natchez, just below Good Hope landing, some of the cotton was discovered to be on fire. The pumps were at once put to work without sounding an alarm, but the fire had too much headway. The alarm was sounded and the boat headed for the Louisiana bank. Nearly all the passengers were asleep, but were quickly roused. They were none too soon, for before the crew had got them safely off the lines were burned in two, and the boat, enveloped in flames, drifted into the current. Just after she left the bank the powder exploded, tearing the stern out. The loss on the boat and cargo will not be less than \$250,000. tearing the stern out. The loss on cargo will not be less than \$250,000.

An Apache Brave Despatches Him for

Making Such a Fuss.

Tucson, Ari., November 19.—Ruy Lopez obtains from a brother among the Apache Indians an account of the death of Charlie McComas. The brother stated that after the judge and Mrs. The brother stated that after the judge and Mrs. McComas were killed the Indians took Charlie and started for Old Mexico, and that Charlie cried and continued to cry until finally, as one Indian expressed it, "the brat made so much fuss I smashed his head with a stone." The brutal murder occurred in a ravine on their return trail, near the Mexican line. This story Lopez obtained from the very Indian who committed the crime, and he believes it to be true.

"Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance." Kidney Wort is able to convert you from a shadow of your former self into the substance of established health. Said a sufferer from kidney frouble when asked to try Kidney Wort for a remedy, "I'll try it, but it will be my last dose." It cured him, and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kidneys don't fail to try it.

Reheved and cured without the injury and vexation trusses inflict by Dr. J. A NHERMAN'S method. His deace of the consultation days Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, each week. At New York office, 251 Broadway, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday, each week. Patients should be sure to ask for DE. SHER. MAN'S office to drong truscry that has been prac-

AROUND THE FARM.

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD.

"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE."

In his report on experiments in feeding plants, Professor Levi Stockbridge of Amherst College deemed it necessary to give "not only the experiments, but the law of plant nutrition, one mode of applying it in practice, and its indication of the correct system and rules of producing crops in general agriculture." He then gives formulas for different crops, as follows: That for wheat to produce twenty-five bushels and the natural proportion of straw per acre, more than the natural yield of the land, and in like proportion for other quan-

tities, use:

Nitrogen, 41 lbs.. in form of sulphate ammonia,

24 per cent. dry salt, 205 lbs.

Potash, 24 lbs., in the form of muriate potash,

80 per cent. dry salt, 48 lbs.

Phosphoric acid, 20 lbs., in the form of superphosphate, 13 per cent. soluble, 160 lbs.

Field beans, to produce twenty bushels and
their natural proportion of straw, pods, etc., more than the natural product of the land, and for other quantities in like proportions, use:

quantities in like proportions, use:

Nitrogen, 53 lbs., in the form of sulphate ammonia, 24 per cent. dry salt, 265 lbs.

Potash, 33 lbs., in the form of sulphate potash, 35 per cent. dry salt, 188 lbs.

Phosphoric acid, in the form of 20 lbs. superphosphate, 13 per cent. soluble, 248 lbs.

Red clover, to produce one ton per acre more than the natural yield of the soil, use:

Nitrogen, 43 lbs., in the form of sulphate ammonia.

Nitrogen, 43 fbs., in the form of sulphate ammonia, 24 per cent. dry salt, 215 fbs.
Potash, 40 fbs., in the form of muriate potash, 80 per cent. dry salt, 80 fbs.
Phosphoric acid, 11 fbs., in the form of superphophate, 13 per cent soluble, 85 fbs.
Corn, to produce fifty bushels of the grain and its natural proportion of stover to the acre more than the natural yield of the soil, and in like proportion for other quantities, use:

portion for other quantities, use:

Nitrogen, 64 hs., in the form of sulphate ammonia, 24 per cent. dry salt, 320 hs.

Potash, 77 hs., in the form of muriate potash, 80 per cent. dry salt, 154 hs.

Phosphoric acid, 31 hs., in the form of superphosphate, 13 per cent. soluble, 248 hs.

W. H. Jordan, B. S., instructor in agriculture of

the Maine State College, says, in a paper published in the twenty-fourth annual report of the secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture for the

tary of the Maine Board of Agriculture for the year 1880:

"Many manuring formulas have been concocted, such as 'Stockbridge manures,' 'Mapes' complete manure,' etc. The principle underlying these formulas is scientifically and practically wrong. The assumption that a universal system of manuring can be made most profitable is of the barest kind, and is not supported by any facts of any sort. Why apply seventy-two pounds of nitrogen to an acre of corn, as Professor Stockbridge's formula demands, when in no case out of over ninety accurate trials has such a proceeding failed to result in loss? The Stockbridge manures were at first compounded according to the theory that we must apply to the soil all the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash that the expected increase of crops would contain. What a theory by which to manure clover—a plant that contains a large percentage of nitrogen, but does not trouble the farmer to furnish any of it! As before stated, no nitrogen compounds need be applied to clover, and this doubtless holds true for all leguminous plants, such as pease and beans. No shrewd farmer would ever think of applying nitrogenous fertilizers to clover, for clover can get its own nitrogen. Plants have different capacities for gathering the various substances they need for food, and we must recognize these differences."

It will be noticed that the Stockbridge fertilizers call for 53 nounds for 25 bushels of beans for which

It will be noticed that the Stockbridge fertilizers call for 53 pounds for 25 bushels of beans for which W. H. Jordan, B. S., says no nitrogen is required, while for 25 bushels of wheat, which is supposed to require more nitrogen than any other crop, the Stockbridge calls for only 41 pounds. Why apply the amount of nitrogen called for in the crops of beans, clover and corn?" It is the most costly element in fertilizers, and Professor Jordan's statement is, "in no case out of ninety accurate trials, has such a proceeding failed to result in loss on corn," and he also states that no nitrogen need be applied to clover. No shrewd farmer would ever think of applying it. The same remark will hold good as to beans.

Agriculture is the most important interest in the

United States. It furnishes seven-eighths of our exports; one-half of our people are actively engaged in it, and it affects the interests of all to a greater or less extent. As manures and their application are the basis

of farming in New England and the older-settled States, where manures are needed to grow paying crops, and as it is only a question of time with the present exhaustive system of agriculture in vogue in the newer States, when they will be obliged to resort to manures, it is all-Important that our farmers should not be misled. They want facts, not theories, which cause expense in the articles they use, and are not productive of as good results as can be obtained at less cost.

ockbridge. Which is right is of very g terest for farmers to know. They should know of their own knowledge in regard to the application of chemical manures in comparison with barn manures, and the peculiar action each of the con-ceded required constituents-nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash-perform, separately and combined, on the crops they grow.

This information every farmer can obtain at slight expense and little trouble by the use of soil tests, which we have prepared and send either by mail or express, according to the quantity he wishes to apply, on four square feet or sixty-four square feet of land. The larger quantity enables the larmer to try four different crops with the same manure at the same time, and gives practical knowledge to be obtained in no other way.

WHOLESALE CASH PRICES OF FERTILIZING MATERIALS IS FOR:

cent. ammonia......\$2 25 to \$2 50 p Dried blood, 12 to 14 per cent. ammonia......\$2 25 per unit. cent. ammonia......\$2 20 per pried blood, 10 to 12 per pried blood, 10 to 12 per \$2 12½ per unit. Dried meat, 14 to 15 per

\$2 per unit.

4½ per cent. ammonia; 50 to 55 per cent. bone phosphate.....\$25 per ton. Bone black waste, 32 to 34 per cent, phosphoric acid§22 per ton.
South Carolina phosphate,
ground, 25 to 28 per cent.
phosphoric acid.\$12 per ton.

Navassa phosphate, ground, 25 to 28 per cent. phos phoric acid.....\$18 per ton.

Canadian apatite, ground, 30 to 35 per cent. phos-

cent......\$30 per ton. Potash salts, 28 to 32 per

Testing Ten Breeds of Cows.

Professor Brown of the Ontario Agricultural College states in his report that he has never seen, in all the necessary detail, a special work on the breeds of cattle most suitable for the darry and creamery. The discussion of the subject is even not as plentiful as neight be expected, amid all the keenness and ability of agricultural associations. Dairymen are either satisfied with what they possess, or may be have been waiting for their experimental station to say something on such a big, irregular and largely uncultivated field of inquiry. He continues: in all the necessary detail, a special work on the

irregular and largely uncultivated nead of inquiry. He continues:

I think much of this indifference is only apparent, and not real, as age has not yet given Ontario opportunity to test what, under her conditions, are best for cheese and butter respectively. To say that we cannot do better than follow what older nations are doing in this regard is admitting that the cow is but a machine devised to produce, irrespective of conditions, that we know make and unmake higher animal life, and would at the same time be ignoring what we have already done in improving upon the practice of other countries in the making of cheese itself. It is our place as a sening, nation to prove as we grow, and establish numake higher animal life, and would at the same time be ignoring what we have already done in improving upon the practice of other countries in the making of cheese itself. It is our place as a young bation to give as we grow, and establish nothing without thorough test, again and again. That this has been much of our work at the Ontario Experimental Farm is well known, and now I have the honor of submitting what various breeds of eattle have been sent to the province during

the last seven years, what we get, and what we the last seven years, what we get, and what we cannot get from each.

And, first of all, I desire to place on record that there exists no such thing as a general purpose cow, as understood by many of us. There is no breed of cattle that will fill the butcher's stall, the milk pall, the cheese vat and the butter can, as each should be done in these days—and must be done in order to the desired success. That some can do so to a greater measure than others we know, but that any one can, or ever will do so, and aggregate equal to the average of breeds, is just as certain as that cheese is not always cheese. What are the requisites of a first-class dairy cow? is the question before us in this liquiry. Men differ in their likes of individual animals for particular purposes, and much of this will be found to arise from experience under various conditions—that such and such a stamp of cow has done well or poorly with either, where food, management and the particular class of farm also differed. We forget this too often in comparing notes. The cow forget this too often in comparing notes. The cow we want in Ontario for the dairy, on an average of all influences, should combine the following quali-

ad influences, should combine the following qualities:

An early maturer and breeder, giving her first calf when 2½ years old, not to be a full milker before calving, necessarily, because of more trouble and deaths; a particularly warm-hearted mother is not wanted (a whole week is sometimes lost by fretting), breeds and individuals differing very much in this regard. We want both quantity and quality of milk for the dairy and creamery; the cow must be a free milker, as, in a herd of fifty, the loss of time alone in one season would amount to actually twenty-five days. We should have nothing whatever to do with a vicious cow, whatever her points may be, as temper affects the very quality of the milk, not to speak of other drawbacks. We want twenty pounds of milk per day on an average for 200 days a year. A strict cuiling out to even this moderate standard would surprise us as a province.

day on an average for 200 days a year. A strict culting out to even this moderate standard would surprise us as a province.

We hear often enough of the maximums, and sometimes of the averages per season, but never of the minimums. Specific gravity is no true indication of mikk quality, and we have tried it by nearly 3000 observations on ten different breeds of cows within the last three years. More than this I do not require to say at present; neither is the bulk or volume—usually called per cent.—of cream of much significance. The weight of the cream from 100 pounds of milk is the proper criterion, and our model dairy cow should always give eight pounds to the hundred. Then, again, hearly one-haif of that cream should be butter—a high standard, no doubt, but as several items that go to make rich milk are largely in our hands, such a proportion can be attained unquestionably. I submit to better experience than ours what cheese should be got from every hundred of milk—If I said eleven pounds, or nine only, I might be asking what the management or the cow may not be able to influence.

All these desirable results require a certain ma-

to influence.
All these desirable results require a certain machine, which we call a cow. Now, just as we build from and wood to do certain kinds of work, we find

iron and wood to do certain kinds of work, we find in nature most clear evidence of cow machinery—usually cailed breed and individual constitution—making very different milk from exactly the same materials, under precisely similar conditions.

Some remarkably good cows seem to bid defance to all sorts of standards of points, but this does not militate from the value of aiming at a standard that is known to average all the virtues of cow life!

I have pleasure in drawing attention to a table that is the result of nearly 5000 observations with ten breeds and grades of cows during the last three years upon seven years experience of the Ontario experimental farm, which, though not full, is yet of such extent as must, at least, interest any one desirous of reliable information.

		_	RESULT OF	TOF	NEAL	NEARLY 5000 TESTS	OO TE	STS.				
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	1150	190	3040	199	51/2			501/4	-	17	51/4	11:
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ey	740	200	2500	103	34		:	:	411.	98	191%	90
adian	1 950	1240	14800	59	61/2	- 750	:::		111/31	30 .	1272	1

The great beefer of the world, the Durham, is neither heavy nor a long milker, comparatively, on an average, although some individuals, in the experience of most breeders, are remarkable in both qualities; in the days of their early history they were unquestionably deep and true milkers, but management toward a different object has, during the last eighty years, changed their darry standard. Though low in specific gravity, the proportion of cream is high, and the quantity of butter from milk the highest of what is illustrated and possibly second only to the Jersey, which, as yet, we have not had opportunity to investigate thoroughly. Even in cheese the shorthorn is among the best. With this high average we would expect similar characteristics by the use of this breed with the native cows of the country, whether one or more crosses, but the table shows no advantage in richness, though a very large increase to quantity of milk and duration of the season. This shorthorn grade is undoubtedly the nearest approach we have to what is termed a general purpose cow.

In duration of season and quantity of milk, the Aberdeen poll is not equal to the shorthorn, with which it is comparable as a beefer, and indeed it is the lowest of any in quantity, yet giving by specific gravity the richest of all excepting the Devon. But, in fact, nobody would look to the Aberdeen poll for the dairy, though when put to the Canadian we obtain much more prominence in milking powers, with a distinct reduction in percent, of cream, and yet, curious enough, a fully better weight of cream.

In all our experimental researches, no breed can touch the Devon in registering a high specific gravity and weight of cheese from milk; both are unusually high, and should be accounted for by the dairy expert. I now ask for this explanation. The Devon is also a good average in duration of milking, and, for its size, fair in quantity of milk, and, over an average of things, gives \$25 per annum—hence, possibly, the cause of its patronage in the States.

Scotlan The great beefer of the world, the Durham, is

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made, in our comparatively small experience of it, at least one unusual record as a milker. I refer to the 2 per cent. of cream, which of course is a very low proportion, but it must be explained that the line between milk and cream was a very distinct one. Much cream stood below this line, and always rose slowly, and much never separated from the milk; evidence, I believe, in any breed of rich milk, so judgment in this case should be cautiously handled. cautiously handled.

We have thus gone through what may be called the mixed field of beef and milk, and found but one example that would meet the dairyman's order.

We have thus gone through what may be called the mixed field of beef and milk, and found but one example that would meet the dairyman's order.

The Ayrshire is unquestionably a heavy milkert long as well as deep, and on an average will givs five times her own weight in milk per season, Observe the somewhat low specific gravity of it.e however, and indeed I may ask here how it is that, all our true milkers—the Ayrshire, Ayrshire grade, Jersey and Canadian, record an average specific gravity of exactly 100, as against the prevailing high record of the beefers and their grades? From 5 to 13 per cent, is a big difference in this respect. It does not mean thinness necessarily, for want of cream, as in skinnned milk, gives a higher specific gravity and pure cream, as is known, will go as low as fifty and thirty. The Ayrshire does not give cream, however, but stands above the average in cheesiness; thus, then, with its great quantily of milk, we get an average value, supposing we desire to obtain a milk, cream, butter and cheese mean of \$38 a year, and by a speciality, as in cheese alone of \$58 a year.

And now, what about the world's great creamer—the Jersey? The great point of this breed is that one-third of its milk, both in volume and weight, is cream, and so, on the basis of valuing milk at three-fourths of a cent per pound, cream at five cents, butter at twenty cents, and cheese at ten cents per pound, the Jersey equals the Ayrshire in giving \$57 per annum. We have no experience of butter from Jerseys, but allowing the average of forty-four pounds of butter from the 100 pounds of cream as in our experiments, the Jersey would give \$88 for butter according to ordinary price; but as Jersey butter is gold, it would fetch actually \$250 in place of \$88! Shall we say, then, that this may be the only class where thoroughbreds would pay at high prices for ordinary use?—[Ohio Farmer.

Horseshoeing-Its Use and Abuse.

In horseshoeing, as in other arts, success lies in a proper combination of theory and practice. The purely practical man has never revolutionized

the common notion of practical men that for the heavy draught horse in continuous work on hard and rough roads, artificial protection was requisite for the feet, and the Charlier shoe was advocated as being the most rational and approaching nearer to nature. The weak spot in the barefoot system lies in the fact that its advocates cannot adduce sufficient proof of its success. No one will work a heavy draught colt, which has never worn shoes, barefoot over a London pavement. Some enthusiast should try it and give his experience, as I am open to conviction. It is not enough to instance the case of some gentleman's highly worked carriage borse. However, until the system has been clearly proved successful, most nien will go on shoeing their horses; but to make certain of being on the safe side they must shoe them ratioually, and must decide upon discarding the massive piece of iron, and try to persuade themselves that a heavy weight cannot possibly refleve the foot from concussion—that the frog and heels must be allowed to touch the ground.

Calkins must be things of the past, the use of the knife and rasp must be considerably restricted. Some will say, If we reject calkins, how are bosses to back a heavy load or hold it back going down hill, or pull it up hill? I answer that they will do all this hifinitely better without calkins if the bare frog and heel touch the ground. Not one man in a hundred knows what a healthy frog looks like; they are accustomed to see the wretched little shrivelled up apology for a frog—the leavings of the smith's knife. If they want to see a sound frog—one that will prevent slipping, and enable the horse to pull with his foot flat on the ground—that will prevent will prevent slipping, and enable the horse to pull with his foot flat on the ground—that will prevent slipping, and enable the horse to pull with his foot flat on the ground—that will prevent slipping, and enable the foot and obviate all concussion—let them examine a colt's foot, and then look at that of the old car horse—one t

stration.

In my last article upon the subject I described the way in which horses wasked along Waterloo bridge with their caskins on. I next went to a steep, stone-paved street, to watch the horses holding back their loads coming down hill. It was the same; they slipped every time the caskin was placed on the surface of the stone, which was most frequently, but with this difference, after a side of a foot or two the calkin sometimes pulled them up. On the wood pavement the calkins were useless to prevent slipping, as they got no hold. Some farmer will say, "in the country we have no wood paving, and a horse seldom has to back on pitching or stone paving." Granted, but with the free use of his frogs and heels he will back and hold up a load better on any ground, and with less hijury to his feet and legs. It is a common saying that "one horse can wear out two pair of legs." This should not be. Nature gave the animal an evenly balanced frame, as capable of withstanding wear and tear as ours; we have unset the balance. Once more, most men think that a horse pulls naturally off his toes, that is not so. When he has no thick heels or calkins, and is not afraid of slipping, he will pull with his foot flat to the ground. Let him have the free use of his frogs and he will never dig in his toes and jar his feet and hocks to pieces.

When using the Charlier shoe, the sole. stration.
In my last article upon the subject I described

afraid of slipping, he will pull with his foot flat to the ground. Let him have the free use of his frogs and he will never dig in his toes and jar his feet and hocks to pieces.

When using the Charlier shoe, the sole, frog and heel of the horse's foot are never touched with the knife. The following objections may be made to its use among London dray horses: The wear and tear of their feet is excessive, considering what loads they have to pull, and that most of their work is over stone paving; and, consequently, haif an inch of iron would soon wear through. It may be answered that the Charlier shoe would stand the greatest amount of wear and tear over the roughest pavement for a fortnight, at any rate, without wearing out, and should not a valuable, hard-working horse's shoes be looked to once a fortnight? Which costs most, shoeing or buying new horses? Of course horse's feet vary, and require different shoes. Some feet have been prematurely ruined by their shoes; these old feet cannot be much improved, and possibly will be too bad to stand the shoe, as the horn will not grow fast enough to compensate for the wear and tear. But, in the case of young horses, or those whose feet have not been utterly ruined, their feet will resemble those of unshod colts. The frogs and bars will grow to an enormous size, and the frog be spongy, while there is no fear of the sole growing down out of all proportions. If let alone it scales off in flakes. This is how nature gets rid of waste horn.

I know a large stable of carriage horses where the Charlier system has been employed for some years; the horses' feet and legs are perfect, the old ones have as sound feet with nice open heels and as clean ters as the young ones, and those horses get lots of harness work over London pavements, and are, most of them, high steppers. They sold ones have as sound feet with nice open heels and as clean ters as the young ones, and those horses in the country? I know of none; but to give the system a fair trial, young horses with good, sound fee

Fall Work in the Orchard.

During these chilly nights many a farmer sits close to the kitchen stove and draws a sigh of re-lief as he thinks: "Apples will soon be picked, lief as he thinks: "Apples will soon be picked, and then the orchard is done for this year; no more insects nor need of watchfulness." When warm days come next spring, and the snow is melted by the suitle of the north-marching sun, the same farmers wander into the orchard full of hope for the season's harvest. Their faces lenuthen, however, as they see here a tree pnawed by rabbits, there one broken and wrecked by ice, another girdled by mice, and half a dozen black, scorched and apparently dead. Such a farmer then reasserts, as he has many springs before, that the fates are against him, and that, be as careful and watchful as you may, the enemies of the farmer will triumph. And no doubt many springs more will come before he learns that due precautions exercised in the fall will avert much of the mischief of winter.

He should know that rabbits delight in brush

exercised in the fall will avert much of the mischief of winter.

He should know that rabbits delight in brush piles, and in rubbishy, long neglected fence rows; that mice harbor in similar places, and in lear-filled furrows, and in the tail grass bent under the sheltering snow. This much learned, he will see that all rubbish is removed from the orehard. This can be the work of the cheerless days after the crops are harvested and one hardly knows what to do as nature lingers between antumn and winter. Especial care should be exercised that the bases of the trees are not surrounded by grass, chunks of wood, stones or shocks of corn fodder. The brush piles should be burned. With a wagon, hay-rake and broad-tined fork, he should clean out the hollow places and the fence rows where the leaves and grasses have been left by the winds. These materials, put upon the compost heap, or in large piles where they may be kept moist, will make the very finest of manures. Leaf mould is muck, and muck is wealth.

So much done, precaution should be taken to avert the mischief which may be wrought by the weather fiself. The crown of the roots, where they lose themselves in the trunk, should not be exposed. A neat little heap of earth, a few inches high above the base of the tree, is an admirable protection. Be especially careful that no surface water remains over winter. Inspect the outlets of drains, and if necessary give surface draining. If the orchard is exposed to sweeping winds, and your locality is northern, it will be desirable to provide traps for the snow, that it may shelter the trees. Many out low, cheap, light, movable fences through the orchard at intervals at right angles to the prevailing winds. A cheap and easy method is to drive three or four stakes about each exposed treat a distance of two or three feet from the trunk, and to nail strips of boards on them. If corn has been raised in the oreiard and it has been cut high, the stubble will often hold the snow; but care must be exercised that loose fodder and husk limbs, which are apt to occur on heavily-bearing trees. A split in a crotch is proof enough that mischief will be done by tee before spring. Such limbs should be removed or securely tied up.—

In New England there are many small farmers who keep one to three cows for a family supply of milk, cream and butter, with perhaps a little sur-plus butter for market. Small farmers, on the milk, cream and butter, with perhaps a little surplus butter for market. Small farmers, on the nard soil of New England, must economize all their resources, and the surplus from the one or two cows kept must be soid or exchanged for some store goods needed in the family. A cow is selected with a view to her good and productive qualities, reasonableness of price and ease of keeping. Few of these small farmers feel themselves justified in going to the expense of any fancy breed, but the solid, substantial, well-tried sort, such as is known to be adapted to their locality, soil, climate and circumstances. A cow fitted to these circumstances should be hardy, active, casy to keep, and hold out well in milk, giving a fair supply at least ten months in the year, and during the flush season a large supply. Such cows, among the common breeds, I know are not so common as we would wish, but still are more common than some writers would lead us to believe. A good family cow, or any dairy cow, should not only hold out in milk to near caiving, but from her milk and cream we should be able to make good butter, inviting to the eye and taste, and her milk should be suitable for food and drink for old and young.

In my experience I have found more of these qualities combined in the Devon breed than any other which I have tried. Perhaps it may be too limited, but I have had experience with Ayrshire, Durham, Alderney and their grades. The Ayrshires were objectionable because of liability of getting cream from which butter could not be made, after a certain period in gestation; also from other causes not necessary to mention. With the Devons I have been uniformly successful,

made, after a certain period in gestation; also from other causes not necessary to mention. With the Devons I have been uniformly successful. They not only give a good supply of milk, at all times suitable for dribking, and rich for butter or cheese, but produce it at a minimum of cost. Where their young are to be raised, they can be made valuable (in the sense of useful) without coddling, as they are hardy and very heatthy as a rule. The mature cattle are not as liable to disease as some others. The cows are not subject to one objection to the Ayrshires—short teats, which are so difficult for the average man to manipulate. The Devons possess a hardy, good constitution, and are admirably adapted to our New England climate and hill pastures, possessing beauty as well as good milking and other qualities, to at least as great a degree, if not greater, than any other breed. To judge or select a good cow stand in front of her, look at her shape, which should be wedge-like—fine in front and wider behind. See that her horns are clear, with a waxy look; eyes mild and pleasant, ears

not coarse, but clear; fine yellow skin, soft or yielding to the touch; legs rather short than long, and a good-sized, well-formed udder, which is not all flesh but soft and flabby when the milk is out.—[W. H. White, in Country Gentleman.

American Cheese in Creat Britain. The London Agricultural Gazette feels congratulatory over a visible falling off in the supply gratulatory over a visible falling off in the supply of cheese from the United States last year, and tries to quiet the alarm of English producers as follows: In view of the especial alarm which the English producer has evinced of late years at the threatening aspect of American competition, perhaps it is especially reassuring to note that while we still buy much cheese abroad we do not rely nearly so much as we did on the Yankee supply. As an analysis of our putter imports was suggested by a review of the general course of the trade in foreign butter, so such figures as we have noted with regard, to cheese lead us naturally enough to trace the growth and decline of this particular American export. When the decade which ended with 1882 began the amount of American cheese sent over to this country was but little over 790,000 cwt., out of a total import of 1,357,000 cwt. Half-way through this period, or in 1878, the supplies from this particular source had nearly doubled, and were returned at 1,346,000 cwt., or in five years they reached practically as much as all countries sent us in 1873. For the last five years they reached practically as much as all countries sent us in 1873. For the last five years they reached practically as much as all countries sent us in 1873, it becomes apparent that the percentage of our cheese supply furnished by America is rather less now than it was ten years ago, being but 57 per cent, of the whole in 1882, as against 58 per cent. at the earlier date. And this is all the more striking when we remember that in the interval the proportion supplied by the United States was upwards of 68 per cent. Nor have the figures of the present season, so far as they have gone, led us to expect any reversal of the now pretty clearly established decline. For both, for the month of Angust, 1883, and for the past eight months of this year, while there is a growth in our cheese imported from other countries, the United States stands lower. It is however, to the United States stands lower, and the serv of cheese from the United States last year, and tries to quiet the alarm of English producers as

A Good Yield of Carrots. That the drought of the past summer has been especially severe upon the root crops, the meagre display at all the agricultural fairs this fall is sufficient evidence. Mr. J. T. Southworth of Holdisplay at all the agricultural fairs this fall is sufficient evidence. Mr. J. T. Southworth of Holbrook, however, has apparently found some way of circumventing the unfavorable season, as all his crops for the present season have been bountiful in quant ty and excellent in quality. His carrots, especially, are way ahead of anything we have seen. They were raised on what had been an old pasture, which until three years ago had not been ploughed for twenty years or more. During the past three seasons it has been cultivated, petatoes being the first crop raised, followed by turnips. The soil was carefully prepared and made fine, stable manure being ploughed in. The seed of the long orange variety was sown May 25, in ten rows, 250 feet long and about 18 inches apart; a sn.all quantity of Bradley's fertilizer was then applied, by sowing it with the same implement with which the seed had been sown, simply going over the rows again. Beyond this the growing crop received no "petting," except that the ground was kept free from weeds. The total yield of the ten rows was eighty bushels of the handsomest carrots we ever saw. All were large, smooth and soild, the largest one we found weighing exactly three and one-half pounds after it had been trimmed and washed, and five selected specimens weighing, together, just fifteen pounds. If any one has done better than this we should like to know it,

Domestic Cheese. I have had a number of interviews with makers of dairy cheese, and from the fact that all of them seem to be groping after more light, or a fuller

seem to be groping after more light, or a fuller understanding of their difficult situation, I dare to make a few statements about the making of such cheese. It is not altogether amiss to take the subject up just now, for it is the season of the local fairs, when the good housewives show the trophies of their skill, and when, too, the luckless essays at cheese-making which are either disembowelled, or are so strong and rank in flavor as no longer to be fit to keep in the house, are cast off to the pigpen. "What is the matter with that cheese?" Is the anxious inquiry repeated over and over, and very often the only satisfaction gained, in answer, is an emphatic rejoinder that it is most ardently hoped the attempt will not be made again.

it is most ardently noped the attempt will not a made again.

The best possible way to have a good, uniform lot of domestic cheese is to have them all made at the nearest cheese factory. This rule is of universal application, and is sure to work; but, as all will not so do, a closer inspection of the principles and methods of cheese-making is certainly called for. In the article of July 26 reference was had to the indispensability of the warm-bath appliance, and the uniform strength of rennet employed, it becomes evident, after careful thought, that the milk should be thus placed in the bath, not alone to retain the requisite 98°, but also to be a property to the propegular pack to \$2° after the milk not alone to retain the requisite 98°, but also to bring the tendesative back to 82° after the milk has received the proper of the part of

Transplanting Trees and Shrubs in Autumn.

Some dealers of trees recommend setting both trees and shrubs in the autumn, but before spring change their mind; at least, so far as outward expression goes, and urge transplanting in the spring. This is evidently done to lengthen out the selling season. Good, reliable nurserymen will

recommend setting in the autumn only such trees and shrubs as are hardy, and have well-ripened wood. To set a peach tree in the autumn is to invite a failure, but an apple tree may be set with almost as much certainty of success as if set in the spring, providing it be set at the proper time. To set any tree just before the ground freezes is poor management, because it does not give t me for the earth to settle closely around the roots, which is important. When trees or shrubs are to be transplanted in the autumn an effort should be made to do the work as soon as the leaves fall.

There are some shrubs that it is important to transplanted in the autumn; among them may be named the currant and gooseberry; these start very early in the spring, so early that it is difficult to set them before the buds burst open; but our experience is, that if they be set in the autumn and well muiched with manure, they readily start and grow almost as well as if not removed; but all trees and shrubs that leave out early, if transplanted in the spring after the buds are burst open, as is usually the case, receive a check and fail to make a satisfactory growth the first year; but trees and shrubs that start late, and also those that are not perfectly hardy, should not, as a rule, be removed in the autumn, even though the work can be done in good season.

There are several objections to planting trees in the autumn. First, in removing the tree the spongholes or feeding roots are broken off, thus depriving the tree of its regular channels of communication with the moisture of the soil until such time as new ones can grow. Second, if the tree be of any size it is exposed to the winds of winter, which of the notes the root of a newly-set tree. Thirdly, the soil around the roots will not be in as good condition for the tree to make a rapid growth as if set in the spring. To partially offset these there is the advantage of having the first lick of trees, which is worth more than is usually is in the spring; but no tree or shrub should be

Rules for Sheep Keepers.

Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them; never let them stand or lie in mud or water. Take up rain-bucks early in the summer and keep until Decem-ber following, when they may be turned out. Count every day. Begin graining with the great-est care, and use small quantities at first. If a cwe loses her lamb, mitk her daily for a few days, mixing a little ainm with her salt. Let no them stand or lie in mud or water. Take up lamb ewe loses her lamb, mitk her daily for a few days, mixing a little alum with her salt. Let no hogs eat with the sheep in the spring by any means. Give the lambs a little milk feed in time of weaning. Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it. Some rye for weak ones in cold weather, if you can. Separate all weak, thin, or sick from the strong in the fall, and give them special care. If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and wash the wound, and, if it is fly-time, apply spirits of turpentine daily, and wash with something healing. If a limb is broken, bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells. Keep a number of good bells on the sheep. Never let the sheep spoil wool with chaff or burs. Cut tag-locks in early spring. For scours give pulverized alum in wheat bran; prechaff or burs. Cut tag-locks in early spring. For scours give pulverized alum in wheat brau; prevent by taking great care in changing dry for green feed. If one is lame examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs if unsound, and apply tobacco blue vitriol boiled in a little water. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and shave carefully the felt off any that die. Have at least one good work on chean by you to refer to. sheep by you to refer to.

Things Worth Knowing.

The majority of farmers make the mistake of transplanting too large forest trees for ornamental purposes or for shade trees along highways. One transplanting too large forest trees for ornamental purposes or for shade trees along highways. One often sees a row of maples or elms three or more inches in diameter, cut off as square as posts at the top, and leaving scarcely a twig to induce root action. It should be remembered that the transplanting process is to the plant a harsh and uncongenial procedure, and that the more care there be exercised in the removing the surer the tree will be to live and thrive. It is not enough to simply have a tree live. If it is unnecessarily abused and stunted it is by so much lessened in thriftiness and hardihood. Let the tree get as good a start as possible. Treat it gently, as though it were a thing containing life and possibilities for future usefulness. Do not be content with the thought that if it does not live you can plant another next year. A year is often worth much to a tree, especially if it be one not affected by extremes of heat or moisture.

A new method of washing butter has been patented in Germany. As soon as gathered in the churn in particles about a tenth of an inch in size, it is transferred to a centrifugal machine, whose drum is pierced with holes and lined with a linen sack that is finally taken out with the butter. As soon as the machine is set in rapid motion the butternik begins to escape; a spray of water thrown into the revolution is then continued till the last drop of water is removed, as clothes are dried in the centrifugal wringer; the dry butter is then taken out, moulded and packed. It is claimed that the product thus so fully and quickly freed

in the centrifugal wringer; the dry butter is then taken out, moulded and packed. It is claimed that the product thus so fully and quickly freed from all impurities, without any working or kneading, has a finer flavor, aroma and grain, and better keeping qualities than when prepared for market in the ordinary way.

Golden russets are among the hardest, thriftiest and most productive of apples. They are especially desirable as stocks on which to graft Canada reds and other slender-growing sorts. The branches are straight and straight grained, and endure well the grafting process. One peculiarity of the Golden russet is that when in leaf it may be distinguished from most other varieties by a leafless vacancy four or six inches long a little distance below the ends of the young twigs. There appear to be several distinct Golden russets, that of New England being regarded by Downing as distinct from that or New York and West. The variety is very apt to reproduce itself, or very near be itself from seed and in this way it seems to variety is very apt to reproduce itself, or very near by itself, from seed, and in this way it seems to have originated independently in several parts of the country. It is a remarkably long keeper, and when properly buried, will be crisp and palatable partisations.

until summer.

The blotch disease of strawberry leaves recently described in the Tribune has long been known in Europe and in a mild form in this country. Since my article was written I have seen an account of essentially the same disease in the report of the Connecticut Experiment Station for 1878, which I had previously overlooked. The summer before the strawberries of J. B. Olcott, South Manchester, Conn., had suffered severely, "the finest and largest green leaves turning brown in a few hours." Specimens of the fungus causing this disease were referred to Dr. Farlow, who found it to be an immature form of Stigmatea Fragaries, to which the Wisconsin pest belongs. This form, however, as I find from an examination of some of the South Manchester specimens, for which I am indebted to Dr. Farlow, was different to that found at Milwaukee, and consisted of small cavities in the diseased parts of the leaf, which were filled with minute thread-like spores, each of them several-celled. In this form it has been known as ascochyta fragariæ. Badly diseased plants should be burned, and preference given to such varieties as Green Prolific, Crescent and Champion, which do not appear susceptible to attacks of the parasite.

A market gardener recommends in an exchange The blotch disease of strawberry leaves recently

do not appear susceptible to attacks of the parasite.

A market gardener recommends in an exchange the following tomatoes for the various qualities mentioned: Earliest, rathaway's Excelsior. This is smoother, more handsome and generally more desirable than Canada Victor, although but little earlier. The most perfect tomatoes in regard to shape, size and color are Acme and Paragon. Acme will sometimes rot too soon. The Trophy is one of the most productive, but there is always a green portion about the stem, even when perfectly ripe, interfering with its selling qualities.

The canning factory at Rochester, N. Y., has put up tweive and one-half tons of black raspberries in one day, and has capacity for twice as much. The fruit is placed in the tins uncaoked, covered with syrup, sealed, suspended a short time in boiling water, then pricked, soldered again and packed for shipment.

To dry pears and apples, slice the fruit and dry

water, then pricked, soldered again and packed for shipment.

To dry pears and apples, slice the fruit and dry quickly on plates in the oven. Twenty-four hours should complete the evaporation. Good fruit, nicely peeled and sliced and dried in this way will be found to be far better than when it is dried in large pieces and exposed to files and dust. Pack, when dried, in glass jars if you happen to have them, and cover tight. If put in bags use paper in lieu of muslin.

large pieces and exposed to files and dist. Pack, when dried, in glass jars if you happen to have them, and cover tight. If put in bags use paper in lieu of musifn.

Over the large territory visited by the frost, September 1, Tarmers will be convinced of the foliy or planting the large, late, Southern varieties of corn, that should have fully four months to mature properly. When corn in this territory, which includes northern Ohio, is planted as late as June 1, it is liable to be caught unless it is an early kind. When corn can be planted by May 10 the late varieties will do, but it is better to be sure of a smalter crop than to take the chances of the larger one. Look out for seed in good time, and not wait till planting time.

This is a proper time of the year in which to gather and sow many kind of forest tree seeds. Beech nuts, accorns, walnuts, hickory nuts, etc., are now prime for planting.

John J. Thomas says that seeds should not be covered a depth of more than five times their diameter. Fine seeds should be covered with soil made proportionably fine. The general practice is to cover too deeply. Seeding with the drill increases this tendency, but has the advantage of securing greater uniformity of depth.

It is a good plan for every grower of fruit to put his name on packages as made ready for market. It will operate as a check on dishonesty, and if the fruit is put up as it should be, the grower will, in a few years, make a ruputation that will bring ready sales and good prices. Honesty pays in fruit growing as in everything else.

In many places the loss from frosted corn is more serious than at first supposed. Where the immature corn itself froze in the husk the ears are now rotting after the corn has been put in stook. The stalk, after freezing, does not dry out naturally as it would if cut earlier, but retains so much moistaire that it cannot safely be piled in heaps or stored in barns.

Sweetness in strawberries is a secondary matter, as very few eat them without sugar. Such as do should have Len

self.

By all means learn something about the country before committing property and family to its mercles. We would raise a note of warning to those intending to go there. We want the bottom facts about Dak tota from actual settlers.

The influence of science upon agriculture is nownere seen so plainly and so pointedly as in entomology. The depredation of insects have an intensely practical bearing. Specialists, or those

who have made the subject of insect life a study. who have made the subject of insect life a study, are the only ones who are competent to advise regarding most of the problems of economic entomology. It is, therefore, a wise example which has been set sister States by New York, Illinois and Missouri, in maintaining an office of State entomologist, and of publishing each year's work in the agricultural reports. If this department be ably conducted, no part of the agricultural government brings so direct a profit to the farmer. Farmers are nowaware that an indiscriminate warfare against insects is not advisable. The parasites of noxious insects are becoming better known each year, and under the jostering brotection of man we may hope that their numbers may largely

are constantly making an appearance, or old ones are taking on new habits. It is only the specialists who can pretend to grasp the whole subject.

Every year pomologists are becoming more aware of the fact that desirable seeding fruits raised from our standard American varieties are much more valuable than imported varieties. Very few of the many hundreds of varieties of apples which have been introduced into this country from Russia and other European countries nave proved of permanent value in our climate. Even though haddy enough to endure the cold of our winters, they are frequently not hardy in other respects, or, if they are, they are especially hable to fail in bearing good fruit. For this reason fruit growers are coming to look with distrust upon imported trees. A row of seedling apple, pear or peach trees can be grown with httie trouble or expense. A few of them will undoubtedly produce a good and profitable fruit, and having been 'to the manner born.' will have a double surety of success. The only danger hable to result from this general growing of seedling fruits would be the thrusting upon the market of many new and insufficiently tried sorts by those eager for speculation. This has already been done to a considerable extent by untrustworthy deaiers. The fact remains, however, that a constant infusion of new life in our fruits is necessary, and that this can best come from an intelligent propagation from long acchmated sorts.

The most extensive cattle feeder of Illinois, Mr. Gillett, says it takes an immense capital to carry steers until three years old, before being properly fitted for the shambles; and for one, he is now done with it. He will dispose of his present three-year-olds this fall, and never rear another lot to this age. Hereafter he intends to keep his calves fat as they grow up. He will induce them to eat oats and grass before weaning, so that they cannot fall away in flesh when taken from sucking them up with plenty of feed thus fai, rather than allow less feeding, and keep them on t

juicy and savory than that of older and heavier cattle.

In selecting nursery trees farmers should look to the thriftiness of the trees, to their age and to their shape. Those whose trunks and branches are not smooth and clean should be discarded. Select straight trees which have not bad crotches, or a crook at the root. Do not select trees too cld. A three-year-old tree is much preferable to one four or five years old. It is more apt to live, and its growth is not so much interfered with by the resetting. A well-grown two-year-old is usually preferable. See that the trees are stocky. If grown too thickly in the nursery rows the trees are apt to be spinding and tender. One should have a list of trees well sattled upon long before he makes a large order. The selection of varieties is one of the most important operations connected with raising an orchard. Time and thought should be given the subject and many lists and practical growers consulted. Varieties which are generally much prized may be almost worthless in certain localities or for special purposes. One must select different sorts according as he wishes fruit for home use, for local sale, or for consignment to city markets. The list fully decided upon, make the requisition upon the nurseryman that he shall make ree substitution of varieties or numbers. the requisition upon the nurseryman that he shall make no substitution of varieties or numbers which your list does not contain. Frequently the nurseryman may be out of a certain variety and he substitutes some other. I have known of much disappointment in after years to result from such substitutions.

disappointment in after years to result from such substitutions.

Mr. F. C. S. Calhoun, Oak Park, Ill., found his potato vines drooping the latter part of July, and "hollow nearly the whole length of the stem." The enemy, he tells the Chicago Tribune, "was a worm about an inch long, of a brownish white color. Some of the stems contained two worms. They not only attack potato vines, but also tomato plants and corn. In the latter they go right down through the heart of the young stalk. In one or two instances they entered the stalk of dahilas, and I don't know what they won't tackle." The insect referred to is doubtless the stalk borer (gortyna nitela), which infests a great variety of plants. I have seen it common in wheat during the early stages of the worm. As the worm increases in size, if it is in a small plant it leaves it and bores into a larger plant. In the wheat field the worms leave the wheat and bore into some larger plants (weeds). Infested plants usually die before the worm leaves them. Therefore, by collecting the dead plants promptly, the worms can be easily destroyed, and thus the injury in subsequent seasons be lessened. A little care in this way will prevent the insect multiplying greatly so as to become a serious pest. This I believe to be the only practicable way of dealing with the insect.

The San Francisco Merchant says the Standard Sugar Company of Alvarado resumed work on the beet crop about ten days ago, and is now ready to

Sugar Company of Alvarado resumed work on the beet crop about ten days ago, and is now ready to deliver. The sugar this year is remarkably fine, far superior to anything hitherto made in the United States from beets, and not excelled, if

deliver. The sugar this year is remarkably fine, far superior to anything hitherto made in the United States from beets, and not excelled, if equalled, by any beet sugar manufactured in Europe. Unforcunately, the output this year will be small. Instead of the intended increase in the acreage of beets, little more than half of the land planted in beets last year was so piaz ed this. The farmers had all the arrangements in dee for extending the area, but the dry weather alarmed them, and, fearing a total failure, they turned their lands to other uses. Those who had the courage to plant, however, have a fair, average and profitable crop.

Mr. Charles Nordhaus has made an estimate of the principal cane and beet-sugar crops for 1883-84. The beet crop of Europe, according to this estimate, will amount to 2,000,000 tons, france 400,000 tons, Austria-Hungary 445,000 tons, and other countries the balance. The cane crop is estimated at 2,023,000 tons, of which Cuba will supply 500,000 tons, Brazil 250,000 tons, Javaz 245,000 tons, Manlla, Cebu and Hoilo 200,000 tons, for his makes a total of 4,028,000 tons for 1883-84, against a total of 3,968,000 tons for 1883-84, against a total of 3,968,000 tons for 1883-84, against a total of 3,968,000 tons for 1882-83, or an increase of only 60,000 tons. If these figures are correct estimates, the production of sugar is likely to fall short of the consumption, which is steadily increasing every year.

An experienced breeder of sheep says that a number of sheep in any flock wearing bells will keep away dogs. He allows ten beil sheep to every 100. When sheep are alarmed they run together in a compact body, and the ringing of all the bells frightens the dogs. In Great Britain and Ireland bells are useful for keeping off dogs and foxes, the latter being very destructive to lambs in places where this precaution is not taken.

Professor S. A. Forbes, State entomologist of the larvae of the imported cabbage butterfly (Pieris tapæ) were dying. "The caterpinars affected first became pale; fi

and decay with astonishing raphinty, soon being reduced to a blackish semi-fluid mass, which dissolves at a touch." By careful study Professor Forbes has concluded that the disease is caused by a species of bacteria, similar to that producing pebrine in silkworms. By means of an extended correspondence he has found that the disease prevails over a large portion of the country, and is destroying great numbers of caterpiliars. I have found the same thingus busily engaged in the good work about Lansing. The diseased worm looks much like foul-brood in bees.

I have seen from trees in Connecticut hickory nuts whose shells were as thin and soft as those of almonds, and the meat was far nicer and of a better taste than any of the harder-shelled varieties. The nut was of a flat, roundish, obiong shape of medium size. An orchard planted with such trees on the roughest stony or rocky ground, would in twenty years produce a handsome income, as the nuts could be sold at an extra price. It is just as easy to raise them as the ordinary plant of the Eastern States or the year large coarse one of

easy to raise them as the ordinary pignut of the Eastern States, or the very large, coarse one of Ohio and other Western States. Both of these last are of little account. It is too much trouble to pick the meat from the shells after cracking, and when out it is of so poor a quality as to be nearly worthlose.

are of little account. It is too much trouble to pick the meat from the shells after cracking, and when out it is of so poor a quality as to be nearly worthless.

A box 24x16x28 inches will contain one barrel, or 10,752 cubic inches. A box 16x16 inches, 8x8 inches, will contain one bushel, or 2150.4 cubic inches. A box 8x8x4.2 inches will contain one gallon, or 268.8 cubic inches. A box 4x5x4.2 inches will contain one gallon, or 268.8 cubic inches. A box 4x5x4.2 inches will contain one quart, or 67.2 cubic inches. Over a large extent of territory November is one of the most uncertain of months; it may be the beginning of a severe winter, or the end of a delightful autumn. The first object must be to secure the crops; the next to prepare the orchards for winter, and lastly, if the weather allows, to do whatever work may sive a day in spring.

In orchards contiguous to large cities early fall or summer apples are profitable. One of the most desirable of the early sorts is the Early Harvest. In some parts of the country the fruit of this variety is apt to grow small and scabby. This can usually be avoided by thinning the fruit, and by growing an open top. The Early Harvest is one of the most popular early apples extant. The men who work in the harvest field always know when it begins to ripen. Downing says that it should be included in the smallest list. The variety is of American origin. Coxe, one of the earliest American writers on fruits, describes it under the name of Early French Reinette. It is now known as the July Pippin, Yellow Harvest, Tartbough, Prince's Harvest. Early Harvest is a name so appropriate that it will be liable to hold. Strawberries delights in a rich, cool, damp soil, although one not positively cold or undrained. The runners and dead leaves from the piants serve during the summer as a mulch. If one is particular to have these leaves and runners removed, they can be pinched off and left on the ground still as a mulch. If one is particular to have these leaves and runners removed, they can



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that indicate what is lacking in the soil tested, and, therefore, what should be added. They also furnish information regarding the agricultural as well as the market value of the three constituents generally con-

ceded as being all that is necessary to restore the fer

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MANHOOD

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Many men, from the effects of youthful inpurdence, have brought about a state of which ness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of the prescription.

Re-Cocaln (from Erythroxylonocca) 1 drachm Jerubebin, ½ drachm.
Hypophosphite quidis, ½ drachm.
Gelsemin. 8 grains.
Ext. ignatice armarse (alcoholic) 2 grains.
Ext. ignatice armarse (alcoholic) 2 grains.
Mix.

Ext. ignatice armarse (alcoholic) 2 grains.

Ext. ignatice armarse (alcoholic) 2 grains.

Glycerin, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m. and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sox, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$3 in post office money order, or registered letter, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory.

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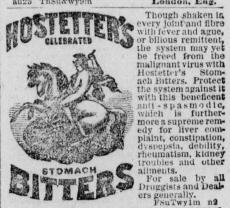
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KANHOOD RESTORED

TO OUR READERS

ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Men's Women and Men, and Women's Women and Men.

Emily Faithfull's Third Visit to America-Her Plans and Purposes.

Glimpses of Fashion-Adulteration in Silks-Various Items.

Of all the queer things which find a place in eritical literature the queerest are the comments which men and women critics respectively make on the women and men characters of the works of fiction which they review. Is there a difference in the truthfulness of these characters as they are created by men and women novelists? At any rate the critics soundly declare that there is a peculiarity, a something lacking in the male characters of even the greatest women novelists, and occasionally a woman critic ventures the assertion that the female characters of some men novelists are not to the life.

For instance, the woman characters of Mr. Howells. They are very lovable and charming in many respects and delightfully unreasonable that is, delightful to read about in books. In real life these charmingly unreasonable creatures are the most disagreeable people it is possible to find. Almost without exception women critics protest against these characters and declare them untruthful and absurd. In private conversation one can scarcely find a woman whose soul is not stirred with a vindictive feeling against

stirred with a vindictive feeling against Mr. Howells, because of his "detestable women characters," They will earnestly declare that Helen and Marcia and would-be-Dr. Grace are a travesty and a libel on the sex, and that Mr. Howells knows nothing whatever about the feminine half of the world.

But men usually think those characters most delightful and charming and truthful. They consider it Mr. Howells' finest quality that he is able to portray the feminine sex with such skill and art and truth. In the current Atlantic the editor, in his critical review of Mr. Howells' and Mr. Harte's latest works, says:

"It is the women of a novel which determine its truthfulness. The very subtlety of the sex makes any delineation a test of the writer's truthfulness in art; for while a writer who is a law to himself will make this subtlety an excuse for drawing characters which transgress all known

fulness in art; for while a writer who is a law to himself wilt make this subtlety an excuse for drawing characters which transgress all known laws, an artist will employ the same subtlety to bring into distincter light-the obedience to law which underlies subtlety."

Therein spoke the masculine voice. Why should "the women of a nove!" be its final test except with the sex which has been hopelessly trying to make out the puzzle of womandom ever since the beginning of time? And yet, there is some truth in the statement, for if the novel is written by a man and he succeeds in portraying with skill and beginning of time? And yet, there is some truth in the statement, for if the novel is written by a man and he succeeds in portraying with skill and truth both his men and women characters, it is final proof that he possesses the insight of genius whose piercing ray finds no bar or limit in age or sex or race or station. But it is only the greatest kings of fiction who have possessed this power. And then reverse the sex of the writer, and the case is reversed. For women are to men a puzzle which they cannot make out, they always have been and they always will be; and men are to women a puzzle which they cannot understand, they always have been and they always have been and they always will be. The lines of individuality are the first divisions, and these pass up and down among the members of the human race, portioning out qualities, characteristics, endowments, town among the members of the fullian race, por-tioning out qualities, characteristics, endowments, almost regardless of sex. But, back of all this— too far back for lines of individuality to pene-trate, too far back to be seen and understood by any but the eye of transcendent genius—is the inexorable, eternal division of sex, each forever a

inexorable, eternal division of sex, each forever a sealed book to the other.

And that is why the characters of men and women novelists create so much discussion and so much distracting difference of opinion, and why the critics say such queer things about the men and women characters of novels. It is the struggle of poor, limited human nature to get over its bars, to see through the doors that are closed in its face, to understand that which is beyond its comprehension.

MISS FAITHFULL.

Her Third Visit to America-Her Plans and Object in Coming.

Miss Emily Faithfull, whose warm reception in this country some years ago, and whose second visit and lecturing tour last winter were matters of public importance, is again in this country and in an interview in the New York Tribune gave the following outline of her plans and purposes, which will be of much interest to all who know the power for good that lies in this gifted woman's energy and earnestness:

"I came to America this time," Miss Faithfull said, "for two purposes; I will deliver lectures in different parts of the country, and I wish also to Baid, "for two purposes; I will deliver lectures in different parts of the country, and I wish also to do a good deal of work for the Woman's Emigration Society, of England, of which the Princess Louise is the patron, and in which the Vicountess Strangford and Mrs. E. L. Blanchard are active workers. The object of this society is to promote the emigration of women and families, and to help them in finding employment. I am going through the West to Colorado and California, and will investigate carefully the different employments which are open to women. I will pay particular attention to artistic employments and work in art decoration. I wish to see for my own self practically what can be done in the way of finding work in which women may support themselves, and I wish to do it thoroughly, as this will probably be my last visit to America—the voyage across the Atlantic is so trying to me. There are immense numbers of educated women in England who want a freer scope for their energies and abilities than they can find there, and I wish to help them. I find that the employments which women can enter in the Eastern States are pretty well filed up, but I hope to find plenty of work for them in the West. I have received numbers of letters from educated women in the East here since my arrival asking for advice about finding work to do."

Of her lecture on "Modern Shams and Extravagances," Miss Faithfull sald: "I will speak

to do."
her lecture on "Modern Shams and Exagances," Miss Faithfull said: "I will speak Of her lecture on "Modern Shams and Extravagances." Miss Faithfull said: "I will speak mainly about the shams of society; about this striving to keep up appearances by people who cannot afford it. I wish to point out the dauger and difficulty and wrong of such extravagance, and to show what ruin and sorrow it leads to. I have chosen this subject, because I think it is a subject of the utmost importance now, and because I wish to do whatever I can to combat the growing evils of extravagance and sham. Formerly other pernicious aspirations prevailed, but now the main things that people seem to think of are getting and spending money. I do not wish to say anything against large expenditure of money is most decidedly useful and necessary in promoting art and industry, But I wish to speak against the ostentatious and extravagant display of wealth, which is in itself, vulgar wich degrading and leads. and industry. But I wish to speak against the ostentatious and extravagant display of wealth, which is in itself vulgar and degrading, and leads only to shams, to ruin and to misery."

When asked if she thought that her lecture is more needed in America than in England, she re-

fost emphatically, no! The evils of sham and extravagance were quite as great in England as they can be here. I think there is need of reform in this direction in nearly every country at the present time. But I have noticed in your daily newspapers every day since my arrival some new instance of the havoc which these evils are making in American social life."

Coming Furs-Something About Silks-Various Items. Brown furs are fast coming into favor again, says Harper's, and ladies who have taken care

of their sables and mink furs are now rewarded. The novelty in these is the use made of the tails of the animal, which are now not in set stripes, but are made to hang separately like a fringe, two inches below the belt, on fine borders, on collars and collarettes, and also on the entire lining of cloaks. These tail trimmings are very effective when made of dark brown mink, and are pretty in the new small round collarettes. Russian and American sables round collarettes. Russian and American sables are made up in the simplest manner—in collars, capes and muffs—as their rich fleece and fine coloring are their great beauty, and need no ornament. Natural beaver shading from light to dork became beauty and released. coloring are their great beauty, and need no ornament. Natural beaver shading from light to dark brown is also a handsome brown trinming, and is very popular with young ladies for capes, caps and muffis; it is a favorite border for black and colored velvets, and also for cloth suits. This fur is also greatly diversified by having all the stiff hairs plucked out of it, leaving a downy rich fleece, or by being "half plucked," or else three-quarters plucked; it is also colored a very dark brown that is nearly black. Chinchilla is still a favorite gray fur, and is found in the two different kinds, of which Arica is the finest, though the Bohvia chinchilla is also very pretty. The curled gray Krimmer is fashionable again, and is much used for trimming the new gray garments of cloth or velvet, and on black velvet as well. Silver-fox fur is less used than formerly, as it is very perishable. The natural gray raccoon borders are pretty, and not expensive. Gray lynx is a very dressy fur of blue gray shades that match the stylish gray fabrics of this season, and is especially liked by young ladies for small muffs. Fur trimmings are put on in various ways; for instance, a velvet skirt or cloak may have a very wide fur border around the foot as its only garniture, while cloth skirts have three or four narrower rows of Astracham across the front and side breadths, and a wider row around the whole skirt. French dresses have the wide brown fur border to meet in front and extend up the middle of the front breadth in two rows. Seal-skin is used as a binding on colored velvet polonaises, and is such a costly trimming that it is sold by the inch. Only long, loose cloaks are trimmed across the foot; the slender long-fitted garments have merely lengthwise trimmings in front and back.

are velvet and cloth dresses that have the sleeves and neck edged with fur, coming from the misde just as a lace frill might do. Plastrons of fur pointed low on the bust are on Paris cloth dresses. The long chasuble with square collar in the back and a long searf front with a muff attached to it is again used, and is arranged so that it can be put off and on more conveniently than when it was introduced last year. The tiny collarette is one of the newes tand most stylish of the small pieces of fur, and may be worn with any garment that has not a fur collar, as it fits prettily over a cloth collar, and has short square tabs in front. The long siender ceisarpes that remind one of the becoming boa are also very stylish.

How Silks Are Adu ::erated.

In these latter days of manufacture, says an exchange, when fabrics have reached a luxuriance that too often borders on decay, a distrust has arisen of silk goods, which is not without foundation. Adulterations are rife in all species of dry goods, and have reached such a point in black silks that honorable merchants refuse to warrant the goods sold across their counters. This state of manufacture has been brought about y the demand for cheap, showy goods.

Manufacturers are driven to their last resources

by the demand for cheap, showy goods.

Manufacturers are driven to their last resources to produce fabrics which will make the most possible show at the lowest possible price. This demand for cheap fabrics has tended to deteriorate values in all silk goods. The costilest silks are as much affected by certain kinds of adulteration as the cheaper grades. A lady who buys an expensive silk wishes it stiff and lustrous enough to show "the difference" in value. A higher lustre and heavier goods are demanded by fashion than it is possible to make of pure silk. Hence large quantities of metallic dyes are used to give the desired weight and lustre to the goods. This weighing is done always in the yarn, before the silk is woven. The popularity of soft silks has opened a new avenue for the cunning of the workmen. The weighted silk is carefully softened by the use of oils and heat.

Weighting of silk yarn is only carried on to any considerable extent in the manufacture of black silks, which comprise more than half the silk goods sold. Colored silk yarn only gains in weight from two to four ounces to the pound after dyeing, one-tenth of this acoured weight being again lost in the calendering, while ordinary black silk yarn which is woven into dress goods gains from four to sixteen ounces in weight after its bath in dye, or is often one-half dye and one-half silk. In the manufacture of those cheap black silk fringes, which pull apart so mysteriously, and in the poorer grades of ribbons and other trimmings, the highest adulteration is reached, and we have goods which are two-thirds dye and one-third silk, no less than thirty-two ounces being added to each pound of silk by the proceess of dying. After dying, black silk, like colored silk, is calendered, and loses the triffe of one-tenth its acquired weight. Calendering is effected by passing the yarn over heated cylinders of steel, which render it soft and pliable. The dyen if he be unscrupulous, now resorts to the injurious practice of dipping his fingers in oil and softening

after wear in some of the most costly silks as well as in cheaper goods.

There are many tests of weighted silks. The best, probably, consists in boiling a sample in water half an hour. If it retain its substance after this process it is not overweighted with dye. The excess of dye in cheap fringes and trimmings may be readily determined by soaking a piece in warm water and squeezing it in the handkerchief. A common but unsatisfactory method of testing silks is to burn a portion of the ravellings. If the goods be pure silk they will burn into a fine charcoal, but if weighted will smoulder into a greasy ash. This test is not delicate enough to detect any except heavily adulterated silk.

Ruffles and Fringes and Such Small Deer. Applied embroideries are more fashionable on thin fabrics than the old-fashioned body embroideries of silk thread. Woollen textures generally, of a rough and hairy

Woolien textures generally, of a rough and narry nature, are being worn as out-door costumes.

Velvet is used for everything in Paris—dresses, cloaks, bonnets, and even the trimmings of these bonnets.

Sealskin jackets in the jersey style, but quite short and untrimmed, are more popular with young ladies than the long sealskin sacque of former years.

years.
Round hats with both square and conical crowns, and both rolled and straight brims, are used by young and middle-aged ladies for street and visit-

ing wear.

New dessert dishes take the form of curled leaves with fruit attached to the handle or under the turned edge for decoration. Plums, peaches, green figs and other fruit are made to look very natural, and show great refinement in manipula-

Madame Modjeska says that a homely woman

Madame Modjeska says that a homely woman who knows how to dress is far more attractive than a pretty one in slovenly attire or dressed in unsuitable, ill-fitting garments. For a becoming hat, a quiet suit, made well and accurately fitted to the figure, will do marvels in the way of sheltering physical defects. And for a woman of native delicacy of mind it is sheer madness to neglect her dress, which becomes a kind of personal glossary. Costly, the majority of women cannot dress, nor is extravagance at all necessary to make favorable impressions, but gaudy, sensational patterns may be avoided, tawdry decoration ignored, and a correct fit and appropriate design attained.

An old fact has new demonstration. By saturating the soil with harmless dyes the colors of flowers may be changed. A late experiment has shown, as a result, a white lify tinted blue and plnk, in the manner referred to. Certain flowering

as a result, a white fify thited blue and pink, in the manner referred to. Certain flowering plants will absorb dyes of various colors without injury to their growth. With a rare plant it may not be safe to experiment with an unknown dye. When the color has been changed there is no change in the odor of a flower, and plants entire—flowers, stalk and leaves—may be given odors by certain treatment of the soil.

The choice of foot wear depends on the tollet with which it is to be used. Slippers remain low in the vamp and as high of heel as the wearer can gracefully mount, and are, when intended to complete an outfit, elaborated with metallic beads. Where the instep is not remarkably attractive, a handsome bow of stiff satin ribbon is pinned on the stocking over the arch of the foot. For street and ordinary use, foxed button boots are worn. The toe is boxed, and if the fit be snug over the ankle and instep, the foot gets a slender, delicate appearance. No loce hoots are earried by fashionable instep, the foot gets a slender, delicate appear ance. No lace boots are carried by fashionable shoe dealers. It would take a column of space to even mention the dainty hosiery now on the market. The beauty lies in the material and delicate combination of colors, but heavy decorations are not shown. Anything is fashionable in a solid color, but white is sold only for bridal

It is useless to hope, according to the London It is useless to hope, according to the London Times that the present generation of societywomen will tear off their corsets and exhibit themselves to a wondering world; our hope lies in the future. While Lady Harberton has been crying in the wilderness the leading female lawn tennis players have devised for themselves a dress—pretty, feminine, graceful and healthy. Those who have watched the free and graceful movements of young English girls on the tennis ground may hope that the time may come when the best of them will no longer, like Meredith's delightful little Carola Grandson, sigh, "I'm afraid I'm a girl; I used to keep hoping I wasn't"; but will be content with their own happier lot in an age when boating, swimming and tennis will have so beautified and developed their figures as to enable them to laugh at and discard the aid of Messrs, Worth & Co." To quote once more from an age when boating, swimming and tennis will have so beautified and developed their figures as to enable them to laugh at and discard the aid of Messrs. Worth & Co." To quote once more from Meredith: "The subsequent immense distinction between boys and girls is less one of sex than education. They are drilled into being hypocrites." Ferns, or fern forms, have been favorites always, and they have been used in all kinds of decoration. Ferns, properly pressed and dried, are used to ornament fans, the fern leaf being glued to the different wings of the fan. Beautiful screens may be made by fastening the ferns between glass, that is, between the two plates of glass that form one of the panels of the screen. Autumn leaves may be treated in the same way, and the screen may contain specimens of all tree leaves, or of all ferns known in the maker's neighborhood. Furniture, also, is decorated with ferns and leaves. After a chair has been painted, and while the paint is fresh, the ferns may be applied. If carefully handled, pressed until the paint holds every part, the chair, after it is varnished, will be a novel piece of furniture. A little gold paint added to the edges and to the mouldings adds greatly to the general appearance. Ferns thus employed have been mistaken for inlayers. Artists sometimes make very pretty and unique frames by fastening ferns or vines on a plain soft-wood frame and then gilding the whole.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Chicago hackman, who has a pleasant face and winning ways, has, according to the Chicago Herald, gained \$40,000 from his business in the past ten years. His eye falls on a countryman getting out of the train to make his first visit to the city. The backman engages to show the stranger around town for \$i. Ere they reach a clothing store he has persuaded his customer to buy a new suit of clothes, and then the two must necessarily go to a shoemaker's to get boots to match. And so the backman trots his man around until the city has been seen, and the rural visitor feels grateful to the man who has taken so much pains with him. In the evening the hackman

INDOOR FLOWER CULTURE. Window Gardening-Basket Plants-Care of Plants in Rooms-Etc., Etc.

Window gardening, as it is done in Englandand it is yet there done much better than with us consists in having boxes fitted so as to rest on the the window-sill outside the window; these, of course, being used only at such seasons when it is warm enough for plants to be placed outside. Such boxes may be made of wood, terra cotta, iron or wire patterns—the latter giving free drainage for water. A simple and cheap window box is often made of square slats an inch or so in thickness. These are placed at from half an inch to an inch apart at the bottom and side. This, like the wire window box. gives ample dramage, which is always a great advantage to the plants, for, besides allowing the water to freely pass off, the spaces allow the air to get through the soil to the roots, a most valuable advantage to the health of the plants; as in wire boxes, moss or some such material must be placed against the slat-work, to prevent the soil washing through when watering. No matter what material the window box is made of, outlets for water must be provided, either by making holes an inch or so in disputer at disputers of six meles apart, on may be made of heliotropes, lemon voluclesias, or such plants as taste dictates

to be well established in the boxes, they should be copiously watered once every other day; if the weather is dry; and if the boxes are exposed to the full glare of the noonday sun, no light sprink-ling will answer; the water must be poured on until it runs out at the bottom of the box. If, however, they are partly shaded, or if the weather is cloudy or wet, judgment, of course, must be used in the matter of watering. The rule with all plants in pots or boxes is never to water until the soil is dry, and then water thoroughly. This dryness can be determined by the soil getting lighter in color, or by examination by stirring it up with the fingers. he fingers. Hanging baskets may be formed of similar ma terials to window boxes, although the usual kind are such as are formed of rustic work and wire-these last are rather the best suited for the health these last are rather the best suited for the health of the plants, for, as in window boxes so made, they allow full opportunity for the free passage of water from the soil, and for the admission of air to the roots. As hanging baskets are exposed on all sides to the air, they will require more attention in watering than window boxes. The simplest and most effective way, after the plants have been well established, is, when diy, to immerse the whole basket in a tub of water. This is particularly essential if the basket is made of wire or any such material. Rustic baskets, of course, do not drain off so freely, and immersing them in water is not so essential, so that the rule for watering window boxes may be adapted to them. The plants suitable for hanging baskets may be similar to that used for window boxes, except that it conduces much to the appearance of the baskets to have some graceful blant.

oxes.

If baskets or vases are in very exposed situa-If baskets or vases are in very exposed situations, such as cemeteries, where water cannot be easily given, it is best to use succuleit plants, such as Echeverias and Sempervivums (Houseleck) for the centres of the vases or baskets, and for the pendant plants, some of the beautiful forms of the Sedum or stone-crop family. All of these plants thrive with comparative little moisture when once established in the soil, and present a good appearance, even if watered copiously once a week in driest weather.

Although plants can now be purchased almost faction to the housewife who is a lover of plants

to know that the plant that she now admires and cares for was her own creation; that she herself raised it from a slip or a seed.

But whether the plants have been raised at home or purchased from the florist, it is all-important they be in vigorous health to start with, or success is not likely to ensue; for once a plant gets unhealthy it is a loss of labor to attempt to get it again in health. It is better to throw it away and start again with healthy slips, seeds or plants. If the young plants have not been raised at home by slips or seeds, it is always better to purchase young, healthy plants, than large plants that have been forced into flower, although we well know, that with the great majority of plant cultivators this advice will be thrown away, as five people out of six buy only plants in flower; it is really far better for the purchaser to be guided by catalogue descriptions than to buy plants that have been forced into flower at a high temperature. Supposing, then, that the plant has been purchased from the florist, which has been growing in a pot three inches deep and wide, it is usually in a condition to require a larger pot, which will be known by observing that the roots mat the outside of the ball of earth; such a plant, whether it is a rose, geranium, fuchsia, or any other similar freegrowing plant, will require a pot one or two inches wider than what it has been growing plant, will require a pot one or two inches wider than what it has been growing plant, will require a pot one or two inches wider than what it has been growing plant, will require a pot one or two inches wider than what it has been growing plant, will require a pot one or two inches wider than generate mass of soil. This drainage may consist of charcoal, broken pots, oysier shells or anything convenient suitable for the purpose. If the plant has been only placed in a pot one inch larger than it has been growing in, then there is no need for drainage. We ourselves never use drainage in our flower pots, unless for some reason we flower pots, unless for some reason we are obliged to give them an extra large pot, when the drainage is used to counteract the evil effects of using a too large pot. The Indication that a plant needs reporting into a size larger pot is known by knocking it out of the pot (by giving a smart rap on the edge of a board, just as is done in taking a form of jelly out of a mould), if the roots have become matted on the outer surface of the ball of earth, then it is in a condition to require a larger sized pot. For the soil to use in potting, that recommended for window boxes will answer equally well for plants in pots. We are often asked if saucers should be used to stand pots in. As to keeping the place clean where the plants stand, it is a necessity, but the saucers should never be filled with water, unless when subaquatte plants are grown, such as agapanthus, callas, hyacinths, tradescantias, or other plants of similar character. The best temperature for parlor plants is about 55° at night, which may be increased to 10° or 15° higher during the day.

The best aspect for plants grown in rooms is east or southeast, south or southwest, never north. It is necessary once in eight or ten days to turn the plants so that each side gets an equal share of light, else the plants will get lop-sided. If plants drop their leaves, or the leaves become north. It is necessary once in eight or ten days to turn the plants so that each side gets an equal share of light, else the plants will get lop-sided. If plants drop their leaves, or the leaves become yellow, it is usually one of two causes, either that the soil is too wet or too dry; either condition will destroy the small rootlets, which is indicated by the condition of the leaves. There is usually more injury done from the plants being too wet than too dry. There are only three insects that are really troublesome to parlor plants, the aphis (or green fly), the red spider and mealy bug. The first is easily destroyed by tobacco in any form, either as a liquid, dust or by smoke. The most convenient way to use it for house plants is to first wet the leaves, then dust shuff or tobacco dust over them. The red spider insect is not quite so easy to manage; it never appears unless the air is hot and dry, when it attacks the lower side of the leaves. The best remedy is to wash the leaves off with a sponge, or, if the plants are very large, lay the plants on their side and strike the leaves forcibly with water from a syringe or hose. The mealy bug insect looks like intile hits af action.

and is usually found at the axils of the leaves. It is best removed by a strong hair pencil, afte which syringe or stonge the plant.

All these instructions refer to plants that are grown in rooms from October until May. After that date, if circumstances permit, the plants should be shifted into good-sized pots and placed in the open garden, sinking the pot in the earth to the rim, care being taken to plach out the leading shoots of the plants, so as to make them form into good snape. It the pots are sink in the ground in this way, care must be taken to have them turned around every two or three weeks, else the roots will get through the hole in the bottom of turned around every two or three weeks, else the roots will get through the bole in the bottom of the pot, which would have to be broken off, which would seriously injure them. Perhaps the best way is to stop up the hole entirely so that the roots cannot get through. A cork is best for this purpose, as it must be taken out again it the plants are again used as house plants. Many plants, such as geraniums, heliotropes, abutilons, all the coleuses, ageratums and similar strong-growing plants, usually get too large for house plants the second year, and it is better with all such to use young silps, or procure young plants of them in the fall; while such plants as carnations, roses, azaleas, cannelias, jessamines, etc., are better when older if they have been properly cared for.—[Peter Henderson.

THANKSCIVING PROCLAMATION. Governor Butler's Official Announcement of November 29 as the Day.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACRISET, CONTROL OF MASSACRISET, GOVERNOR and Commander-in-Chief: A proclamation for a day of public thanksgiving and praise. In joyful obedience to a revered hastitution of our plous ancestors, which has become hallowed that the processing of our plous ancestors, which has become hallowed into law, in humble and grateful recognition of our duty to our Heavenly Father, who has showered on this people, in addition to his other unbounded mercies, the great blessings of civil and religious freedom in thought and action, planted, unitured and perfected by them under his guidance—with the advice and consent of the executive council, 1 do hereby appoint and pro laim Thursday, the 29th day of November, current, a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, the giver of all good, and His Son, our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who has redeemed us from the power of all evil, to be observed as such by all of the good veople of the Commonwealth.

On that day let all the members of each household assemble together, and with cheerful minds

hold assemble together, and with cheerful minds and happy hearts, young and old, around the fre-sides and amid the Joys of home, give thanks to God for all His blessings and mercles, as was done Let all the families feast together and partake of the good things he has provided for them, following the example of Him who took the cap and gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: "Drink ye all of it."

"He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the love, and he that regardeth not the day to

"He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day to the Lord, he dath not regard it. He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks."

Let every one that hath an overflow of blessings remember the poor and lewly who may be deprived of them, and give and make happy according to his abundance; and thus, on that day, cheer the heart and quicken the gratitude of every such one; for how can any refrain from thanks to Him when partaking of His blessings?

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

for how can any ferrain from industs to that when partaking of His biessings?

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually; that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to His name."

"So shall we offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay our vows unto the Most High."

"And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing."

Let every one be merry and mirthful with every innecent sport and pleasure, rejoicing thereby in the goodness of God. the goodness of God.
So shall all men testify to the glory of the Father,

So shall all men testify to the glory of the Father, who, in His providence, has given the earth her increase for the farmer; strengthened the arm of the artisan; stayed the tempest from the fishermen and merchants; raised up the poor and the lowly, and ordained an upward progress of the people, and given them power in the end, in the due time of His providence, to obtain equal justice and equal rights for all men.

"He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise him in evangetic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice."

Given at our council chamber in Boston, this

And distant islands join their voice."

Given at our council chamber in Boston, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, and in the one hundred and eighth year of the independence of the United States of America.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

BY HIS Excellency the Governor, with the advice and consent of the council.

HENRY B. PEIRCE, Secretary,

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Texas, to Queen Victoria. His sources of information are of such a character as to leave no question as to the truth of his statements. The Hon. Tom informs Sam Ward, and Sam writes Larry Jerome, who imparts it to G. H. B. "Escorted to the Castle by Mr. Lowell," says the gentleman, "I was duly presented, and Her Majesty was pleased to ask both Mr. Lowell and myself to be seated. I had been previously warned that the Queen was morbidly sensitive about the death of that Scotch attendant, John Brown, and cautioned not in any way to allude to it or even use the word brown." It would occupy too much space to give the whole interview at length, but the Queen was graciously pleased to "hope that Mr. Ochiltree iound his visit to London enjoyable." "Enjoyable, your imperial bighness; well, I should pause to hesitate," exclaimed the impulsive ranger. "I've been dragged out to dinner, after-dhoner and garden parties galore, until I'm completely done brown." The Queen looked sad and glanced at a portrait over the mantelpiece, which represented a rather hard-visaged, shock-headed man in a Glengary cap, who might have been a Presbyterian elder. Mr. Lowell shifted uneasily in his chair. The conversation was resumed, and the Hon. Tom recommends Her Majesty to make a trip to the Yellowstone Park, assuring her that if she would abandon for awhile "her old Baimorai and Frogmore and effet Windsor and try it, she would come back from her trip as bull-headed as a bear and as brown as a berry." "My God!" exclamed Mr. Lowell under his breath; "if I only had a dozen New York policemen here to kill this Texas steer as a measure of public safety. They might do it in twenty-four or twenty-five shots." The Queen burst into tears, but recovering herself, with flattering condesconsion said: "Ali, well, really, Mr. Ochiltree, scenery is ail very fine. But, after all, sir, as a statesman, don't you think the grandest thing your country has done was the abolition of slavery, and that dear Mr. Lincoln did it?"

Mr. Lowell turned paie and groaned

Harper's Ferry in his life, and if he had been I would like to have caught any marines laying their hands on him. I'd have made it hot for them, by mine halidom!" "Oh, yes he was, Highness," said Tom. "I say the work begun by John Brown at Harper's Ferry culminated at the close of our long and bloody struggle. When the echoes of the guns had died away, a hundred thousand veterans of the Army of the Potomac marched down Pennsylvania avenue, singing in chorus. I'll try and give you the air: "John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave, But his soul goes marching on."

The Queen uttered one prolonged shriek, and fell fainting to the floor.

Exit Mr. Lowell and Mr. Ochiltree.

iRichmond Dispatch,]
The Southern Confederacy is not quite played out yet. Some of its vital forces remain. A letter was received by a gentleman in this office yesterday which came through the United States mails with no other stamp upon it than a two-cent postage stamp of the Confederate States government. The writer perhaps picked it up out of the drawer age stamp of the Confederate States government. The writer perhaps picked it up out of the drawer and affixed it to the letter without thinking that it was an issue of a defunct rebel government. Upon close comparison of the Confederate stamp with the new United States two cent stamp only a little resemblance in color is to be observed, and none at all either in the vignette or style of engraving, the rebel stamp being in fact a coarse production by the side of the elegant Union stamp.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Christmas Cards of Dried Leaves and Flowers-Bon-Bon Baskets-Work-Bas kets-Court-Plaster Cases-Glove-Case-

Christmas cards of dried leaves and flowers can

be made very interesting, and at the same time a source of much pleasure, during the fall and winter months. The materials should be gathered and prepared during the whole season; as you find specimens adapted to your use, dry them preparatory to the time you require them. Care must be taken to not overdry, because if you do they are more difficult to arrange and fasten firmly but, if they should be too dry, putting them in damp place will make them pliable again. Fern fronds I have found the most useful. I shall dcscribe my mode of procedure; but, having at my command a large and fine collection of ferns, it gives me a considerable advantage over those that are more dependent on what they can collect from the fields and woods, yet many fine, tiny specimens can be found there. The coarser plants are of no use in my designs, unless they can be divided up into small sections, and show what they are without giving a deformed appearance. In gathering, always have a large book with you, place them smoothly in it until you reach home; from this transfer them to sheets of blotting-paper, spread them out carefully so that they will not touch each other, and cover with another sheet of the blotting-paper. Great care must be used in pressing, for it too heavy a pressure is put on them at first, they will bruise and be unfit for use. In gathering always choose the older and more mature portions, as they will remain perfect in their colors the longest; never take young, soft portloas if you can avoid it, and let your pressure be light at first, and increase as your specimens become dry, changing their position every few days, but be careful not to leave them long exposed when you are doing so. In drying flowers a light pressure at first is especially necessary, just enough to keep them flat and let the action of the air do the rest.

Suppose that the words you want to use are, "A Merry X-mas," "A" will stand as your first line, and ean easily be made with the points of two tapering fern fronds, the points standing together, a piece put for the cross-line. Next is "Merry," another line; must be made of small materials. fine, tiny specimens can be found there. The

tapering fern fronds, the points standing together, a piece put for the cross-line. Next is "Merry," another line; must be made of small materials, such as (ferns) Gleichenias, are well adapted, as such as very fave narrow, straight tronds, and can be cut to the length required; "X-mas" I make a third line; I vary the material for this, the cross being of the points of golden fern, four points touching each other, powdered side up—the sliver will do as well. For a fourth line the word "To;" then a name, if you choose, on the fifth line. A very fine plant to use for this is the Leucophyton Brownit, as being, you may say, without leaves, and its natural dryness such that it can be used almost without drying.

as being, you may say, without leaves, and its natural dryness such that it can be used almost without drying.

I take a piece of finished cardboard cut to the size of the frame I want to use, so that it will fit into it when completed; divide my spaces and mark the letters with a pencil as lightly as possible for my guidance when putting them on. Having some nice paste or white glue, and with a fine hair-brush put on one letter at a time, fitting in with a round-pointed, sharp knife. This knife is so pointed that I can lift all my pieces with it. A needle would do this, but it is much handler to have outning and lifting combined. So on I continue until all is finished, decorating the sides and between the words with maiden-hair ferus, etc. When all are fastened lay some smooth piece of board or a pane of glass over it, so that it will not stick, and give a good press for some time. When dry I take it out and run around my letters, shading them, as it were, with water color; this renders the card much more effective. In filling up the margins dried flowers, such as pansies, bovardias, etc., can be used.—[Floral Cabinet.

A pretty idea for bon-bon baskets is to gild the little fancy wicker baskets, which are found in various shapes. Those having the sides almost or quite straight are most convenient for the purpose, some with covers, some without. The interior and exterior are both to be gilded, and when the gilt is dry trim with gay sath ribbon bows. They are exceedingly pretty when filled with French candles, and prove themselves useful articles long after the sweet contents have disappeared.

French candies, and prove themselves useful articles long after the sweet contents have disappeared.

TOM OCHILTREE AT COURT.

A Wild Bohemian Yara About John Brown—But it Reads Well.

[Exchange.]

George H. Butler, besides being the most confirmed and dissolute of Bohemians, is at once the wittlest and ablest of newspaper correspondents. He is a California boy, and has, probably, thrown away about as many good chances to make a success in life as any other feller. Now and then he gets off a capital letter in the Washington Sunday Herald, and in his latest he gives an account of the presentation of our thoroughbred representative abroad, the Hon. Tom Ochiltree, member of Congress from Texas, to Queen Victoria. His sources of information are of such a character as to leave no question as to the truth of his statements. The Hon. Tom informs Sam Ward, and Sam writes Larry Jerome, who imparts it to G. H. B. "Escorted to the Caste by Mr. Lowell?" says the generated the Common as the content of the presentation of the propose and the corner, then twisting the ends together, thus holding it securely in the ferm desired. It is now ready for decorating, and for themselves are serviceable articles long after the sweet contents have disappeared.

News-racks are serviceable articles, and for them bamboo frames can be purchased which. News-racks are serviceable articles, and for them bamboo frames can be purchased which when tastefully trimmed with embroidered plush and ribbon bows, are very handsome. The frame, however, can be constructed of slam and ribbon bows, are very handsome. The frame, however, can be constructed of slam canes of light-colored wood, which will and ribbon bows, are very handsome. The frame, however, can be constructed of slam canes of light-colored wood, which will and ribbon bows, are very handsome. The frame, however, can be constructed of slam canes of light-colored wood, which will and ribbon bows, are very handsome. The frame, however, can be constructed of slam canes of light-colored wood, whic this there are many materials which can be used, although plush or velvet are richest for the purpose. Cut a stiff piece of pasteboard the exact size of the frame, and cover smoothly with plush, blue, crinson, olive, green, or, in fact, any shade which is most pleasing. The back should be covered with silk or silicia the same color. Turn the edges in and neatly hem it to the plush which turns over on the back of the pasteboard. Fasten this securely at each corner of the frame, and, although the stitches will show, it is of no consequence, as the bows of satin ribbon which are used for trimming the corners will hide the joining. Another piece of pasteboard should now be cut the same width of the first, and about two-thirds as high. This is also covered in the same manner with plush which has previously been embroidered or painted with some pretty design. Line it as described for the back, but it is better to use for the lining the same material with which the face is covered, as it is apt to show. This is joined to the back by straps and bows of satin ribbon. Place the piece close to the lower edge of the plush which is already in the frames, and sew through both pieces across the bottom with sewing silk to match the material. Bows of satin ribbon are placed at each corner of the bottom. At either side of the top straps of ribbon about three inches long are sewed to the pocket, then to either side of the back, and in this way the pocket is allowed to fall open. Another strap extending from the front to the back, and in this way the pocket is allowed to fall open. Another strap extending from the front to the back, and placed nalf-way down the side, will be required to keep the papers from falling through. Trim each joining with bows of ribbon. It may have a loop of ribbon with bow and ends to hang it agrinst the wall, or a small gilt screw ring can be screwed into the cane if preferred.

Dainty handkerchief cases are made of a square of white satin lined with quilted white satin, the edges neatly blind-stitched together; but, before edges neatly blind-stitched together; but, before joining, thickly sprinkle over the cotton on the under side of the quilted satin some sachet powder, and over this a thin layer of cotton. Trim the edge of the outside, which is plain satin, all round with box-plaited white satin ribbon, or, if color is used, ribbon to match. Fold each corner to meet in the middle, envelope fashfon, and on the point of each sew a piece of ribbon of sufficient length to tie, thus preventing the handkerchiers from falling out. A dainty little painting in water color of violets or carnations adds greatly to its beauty. The materials required are half a yard of plain satin, the same quantity of quilted satin, six yards of satin ribbon an inch wide, a few cents' worth of sachet powder, and a spool of sewing silk matching the satin.

Court Plaster Cases.

Court plaster cases are useful little things, and can be made of two pieces of Bristol board three inches long and two and a half inches wide. Cut inches long and two and a half inches wide. Cut two leaves of stiff unruled letter paper the exact size of the pieces of Bristol board; make three rows of slits across each page, and four rows down; in and out of these weave in basket work alternate rows of narrow strips of black and white court plaster; through the backs of the leaves and cover, half an inch from the top and bottom, cut a slit lengthwise, but let them be only wide enough for a narrow ribbon to pass through, to bind the leaves and covers together; the ribbons should be long enough to tie in bows; on one cover may be painted, or drawn with pen and ink, the words:

May you never, never feel

May you never, never feel
A wound too deep for me to heal.
and on the other a cluster of pansies or hearts-

A Clove Case.

A pretty glove case is also made in similar style. For this the full width of the satin will be re-

For this the full width of the satin will be required, but instead of doubling the corners to the middle, the piece should be folded as a letter, in three folds or layers. Satin half a yard wide will answer for this purpose, and half a yard in length will be required. This also should be lined with quilted satin, and the sachet powder sprinkled between the lining and cover, as described for the handkerchief case. Trim the edges of the plain satin with box-plaited satin ribbon an inch wide, and fold as directed. The shape is now long and narrow, and on it a delicate ribbon an inch wide, and fold as directed. In shape is now long and narrow, and on it a delicat spray of flowers, or grasses should be executed i water color. When required for use, the glove are laid in the middle division, and first the plain then the decorated piece folded over them.

Work-baskets are always useful, and can be

made as pretty and dainty as one wishes. A fancy straw basket with handle is gilded and then lined with blue or cardinal satin. This may be put in full or quilted. For the latter the cotton on the under side of the quilted piece would require to be covered with plain satin, otherwise it would show through the open work of the basket. Two puned pockets are placed at either end, and an emery cusnion and needle-book hung by ribbons at each side. The emery cusnion, if shaped like an acorn, is very pretty. Make a little muslin or cotton cloth bag, rounding the corners, that there shall be no points:

fill with emery powder, and gather at the top; cover this as smoothly as possible with velvet the shade of the lining. Gild an acorn cup and fasten the gathered end of the cushion securely into it with strong glue. Should there be difficulty in presume the acorn cup a very good initiation. into it with strong gine. Should there be difficulty in procuring the acorn cup, a very good initiation cam be made by those who are lamiliar with crochet work, for with coarse crochet cotton a little cup is shaped. Place it over the top of the cushon just as described for the acorn cup, and gine in the same manner. Gild it afterwards, but be careful that none settles on the velvet. Sew a ribbon at the top of the gilt cup, and hang at one side, and on the opposite side the needle-book is fastened in the same manner. Bows of satin ribbon are tied where the handle joins the basket at either side. They are pretty ornaments, besides being useful.

Crochet Edging.

Chain four. Into the fourth stitch make three double crochet, putting thread over the needle once, two chain, three double crochet, turn; *three chain, three double crochet, two chain three double crochet in the two chain, turn; three three double crochet in the two chain, turn; three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in the two chain, turn; three chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in the two chain. In the three chain make the scallop as follows: Six double crochet, and fasten in the first shell with a single crochet, turn. In the top of next six stitches make six single crochet, three chain, one single crochet in the three chain on top of the scallop, three chain, six single crochet in top of next six stitches one chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet, three chain, six single crochet in top of next six stitches, one chain, three double crochet, two chain, three double crochet in two chain, turn and repeat from *.

Scrap-Baskets.

Waste paper or scrap-baskets also can be made in various styles. Often the willow basket is gilded outside and in; for this the prepared gildng, coming in bottles with full instructions for use, is the best for the purpose. Gay satia ribbon, having a bee or butterfly embroidered on the ends, is the bear the top of the basket, with tull bow and ends, and a bunch of artifical field flowers or grasses caught in the bow is a pretty fancy.

DUEL WITH A FISH.

A Kanaka Kills a Shark in a Hand-to-Mouth Encounter.

(San Francisco letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.) Every soul on board crowded to the side t witness the duel. It was bound to be war to the death. One or both of the combatants must die The brute was what is known as a right shark, and was about thirteen feet long. His black and shining back, set with sharp fins, made me shudder and grow deathly siek.
Ubukia met the first rush of the monster by

darting aside and letting the huge hulk go by-him. He made a lunge with his sword at the tail as it whisked past, and a thin line of blood on the clear water told that his aim had been a good While the shark was near be swam with half his body out of the water, taking good care that his legs were never much below the surface; but when it went by he dropped to the neck and looked up at us with a grin on his coffee-colored

looked up at us with a grin on his conce-colored face.

"Me kill um!" be shouted.

The next rush was similar to the first, but this time, when the white belly showed itself, Ubukia was beside it. We saw the point of the sword-blade enter its right eye, and then the native dived, coming up thirty yards away.

I began to breathe easier now. The fellow carried himself in the water with as much ease as the fish itself, and the sword gave him an advantage, white the shark's inability to use its jaws without turning over was another point in his favor.

The fish seemed to be fairly maddened by the last wound, and we could see his dorsal fin rippling through the water for a second, and then it went down out of sight, leaving nothing but the Kanaka visible on the wide stretch of water. If the sight of the monster was horrible, how much worse was its disappearance. We did not know now upon what side of the devoted swimmer it would concern and we held our breach watting.

now upon what side of the devoted swimmer it would come up, and we held our breath, waiting as one waits when a diver has been under water for a long time, and every minute seems an hour.

The grin had left the native's face, and he kept whirling about like a tee-to-tum, ready to meet the attack at any point.

After the lapse of a few minutes the familiar fin came into sight again, and Ubukia's body rested with his eyes on the enemy. There was no rushing on the shark's part now. It advanced slowly, ready to swerve with the slightest motion of the native. It seemed determined to approach him so slowly that its momentum could not possibly carry it past him. He waited until its muzzle was not ten feet from him, and then, assuming the aggressive, he darted forward, buried his blade to the hilt in its eye, and then swam leisurely to the ship.

ship, For ten minutes the water within a radius of For ten minutes the water within a radius of many yards was lashed into a white foam by the dying struggies of the monster. At times he would throw himself completely out of the water, showing us the whole of his round, tapering body and ugly mouth. Finally, however, he rested belly upward without a motion, and Ubukia's face glistened with pride. "Good," said he, climbing into his canoe; "me kill um."

AMERICAN CARPETS.

eigu Manufacture.

"The sale of foreign carpets has fallen off greatly during the past fifteen years," remarked a Washington street dealer to a GLOBE reporter yesterday morning, "while," he continued, "the manufacture and sale of native fabrics has correspondingly increased."
"How do you account for the change?" queried

the reporter. "Chiefly to the excellent quality of the goods now made in this country. Twenty years ago American carpets were rather poor in quality, owing to the limited manufacturing facilities we then possessed. This was the reason for the great

then bossessed. This was the reason for the great demand which then, and for some years subsequently, existed for the foreign-made carpets, since then, however, our American manufacturers have made great progress, and they produce today a line of goods which is not only fully equal to the imported article, but in many respects superior." "What proportion of the carpets now solid in this country are of native manufacturer?" Fully eighteen-twentieths," was the reply, "Infact, the demand for the foreign article has become so limited that the greater portion of our dealers keep only domestic goods in stock. We carselves, although one of the heaviest dealers in this city, keep no toreign carpets on hand, and have no demand for them."

"Where are the principal carpet manufactories located in the United States?"

"Weil, Philadelphia is generally considered the centre of the business, and there are a great many establishments there. Lowell and Hartford are also famed for the carpets they produce, and many extensive manufactories are found in the West and South.

Our own factories are in Philadelphia, where we employ 2500 hands and turn our over \$3,000,000 worth of goods per annum. We consume millions of pounds of wool annually, and manufacture all grades of goods from the finest moquettes and Wiltons down to the commonest ingrains. An important point in the production of carpets is the securing of satisfactory designs. The public taste in this respect differs not only from season to spason but almost from month to month, so that new designs are constantly required. Birds and foliage in carpets have been introduced and the present patterns will be relevated to the rear."

"Good designers must be an important factor, then, in the manufacture of fine carpets?"

"Decidedly. And the demand generally exceeds the supply. There are designers who receive salaries as high as \$5000 a year, though that, I believe, Is the maximum. The greater portion of them, however, do not receive more than \$25 per week, which some are paid as lo

ten years hence the importation of foreign can pets will have almost entirely ceased, and that th exportation of native fabrics will form quite an important feature of our export trade.

TO OUR READERS.

ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE BOSTON WEEKT.Y GLOBE.

If and If. "If you are suffering from poor health 'or languishing on a bed of sickness, 'take cheer, if you are simply alling, or 'if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why. Hop Bitters will

'surely cure you."
"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of busi-'every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over 'your midnight work, Hop Bitters will surely 'strengthen you."
"If you are suffering or

'from over-eating or 'drinking, any indiscre-'tion or dissipation, or 'are young and growing 'too fast, as is often the

"Or if you are in the workshop, on 'the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxi-'cating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady. faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what 'you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with

that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters. If you are a frequenter, or a resident

of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries-malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers-by the use of Hop

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath, and health. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters costing but a trifle.

ESUMWwylm n16

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TO OUR READERS.

When you answer any of the advertisements in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in TEE of 40° below zero now prevailing having exhausted Bank of France. In both of these cases there BOSTON WLEELY CLOSE.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20, 1883.

A NEW STORY

began last week on page 7. It is entirely different in plot from any story yet published in THE GLOBE, and of such power and interest that it will please every reader. Between now and March 4, 1885, we shall publish sixteen original and entertaining novels-all for \$1. Read the new campaign offer and form a club. Another new story

CUT THIS OUT.

Between now and January 1, 1884, a large number of subscriptions will expire, the majority of which will be renewed.

We respectfully request each subscriber to examine the date upon his paper, and, if his subscription expires within that time, to renew at once before it expires.

This will retain his name in type, and prevent the loss of any copy of his paper. Renew at once and keep your name on the natling list. Renew a once and avoid the rush. Read the new campaign offer and form a club.

A beer saloon now occupies in Washington the house in which DANIEL WEBSTER lived. What a come-down from the wines which DANIEL kept.

Southern people are making fortunes raising peanuts, and the industry is about to rival cotton growing in that ogion. "King Peanut" doesn't sound as majestic as "King Cotton."

HENRY VILLARD'S new mansion on Madison avenue is said to far surpass the VANDERBILT houses in magnificence. It introduces still another variety to New York architecture. being Florentine in style.

The cable announces that a bank official who falsified his accounts has been arrested and promptly sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. If he ad been in America it is doubtful if he could have been put behind prison bars inside of two years. This summary way of dealing with defaulters is to be commended, even if it does lessen the profits of lawyers.

The ways of Connecticut law and Connecticut courts are mysterious, not to say illogical. A few weeks ago several frivolous world's people were fined heavily for indulging in the criminal pleasure of driving out on the Sabbath, such carryings on being considered very detrimental to the morals of the sainted State. A few days ago a man was fined \$20 for shooting a small boy full of bird shot without cause or provocation. If a Connecticut man should make a bonfire of his family and brain two or three of his neighbors for criticising the illumination, he would probably be severely reprimanded by the court.

What is going to become of the poor old Constitution, anyway? How many points of attack are there against it? The Woman Suffragists want an amendment. Senator BLAIR and his Prohibitionists want an amendment. There is a demand for an amendment to take the place of the civil rights bill. The National Reform Association wants to put God in the Constitution in one way or another. And how here comes the Anti-Polygamy League with a proposition for an amendment prohibiting polygamy. Are there any others to hear from?

Canada is about to have a first-class little piece of rebellion on her hands. The people of Manitoba, who are a part of the confederation, are indignant because their rights are not given more | they do for their amusements. It is with a feeling recognition by the Canadian Parliament, and of regret that they pass their money over to the they have formed an association to protest, with grocer, the tailor and the landlord, but they hand culation of THE GLOBE in his thing more than protest if their rights are not there they are going to get the worth of it. recognized. They want the burdens and privileges of trade and transportation equalized between Manitoba and the other provinces, and thoroughly in earnest about it.

> Score two for the woman-suffragists. The attorney-general of Canada has told a delegation from the Toronto City Council and the Canadian Woman Suffrage Society that the franchise for women is coming, and that the question is to receive serious attention from the colonial government. The Legislature of Washington Territory has passed the bill making the ballot free as manna, and the Governor says he will sign it. The bill will become a law in two months. The people of Oregon are to vote at their next election on an amendment to the State constitution giving women the right to vote.

One of the speakers at the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences at New Haven, last week, declared it his belief that a new species of the human race is being developed. He thinks that the deaf-mutes, being so isolated from the rest of the world, both by their peculiarities and their separate language, intermarry and so perpetuate their own infirmities. And as they and their descendants keep to themselves in their asylums, and their intermarriage with one another, they will in time become so separated from the rest of men that they will form their own communities and become, in short, a new

The experience of a number of Boston gentlemen who are suffering from sores on the lips should be a warning to smokers. It is supposed that some poisonous substance in cigars is the cause of the trouble. It is well known that cancer has been produced by similar means, and considering the methods of manufacture sometimes employed by cigar makers, the only wonder is that the cases are so few. Cheap cigars are often made by people who have no regard for cleanliness, especially in the tenement house factories, and if a workman is afflicted with any contagious disease the material which he handles is very liable to become contaminated. There seems to be no positive safeguard for the smoker, but extreme caution may at least diminish his chances of be-

coming poisoned. Minnesota just now affords a delightful climate to live in. Oranges blossom there every week, and consumptives and rheumatics who can't stand the dreadful east winds, with which Boston *is blessed, are revelling in a temperature varying from 15° to 40° below zero out there. The air, too, is very bracing. Leastwise, it blew a man up against the side of a house in Minneapolis the found out, when they are found out at other day and kept him braced up there till a Chi- all, through some little hitch that cannot cago drummer came along and breathed the other | possibly be foreseen. There is as much capiway, which created a counter current and removed tall embarked in one of these schemes as the brace, when both drummer and braced stepped | would make an ordinary man's fortune. Take, in to splice the main brace. The only trouble there | for instance, the 'great turf fraugs' in England. now seems to be a lack of ice, the warm spell | and the forgeries on the Bank of England and the

is now on his way out there to make up the | paid out before they tried to get back a single deficiency.

THE NEW TIME.

The people who have been much disturbed in soul over the change of time, who have figured up the loss in gas they will have to bear, and who have imagined that there is going to be a vast lot of inconvenience and general confusion, may possess themselves this morning in patience and in peace. All they will have to do will be to set their clocks back fifteen minutes, and then let the world go on exactly as it did before. They might forget all about it, and on Monday they would not know that anything had happened.

Considering the whole country, the change will make a wonderful degree of difference with the travelling public, and it will all be brought about with a very small amount of inconvenience to the local public. At a few points the change is as much as thirty minutes, and at a few others there will be no change at all .. In some quarters there is such opposition to making the change that the new time will not be adopted for local time. But it will be strange if the greater convenience of the new time does not make itself felt even in those places after it has gone into operation else-

The greatest inconvenience the new system will cause will be where two belts meet. There a traveller coming in from the East and going West will find a difference in apparent time of just one hour. But the ease of reckoning differences in time when that difference is all in hours, and the assurance that there is no danger of losing trains or of being unable to make connections because of the difference of a few minutes in time standards, will quite overbalance whatever slight inconvenience there may be otherwise.

NEW THEATRES.

"People, as a rule, pay only for being amused and cheated." says bluff John Ruskin in one of his bluffest and most sarcastic moments. Whether true or not, it certainly is true that they are willing to pay very handsomely for being amused. And, besides, it looks as if they were willing to pay more every year. Witness the new theatres that are going up on every hand and the increased attendance at places of amusement. Boston can fill seven theatres nightly, and those who have carefully surveyed ground think there is room for still another. Inability to get the desired site is all that prevents Boston from having a counterpart of the Madison Square. And this when the Bijqu is only just preparing to celebrate its first anniversary, and while the Park is not yet burdened with a weight of years.

Brockton is rejoicing over the prospect of two new theatres, to be completed in a short time. In New York, Abbey's new Metropolitan Opera House is filled nightly, though it does not diminish the crowd that fills the coffers of his rival, Mapleson. And notwithstanding these two large opera houses and the legion of theatres of every grade, each of which calls out its own small army of attendants, Mr. Haverly has on foot a new theatre, to cost a million dollars, and offers still another place in which New Yorkers may pay for being amused. The people of Brooklyn also are not to be forgotten, and a new theatre, at the cost of a quarter of a million, is soon to add to their amuse-

Boston pays nightly from \$5000 to \$8000 for the privilege of being amused. And that is not for a single night, or through a single engagement. The average through the theatrical season will come well within those limits. There is nothing that people spend money so freely for as

THE LAND FRAUDS.

The only comment necessary upon the legal they protest with a vigor that shows they are action about to be taken by the Land Office against a firm of Englishmen who have been attempting to defraud the government in the taking up of public lands is, Why was not something of the sort done a long time ago? The scheme of these men was to obtain possession of large tracts of land by hiring men to make sham settlements on quarter sections, and so getting the whole amount in their own hands after six months' time. The scheme has been worked for years in all the Western States and Territories, both foreigners and Americans, and although the law forbids the taking of more than one "homestead" by the same person, any man who has wanted more has found it the easiest thing in the world to take two or three or a halfdozen quarter sections, or to get into possession of an estate baronial in extent and more than paronial in prospective value. Why has not the government taken action in the matter before? It is recommended that Congress change the law of settlement, making two years instead of six months necessary for ownership. It wouldn't be much more trouble to hire men to live on the land two years than six months. Some honest officials would be much more likely to stop the business.

FRENCH SWINDLERS.

The successes and exposures of swindlers, while being widely read in the newspapers of the day, do not appear to prevent people from still being imposed upon. The newspapers are continually by their criminal reports showing that the same old tricks of rogues are successfully played day after day. The fact that rogues are also always studying new schemes by which to defraud the public is now commented upon in an interesting manner by Monsieur JULES CAITON, the chief of the Paris detective force. It seems that in France the superior travelling facilities and the almost total abolition of the passport system have placed French detectives on a par with their American brethren. A few years ago it was impossible to travel there without a passport. Another reason why the detection of crime is harder is the superior class of men that now undertake the big schemes. The chief lookout a short time ago, says M. CAITON, was for pickpockets, escaped burglars, with now and then a big absconder. "Now swindles on the most gigantic scale are taking place on every side, conducted by well-educated men, with command of any amount of capital, and it is almost impossible to detect them; they are generally

cent. In the case of the 'turf frauds' the hitch occurred by one of the partners being a little too eager, and in that of the Bank of England forgeries, if Warren, the American, had not forgotten to insert the date on Rothschild's bill they would have netted over \$1,000,000."

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.

There is unquestionably a better feeling beginning to prevail in business circles as to the outlook for financial success this winter. If nothing unforeseen happens, this feeling is also likely to become more pronounced, and business will take an upward turn. Near the close of the year there are always more or less small failures, but these cannot be regarded as seriously affecting the general prosperity of the country. So far as the crops are concerned, it is a settled fact that they are amply sufficient for this country, and will admit of a very good exportation. There has been more of less cronking over the corn crop, and, although it is 40,000,000 bushels short, there is a product of 1,577,000,000 left. There is also a wheat crop of 425,000,000 and a potato crop of 175,000,000 bushels. These are certainly not

All reports agree that business generally throughout the country, with the exception of the iron trade, which is depressed, shows a tendency to improve, and the prevailing sentiment is that the lowest prices have been touched, and that a gradual change may be expected for the better. The improvement must necessarily be slow. No more large failures are anticipated. Money is plenty, with a fair prospect of a free importation of gold. There is no difficulty in hiring money on good security at easy rates. City and town bonds and first-class railroad mortgages are in active demand. The savings banks are loaning money at 4 and 41/2 per cent. on good real estate security. All things considered, while the outlook for business is not of the rosiest hue, there is every pros pect for hoping for a gradual improvement.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

As winter approaches and the evenings grow long, the question arises in many households, how shall the children, the young people, be made content at the fireside, and home made so attractive that they may not be tempted from it by outside influences? And yet this question is too often left unanswered, too often not even considered at all by parents. The Evening Call of Philadelphia wisely says: "Amusement is the proper feature of home life. It is a corrective for many evils. It does not matter so much what the amusements are as that they shall be regularly provided. Our American homes are too sterile in amusements. The English are more considerate in this direction. We are apt to go away from home for them, and so wean the children from home life. A false teaching, too, prevails on the subject. Some object to amusements as leading to gambling. It is barely possible that there may be cases where this is true; but the fault is less in the amusement than in original propensity or bad counsel or training. If a young person has a propensity for gambling he will find how to do it. On the other hand, familiarity with certain games, under the healthful influence of home, may do much to take away the curiosity which quite often leads to gambling. How far home games may go will depend largely on the means of the family. But money judiciously spent for home amusements is well spent."

ANOTHER VIEW.

The editor of the Republic presents a view of the disturbances in Ireland which is entitled to consideration and is undoubtedly upheld by thousands in this country as sound and truthful. He insists that the disturbances which have ately taken place in the North were committed by an insignificant gang of hired rowdies, many of

them having no Irish blood in their veins, and at the direct instigation of English Tories. The Nationalists, who may be said to comprise all Irishmen worthy of the name, took no part in these disorders, but endured the insolence of the Orangemen quietly, without making the least counter-movement. It was simply because the Orange rowdles had failed to incite the Nationalists to deeds of violence in Ulster, and thus to give Spencer the pretext he is seeking for suppressing the Nationalist meetings, that the same men, the English landlords, who are instigating the yellow rufflans in Ulster, determined upon the wholesale evictions in Loughrea; in the hope that such proceedings would create a riot. for which they came fully prepared, and afford them an opportunity of shooting the people down like dogs. This done, the next thing in order would be a proclamation from Dublin Castle prohibiting all league meetings and perhaps declar-

ing the league itself an illegal organization The editor of the Republic concludes as fol-

"It has long been the habit of American writers to lament and deplore the faction fights of the Irish people, and the time was when such laments were called for. But they are not now. The National League has killed sectional feuds in Ireland. With all their bluster and brag, the Orangemen of Ulster can no longer muster the lodges against the Catholics. Less than 500 men took part in the Londonderry disturbance, according to Magistrate Thynne, himself an Ulster Orangeman, and these 500 had to be recruited from the whole province. Even the Tories themselves admit that the day has gone by when the old issues can be used to divide Ireland, and they are now endeavoring to form a new organization to fight the conquering and uniting league."

ELM-CLAD ENTERPRISE.

As a city of sensations, New Haven, Conn., is entitled to wear the laurel. Its population is somewhere in the neighborhood of 65,000, but no city of treble its inhabitants begins to afford such a paradise for the newspaper reporter or the admirer of startling and odd events. When there is no MALLEY trial on hand the

"City of Elms" at once adapts itself to the situation, and presents to the gaze of an astonished world the form of a trusted police captain, caught in taking money from prisoners who had had the misfortune to imbibe too much Grand street beer, or who had travelled too extensively among the whiskey-dens of East street, to say nothing of occasional frequenters of "Gus's" gilded halls, or the classical quaffer of "Mory's" golden ales.

Nor does the home of elm-arched Temple street and lawn-lined Hillhouse avenue confine itself to police-station novelties or to the discovery of the bodies of pretty JENNIE CRAMERS floating in the shoals off fair West Haven's shore. High life contributes its full share to the ever replenishing round of the new and unexpected. The excitement reigning just now grows out of a wayward and festive lawn tennis ball, sent careering from a fashionable lawn of one of the families of the upper-tendom into the yard of a neighboring

It seems that the tennis ball was not content to go over there once, but must needs repeat the the supply. However, Charles Francis Adams | was a capital of nearly \$200,000 embarked and

by the owners of the lawn-tennis ball that he whose ground had been invaded by the erratic sphere had fled from the South to cheat his

We are assured by the local papers that "all the parties are wealthy and move in the best society." which makes the result of the tendencies of this tennis ball to wander from home all the more interesting, while causing everybody to wonder how he of the invaded yard really did treat his creditors in the Sunny South.

Just what sensation New Haven will next produce is not easy to foresee, but that when the present one begins to wane, she will be on hand, bright and smiling, with something fully up to the standard, goes without saying.

INDICATIONS FOR 1884

The New York World gives a column of test votes in debatable States in the years preceding the last five presidential elections to show that these votes distinctly indicate the beating of the public pulse and are really the most important evidences upon which to base calculations as to the results of presidential con-

This year the Republicans hold the following States, either by present elections or, where none have been now held, by the latest State contests: Massachusetts, Republican majority...... 9,000 Iowa, Republican majority...... 2,000 Illinois, Republican majority...... 5,500 Pennsylvania, Republican majority......17,000 Minnesota, Republican majority......15,000 Oregon, Republican majority...... 1,400 Connecticut, Republican majority..... 5,000

The Democrats either by election this year or last year hold the following of these de-

New York, Democratic majority.......18,000 Wisconsin, Democratic majority..... 9.000 Michigan, Democratic majority..... 4,500 Kansas, Democratic majority...... 7,000 Indiana, Democratic majority......10,600 New Jersey, Democratic majority...... 8,000 Colorado, Democratic majority...... 2,300 Nevada, Democratic majority...... 1,200

The changes that have taken place are significant, and show that the g. o. p. is going with considerable celerity.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The New York Sun is afraid Massachusetts has little reason to rejoice over what the Journal calls "the victory of the decent people of the State." The Sun says: "The decent people of Massachusetts this year are only 160,000 and the indecent people are 150,000. In other words, the decent people have increased 26,000 in five years, or at the rate of 5200 a year, while the indecent people have increased more than 40,000, or at the rate of more than 8000 a year.

"This is why Massachusetts is in a bad way. In a few years, at the natural rate of increase, the indecent people will greatly and hopelessly outnumber the decent people. The only remedy of the latter will be emigration, a remedy which, it will be remembered, has already been suggested by that eminent student of social phenomena, Mr.

"ICHABOD! ICHABOD! How have the mighty fallen! The decent people of the once righteous Commonwealth cannot keep Thanksgiving day with more than a hollow pretence of rejoicing. But let them keep Fast day with rigid solemnity, and abstain from base ball and all secular diversion on that day. If figures don't lie, the indecent people-the common, ordinary people of Massachusetts-are coming in before long."

MANUAL TRAINING.

The agitation of the subject of manual training in the public schools has found definite and practical expression in the request made by the school committee to the City Council for an appropriation for the equipment and maintenance of a manual training school, and the fitting up of the basement of the Latin School for immediate use for that purpose. It is their idea that this elementary training school should give instruction in the use of hand tools, particularly those of carpentry, not for the purpose of teaching a trade,

but solely to give better training to the hands. The experiments in manual training schools, such as the Dwight School in this city and the school in St. Louis, have been very successful, and so far as precedent goes there is no reason why the proposed plan may not be, in many ways, productive of good results.

There are volumes of philosophy in the short

account Colonel James Houston gave to a New

HOW HE SUCCEEDED.

York Sun reporter of how he had won three fortunes. To every young man starting out in the world-and young women also, since they are taking up the habit of "starting out," too-it is worth all the hundreds and thousands of pages that have been written of philosophy about the nature of success and advice as to how to gain it. He put it all in the two lines: "To meet a want and meet it well. To make money and to save it." Colonel Houston went to California in the early times, and instead of going daft over the gold excitement or seeking occupation in any one of the hundred ways in which everybody who went there expected to get rich, he saw that everybody wore dirty linen because nobody had time to wash it, learned that he could earn a dollar each by washing shirts, started a laundry and in four years came back to New York a rich man. He lost his money and sought his fortune in California again. He stopped at a hotel on the route to the gold mines and found the food so poor that the half-starving travellers could scarcely eat it. He saw the need of a good hotel, bought out the landlord and made the place famous on the Western coast for the excellence of the cooking. At the end of five years he came back to New York worth half a million. Again he lost it and returned to California, this time to make a third and greater fortune by conducting a safe and trustworthy banking business at a time when all other banking houses were insecure.

The rule that he followed is the golden rule of success in any calling-to see the need that is unfilled, and fill it with the best possible work, no matter what it is. He saw that an honorable position rests upon meeting with good work a need of society, no matter how humble or menial in popular opinion that work may be, and not upon the kind of work he sought to do. "To meet a want, and meet it well. To make money and to save it." Paste that in your hats, young men, and you

The accident that happened at the Danvers Insane Asylum the other day, where an insane man fell from a window in the fourth story, and was experiment, raising the ire of both parties to such afterwards found dead some distance from the an extent that an assault followed, and in its wake | building, looks as if that institution is not all it an extent that an assault followed, and in its wake | building, looks as if that institution is not all it | swallow more money than is devoted to the neces- a suit for slander, the basis for the latter resting | should be. The report carefully adds that "no | sities of life simply shows that we are a very | promptly by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

on the neighborly and soothing declaration made | blame is attached to the attendants." Of course | thirsty people. Cure people of this particular not. There never is. But in the name of all humanity, what are the attendants there for if not to prevent the possibility of just such accidents as this? Are they in the habit of allowing the inmates to hang themselves outside the windows, and are trapeze performances from window-sills the usual recreations of the insane at Danvers? With an asylum that cost a million and more, and is carried on by a set of swell salaries to suit, it looks as if reasonable precautions might be taken to secure the safety of the inmates.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

President Arthur is getting thin. This proves that he is a candidate for re-election. The plumber will soon have his revenge on the people who have been joking about him all sum-

The richest people abroad dress the plainest. New York Sun: Every young man ought to be nterested in politics, and deeply interested. He ought to enlist in the one or the other political army, and never be without decided political convictions.

Muldoon, the wrestler, is a bone-cracker, as Whistler has found to his cost.

"I have solved the conundrum, how to get rich," said one Boston tramp to another. "We will work our passage to England, steal some good clothes and return here as lecturers. The Americans will swallow any sort of a lecture, provided we play Englishmen well."

Detroit Free Press: Five thousand dollars reward is offered for one single instance where a Democratic or Republican paper was surprised at the result of the election, no matter who got scooped. Nothing ever surprises a newspaper-A South American princess who was brought up

on cannibal dainties is pining away in a boardinghouse hashery in Philadelphia. It is sad to think of a fair young girl yearning for a missionary who will not put in an appearance and save her from

Siftings: "My poys," said a German sergeant to a squad of United States regulars, "I vish you to understand dot I am von of de pest-hearted vellers in de vorld. Don't you peleeve dot?" "Oh, yes, sir," answered the members of the squad. "Dot's all right. I'm von of de pesthearted vellers in de vorld except ven I'm on duty, und ven I'm on duty I'm a beast. Isn't dot so, "Yes," faintly replied the squad. "Dot's all right, too. Und now shust remember, poys, I'm alvays on duty."

Governor Charlie Foster of Ohio rises to remark that Governor Butler is the only man to be feared by the Republicans in 1884. A New York judge decides that a woman, pro-

vided she behaves herself, can dress in man's clothes or any other way she pleases. Picayune: The power of money is great. It is able to get away from some of the strongest men

College students in Siam are allowed two wives.

The advantage of this is that when he comes to a hard problem in his studies he can let his wives study it out for him while he goes out to "see the Philadelphia Call: At an evening party carefully note the location and size of the house and the probable value of the furniture and bric-a-brac. If

every side, devote your attention to your host's unmarried daughters. By the death of General Natt Head New Hampshire loses one of her brightest, most enterprising and esteemed citizens. He had many friends in

Massachusetts who will mourn his loss Mr. Beecher is quoted as saying that preachers who conscientiously stay away from the theatre not only lose a great deal of innocent pleasure, but are deprived of much that would be of use to

them in their clerical calling. London Telegraph: Tetotallers attribute all our ills to strong drink; but there is plenty of crime in countries where wine, beer and whiskey are unknown. Drunken Russia is not really worse than sober China, as regards prison and police statistics. It is not tipsy but too sober Irishmen who shoot their landlords from behind hedges.

the arm freely in writing is recommended as a sure cure for writer's cramp. A Jersey City bartender dropped dead while dealing out liquor. This should be a warning to all bartenders to hand customers the same bottle

the boss of the establishment patronizes. The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle thinks the abolishment of the whiskey tax would not increase drunkenness, but would improve the quality of the article, and be in accordance with the old Jeffersonian idea that "the excise system is an in-

When one doctor is treating you for heart disease, and another for Bright's disease, as is the case with Senator Anthony, it is time to make your

Bancroft, the historian, is said to be a man of steady habits. Being over 80 years old, George ought to be thrashed if he is not steady now.

Philadelphia Call: Colonel Ingersoll's middle name is Green. It may be slow in catching and may splutter a little at first, but it will burn, it will Brockway, the forger, may have to commence to serve out his old sentence of thirty years, but

if he doesn't it will be suspected that the secret service officers want a few men like him at large to give them employment. Let us have peace .- [Woman's Journal.] Well, Let us have peace.—[Woman's Journal, Wen, who began the quarrel anyway? Just because we remarked that the biscuits were heavy, the coffee sloppy, and the beefsteak burnt, that was no reason why you should have called us a brute, jumped up, slammed the door and locked yourself

jumped up, slammed the door and locked yoursel in your room. By all means let us have peace.— [Philadelphia Call. A matrimonial observation: "May they be always on hand, but never come up to the scratch

-Ladies' finger nails." It is funny to see the statements in Republican journals that Governor Butler is politically dead, and yet every day they continue to have consider-

able to say about him. Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who has spent four mouths in the old world, says: "I come back not only proud of my country, but conscious more than ever of the duty which rests upon every one of its citizens to preserve constitutional government in the form and according to the spirit of its conception and organization. It is the result not merely of the wisdom of our fathers, but of a fortunate chain of circumstances which never occurred before in the history of the world, and can by no possibility occur again."

The Standard Oil Company, the great monopoly, appears to thrive upon the assaults made upon it. "Money is power" in its case. A lady at a Chicago hotel, whose unruly children

annoy everybody in the house, the other day said to a noted teacher sitting near her at the table: "Professor, do you believe in the use of the rod in the management of children?" The professor glared at her annoying children and grimly replied: "Sometimes, madam; but there are cases when I should prefer a revolver."

an excuse that he lived three miles away from the scene of the conflagration. "Well, you'll have to move your residence up nearer the fire or quit the ompany," was the hasty reply of the frate chief. Isaac Sprague, known in museums as "the living skeleton," is 42 years old, and has been suffering from progressive muscular atrophy for thirty His voice is as thin as his body. He sleep

An Austin fireman who was late to a fire gave as

and eats well, has been married twice, and has three children. Inter-Ocean: Having finished politics, let all hands settle down to the largest fall and winter business that was ever done. It is no use encouraging a panic, you cannot get it up. The country is too rich and prosperous. Let the lame ducks

General Daniel Pratt says: "My greatest forte is the pen-for science, philosophy, chemistry; I'll take no part in the municipal election. Well, what did you do with your five dollar bill?" said a lawyer to a witness on the stand. "I

drop out of the procession.

got it changed in a cigar store." "And what did you get for change?" "Two twos and a one." "Now, how could you have bought anything in this cigar store, if you gave a five dollar bill and got two twos and a one in return?" "Oh, but I didn't buy anything, I only wanted some change."

The temperance argument that the dram-shops

thirst and the dram-shops would fail up. Closing the saloons doesn't cure them of the thirst, as the

P. L. L. days demonstrated. It relieves every one to know that the remains of Abraham Lincoln are safe from the assaults of

all graveyard robbers. There should be no more sensational reports concerning them. "Is this your property," asked the district

attorney of a lady who had been robbed of some jewelry, as he handed her a watch-chain. "Yes, it certainly is mine." "But how do you identify "How do I? By having bought it and paid

> The consumption of horse meat is on the increase in France. It is said to make a splendie

"I'll take whiskey-what will you have, Fred?" sald a man in a New York saloon. "I don't feel like drinking," said Fred. The first speaker poured out a generous glass of whiskey, drank half of it, and handed the rest to his friend, remarking, with a wry face, "There's something the matter with that stuff. Try it." Fred finished the liquor. The first speaker laid ten cents upon the bar, and they walked out. "That's a new game," remarked the bartender.

In the Siberian mines, when a prisoner wishes to get married all he has to do is to send in an application to the overseer, who straightway allots him a wife. Three days' probation is ther allowed, and if any incompatibility of temper seems likely to arise the man receives twenty-five lashes and another wife, and so on until he is contented.

NOVEL EARTHQUAKE PHENOMENA.

What the Captain of a Japanese Schooner Saw During the Eruptions.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17 .- The captair of the Japanese schooner Nagamo, who happened to be on the island of Krakatou at the time of the Java earthquake, related on his return to Yokohama an interesting tale of his experience. On Sunday, August 25, the members of the crew were startled by low rumbling sounds like distant thunder, varied by strong detonations and dynamic concussions. A dull red glow litumined the heavens, presenting the island in a ghastly appearance. The atmosphere was stifling and oppressive, being heavily laden with sulphurous fumes. The hour for morning arrived, but no daylight appeared. In addition to the lack of sunlight, the temperature sank almost to the freezing point. About noon the omnous rumblings increased. Later the huge tidal wave which swept the Java coast arrived at Krakatou. Like a mountain the sea rolled, rising over ten feet in as many minutes. In the afternoon the darkness increased, and suddenly, amicst a succession of volcame shocks, intermingled with vivid flashes of lightning, mud and pumice stone fell. The ship's deck was covered with the debris. Then gradually the turbulence subsided. The schooner's crew, who in the meantime had taken themselves to the vessel, put off to sea, but on the following day similar phenomena were once more experienced. like distant thunder, varied by strong de-

Rescuing the Ship Sacramento of Boston from a Hot and Dangerous Place.

Fred Wilkinson, a Natick boy, who sailed in the U. S. S. Juniata on a cruise to foreign ports, has tavia on the Island of Java, which the Natick Bulletin is permitted to publish. Mr. Wilkinson describes the voyage from Bombay to Colombo in the Island of Ceylon, where a landing was made, "Myself and clum," he says, "secured the services of a guide and a cab, and drove to the residence of the exiled Arabi Bey. Asking to see him we were invited to walk in and be seated, which we did and found ourselves in an elegantly furnished parlor. In a short time Arabi entered and, making a very polite bow, advanced to where we had fisen. With both hands extended be gave each of us a hearty shake, and expressed himself pleased to meet with Americans. After having some refreshments we wrote our names in his autograph album and left. Quite an honor, wasn't it? He describes the voyage from Bombay to Colombo in there are evidences of wealth and refinement on

meet with Americans. After having some refreshmeats we wrote our names in his autograph album and left. Quite an honor, wasn't it? He is a very pleasant man, and does not seem to feel very bad about his lot in life. I don't think he ought to, for he has a fine place and goes and comes when he pleases."

Leaving Colombó the Juniata touched at Trinco Malee, Madras, Calcutta, Rangoon, the Island of Penang, and Singapore. "At Singapore," says Mr. Wilkinson, "as soon as we dropped anchor we heard that there had been a terrible earthquake and loss of life in the Straits of Sunda, and we got orders to proceed there at once. We got to Singapore at 8 o'clock Saturday night and coaled ship all day Sunday, and got up anchor Sunday night and went to Saay we went to Baavia on the Island of Java first to get particuluars, stopped one night and left the next morning. We found that we had to steam very slowly, for a great many small islands had sunk and a great many more nad risen high above the sea. Anjier Point, which contained a fine lighthouse and was a large thriving place, had disappeared altogether. The next morning we discovered the ship Sacramento of Boston making signals of distress; steamed down to her, spoke, and found she was short of water and was trying to find Anjier Point. She was in a dangerous place; it was dead caim and as hof as you can imagine, and she had let go anchor we sent a party of thirty-five men to her, to help her heave up, and save her a tow to a safe place. "After leaving the Sacramento we received three cheers from her crew, which we answered and Holding the pen firmly in the hand and using

we sent a party of thirty-live men to her, to help her heave up, and cave her a tow to a safe place.

"After leaving the Sacramento we received three cheers from her crew, which we answered and steamed to Krakator Island, which was the heart of the earthquake. Krakator is a volcano rising out of the sea, and as we got within twenty miles the smell of sulphur was sickening, the air was full of ashes, and the water full of pumice stone, and the land in every direction looked as if covered with snow, but on landing we found it to be white ashes and pumice stone, which was in places twenty feet deep, and it was over the tops of tall trees. We could see trees under the ashes in some places. We stopped three days, surveying and exploring, landing every day, when we up anchor for Batavia again. The country looks very bare; we saw a number of dead bodies in the water and we were told in Batavia that the loss of life was upwards number of dead bodies in the water and we were told in Batavia that the loss of life was upwards of 30,000 people. On arriving at Batavia we found the United States ship Enterprise from Cape of Good Hope, and of course there was lots visiting between the two ships. Now we are here with our best bower in the mud, and are likely to remain here for ten days more: the health of the ship's company is unusually good, not a case of sickness on board.

A MIRACULOUS FALL

Tumbling Down a Series of Precipices Each

a Hundred Feet High. DENVER, November 19 .-- A letter has just been received from Red Gulch, a mining camp in the vicinity of Leadville, which recounts one of the most incredible accidents that have ever been known. The hero of it is Peter F. Yates, son of a

most incredible accidents that have ever been known. The hero of it is Peter F. Yates, son of a famous hotel-keeper at Duval, in this State. Yates is superintending the works of a mining company whose property lies in Treasure mountain, Gunnison county. The great altitude of the mine brings winter about it very early. As early as the middle of September snow storms commenced. Peter writes that he left the cabin with his report and vouchers ready for mailing, an overcoat belonging to one of the men and a gunny sack filled with clothing, and all strapped together on his back, all in "apple-pie" order—and then—"I fell over the cliff on my way down. I intended it to be my last trip for several months, but it came near being my last in fact. I had gotten 100 feet above the cabin, when a snow-side turned loose, knocking me instantly from the trail. For the first 400 or 500 feet I struck the ground but four or five times—and my last fall from the top of a precipice to its bottom was about 120 feet. It seems incredible that I could have tumbled down three successive precipices without being killed, but everything was in favor. The pack I was carrying and the snow which I went down with helped break my fall. I am badly bruised about the hips and body, but with restand lower altitude the dectors think I will come out all right in a month or so."

lower altitude the dectors think I will come out all right in a month or so."

A gentleman in this city who is familiar with the place of the accident says that Yate's escape is a piece of luck that may be termed miraculous. The chiff has an almost perpendicular height of 1000 feet from the bottom of the precipice, and it was only the great masses of snow which had accumulated on its sides that broke his fall every 100 feet and then went on down with him to the next one. In January last a man was swept off the trail by an avalanche in a similar manner and dropped into the abyss 1000 feet below, and his body has never been recovered.

How One Man Got Away From His Wife. Bregman, the Cleveland diver, tells the following story: "Once I went up to Twin Lakes, near Gilead, Mich., to dive for the body of a man who Gliead, Mich., to dive for the body of a man who had gone in swimming with two companions. I found an immense concourse of people on the shore. The grief-stricken mother had creeted a stand, and was doing an immense business in sandwiches and circus lemonade. A collection of \$400 for her and her son's children had been taken up, and part of it had been set apart to pay one and foot the burial expenses. I searched several hours, but found no body. Months afterward I meta man from that region, and he said, "Say, mister, do you know why you couldn't find that body?" I gave it up. "Why, the fellow was up in the pineries of Michigan. When he sank he swam to the other shore, where he had another suit of clothes hid. He wanted to get away from his wife, and that's the way he did it."

Short Shrift for a Widower. [Danbury Evening News.]

One of our citizens married last week under rather comantic circumstances. His wife was estimable widow in York State who would make a good housekeeper, and drove over there to get her. He brought her to Danbury on Monday, and

CHRISTIAN LIGHT.

A Remarkable Sermon by Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Souls Simply Seeking to Save Themselves Not Worth Saving.

The Great Preacher Virtually Acknowledges Himself a Pantheist.

NEW YORK, November 18 .- Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached this morning, taking his text from Matthew, v., 16: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

This has usually been treated as if it was a command to Christianity simply. Surely it is; but it is a great deal more than simply that. There is a profound philosophy in it; a philosophy that, I think, involves the very substance of Christianity. The figure itself is susceptible of a good deal of application. Light is a revealer. In the darkness these these contents are the contents of the contents revealer. In the darkness there is no form, nothing; it is as if the world were annihilated. But when the sun comes over the horizon he is quick to discriminate between light and darkness; quick to separate to the eye of every man, the beast, the bird, the various trees, the vine, the grass, each separate flower, and discriminates on every side, so that the world seems as if it were recreated. Light is a stimulator; without it there is no process of growth; the leaf could not form, or, formed, it could not send back regenerated sap to the trunk and the root, were it not for the light of the Great Chemist. The talk of the root that lies winter-bound in the cellar, feeling the warmth of the growing season, ghastly and pale in the darkness where they grow because they lack light. Light is a leader; it shows men the path; it gives guidance to the eye. If a man walk in darkness he shall stumble, but if he walk in light he shall walk surely. Light is an artist; there is no beauty without it at all. The world blooms and glows only when the blush comes from the light. How fit an emblem this is of the human soul! "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

The way to lift a soul up into the arms of God is to put another soul under it and lift it up by its power. The true Gospel is soul on soul in this world. The figure runs through everywhere the whole Bible; light and heat pervade every representation of divine or spiritual activity in this world.

sentation of divine or spiritual activity in this world.

That view of religion which makes it a soulsaling business, in which that is put foremost of saling business, in which that is put foremost of saling business, in which that is put foremost of saling business, in which that is put foremost of saling their mouths and they are all fed. Then there comes a state which is an exaltation, a state in which all the faculties rise to that higher and nobler comments. But the heart of save themselves is all right enough, but when fear has waked them up they are not savable, unless there are higher and nobler motives to come in.

Light does not represent a certain form of Christianity—that kind of revival preaching that seeks to drive men into heaven by the fear of hell.

This is the Worst Form of Paganism.

This is the Worst Form of Paganism. We are to act for ourselves in seeking religion and in developing religious life. Self-love should we should act for ourselves that we may be strong for others. The gospel morality, exalted, is the foundation of true Christian character. "Freely ye have received, freely give." A Christian is like a ground diamond that has no light in itself, but flashes back the light the sun gives it from every fesset. And men are not luminous by nature, but as they come to the experience and communion of the divine nature; freely as they receive, freely they are to let their light shine. Helping other men is inseparably connected with Christian experience. If you would help yourselves, help others; and help yourselves that you may help others.

We can help others in various ways; physically.

elp others. We can help others in various ways; physically, of course, and by teaching, of course, and by a thousand benefactions, each in its characteristic way—by making life purer and evener; but the great help we can give to others is to help them make ment—larger and nobler men; to exait their conception away from meanness and material conditions, and to give it some element of heroism. Often theology has presented God and duty in such forms as to be requisive to men. A clear that engine. You must see it perform; then you know what it is. The picture may be very nice, and the plans very nice indeed; but they do not indicate what the engine is. There are a number of nice plans among men; to see them in motion reveals what Christianity is. The printed gospel is like printed music—a man don't have music in his printed music—a man don't have music in his what christianity is. The primed gospet is like printed music—a man don't have music in his house because he has Beethoven's symphonies there in a book shut up. Men think they have a good deal of the gospel in their houses when they have got a good many Bibles, but—a dead Bible and a dead music book are alike. The score is

The Law of Influence Among Men. The actual experience of a Christ-like disposition is that your natural faculties be so shaped and educated that they express the thought and

tion is that your natural faculties be so shaped and educated that they express the thought and feeling and disposition of the Lord Jesus Christ. A man that is in that state, and in a certain exaltation of that state, that man is an embodied gospel, and he is the power of God, the wisdom of God, to the salvation of his fellow-men—a living gospel, and not a printed one.

The way Christianity develops is much like the kindling of a fre. If a man has been brought uprightly by his parents, trained and controlled to Christian morality, and steadily and gradually made to raise the standard of his affections higher and higher, he is like the fuel prepared in the fireplace, with kindlings and light wood and dry fuel, and when religion touches a match to it it blazes up at once. But where men are very ignorant and very gross, religion is like lighting a fire in old Connecticut when I was a boy. Every night I lugged in snow-clad logs of green oak and such material for kindling as I could manage to get; and coming down with every finger numbed and my whole frame shivering in the morning in those great winters of Connecticut (a little State but big winters), with but few coals and very little kindling, lighting the fire was a very artistic and delicate process; a match to kindie a shaving, a shaving to kindle a splinter, a stick kindled by the splinter, and then the smallest and dryest and best protected wood I could get; and when the fire had begun to get hold, smoke, volumes of thus smoke, rolling up the eninney—cwhat I didn't breathe). Hitle by little, more and more, faintly but steadily, until by and by a smal faint flame began to appear, and then, with bellows in my hand, I applied the means of gospel to it. (Laughter.) It was a contest, and doubtful which would conquer, but at length the flame makes way, the smoke grows thinner, and the fire grows broader, until by and by it has penetrated the whole mass, and the logs sing at each end, and at length the light biazes into all the chimner's corners, and sends back the sing at each end, and at length the light blazes into all the chimney's corners, and sends back the children that huddle round it at first, and the whole room is filled with light, and radiant with heat, and the fire is kindled, and the glory of it is felt throughout the whole house. Many men are hard to kindle; they are tough and ful of sap, covered with heaps of snow and tee; the first ideas they get of religion are faint, and they fight with the old passions and appetites, but by faith and patence they keep blowing, and at length the whole soults on fire, and when it is on fire the light and warmth pervade the whole dwelling.

dwelling.
So, then, the quickening of Christianty into life, as manifested in the Gospel and confirmed by universal experience, has for its first step that man should get out and away from all dominating passions and appetites.

"Repent," said John, "Repent," said Christ, the opening word of the campaign. A man may bave a beautiful dwelling, ornate, convenient, full of taste and beauty, and yet a defective sewer full of taste and beauty, and yet a defective sewer in the basement will spoil the whole thing, and turn it into a house of death. A man may have manifold virtues in his life, yet there may be a line of lust, a vein of avarice, a curl of pride; one sin or animal appetite or passion may poison the whole atmosphere of a man's morality. And, therefore, it is right and philosophical to say to a man, "You must forsake your sin; you are not necessarily a Christian when you have forsaken the evil that is in you; but the beginning of Christianity must be a recognition." when you have forsaken the evil that is in yon; but the beginning of Christianity must be a recognized determination in you to abandon the appetites and passions that war against the soul." Then the foundation work has been laid. A foundation is not a house, but a house without a foundation is worthless. And when a man has forsaken immorality and vice and all evil habits springing from and running toward evil, the man has certainly cleared away the obstructions, and has got a good chance now for a foundation; but he has got to build on it; this is but a preparation. A man is building his house on the foundation of Jesus Christ in one sense, or the foundation of Jesus Christ in one sense or the

the nobler elements in him, cleansing his understanding, cleansing his imagination, for the imagination is the eye of the soul. It is the imagination that sees beyond sight, that which is not to be seen, the invisible; it is the imagination that hangs low with lowering clouds, when man's passions distemper, and that clears away all these clouds when man looks beyond and higher than his passions. The affections, both social and divine, the imagination, hope, love (beyond an others), these are the elements which are to be constructed into Christian character, and laid on the foundation of absolute morality.

The Scripture tells what Christianity means, as depicted in the fifth chapter of Gallatians: "Love, joy, peace, gentleness, long suffering, goodness, self-control"; and it is repeated in every form all the way through the Word of God. What does God mean by religion in a man? He means Christianity, constructed on a right foundation, and developed into a regular character. That is religion. There are some ways in which men can do this better than others, but any way which brings a man into that Christian state is sufficient.

A great many people think a man is not a Christian unless he is a Christian in the regulation way, and unless he go through a certain experience. It is very probable that some experiences will lead a man better than others will; but if a man has, by any side way, come into a Christian disposition he is Christ's. A common school is certainly

The Most Useful Means for Diffusing an Education

among the working classes, but there is many a slave that has learned to read by lying on his belly by torchlight at night. Many a man has gone to college, and come out as much a sheep as the

receptivity and constructiveness. Then comes the second stage, in which a man's mind is receptive, it is quick, it is vital, it can take in impressions by the senses or reason or through other ways, it is always taking in. "Open you mouths widely," says the Scripture, "and I will fill them," and there is a state of mind in which all the faculties are opening their mouths and they are all fed. Then there comes a state which is an exaltation, a state in which all the faculties rise to that higher and nobler condition where they throw out influence; a man's thought works away from himself and acts upon others, a man's imagination flashes out, and other people catch the infection, a man's feelings excite one to grief, or to joy, mirthfulness plays on its lute, and the whole soul, like a well corded orchestra, begins to emit each faculty its own tones and its own melodies.

This State Is Called In the Gospel

light and heat in this high state and condition. And it is this that Christ sees when he says "Let your light so shine that the light and the power and infection of your soul, your fruit, in this way shall lead men to glorify God and to want to live the sane kind of life." And this is the condition. Now ordinarily men feel as though they are Christians, and therefore they must keep Sunday—write as few letters as they can help. I think it is a good day to write love lette s—a mother's letter to her child, or a child's letter to a mother; letter to her child, or a child's letter to a mother; letter is no day in the week better to write these letters, and I think if the mails won't carry them God's angels will. Many people say: "I have joined the church, and it won't do for me to ride out today; it won't do for me to go to the store; I must pay my pew rent, and whatever I may think I must not swear out loud." (Laughter.) All these things are excellent in their way, but they don't constitute a Christian disposition—not a particle. I should like to know whether he is an artist who merely owns a canvas, and paint-brushes, and nigments, and has collected them all around him, and sits looking at them and smoking his cigar, and when people come in and inquire "Who are you?" answers, "I am a painter, sir." That is a way that a great many Christians do. They have books and tracts

kind of an impression upon those about him. There are many men in the pulpit whose discourse is charming; but they extinguish it by the way in which they live. There are many eminent officers in the church that in spots are Christians, but after all the predominance of their life is carnal, worldly, not Christilke. These men think they are Christians, and hope to get to heaven, or at least to escape the fire; but how sneaking a man must feel when he stands among

the heroes of the other life to think that he cr in on his belly, the fire after him. (Laughter.) What a Conception of Christian Living is

This:
A man that is a true Christian ought to be most trusted by the folks that know him best; his sertrusted by the folks that know him best; his servants ought to believe in him, the people with whom he has business ought to believe in him. The folks that see him on a fourney ought to believe in him. A horse that has not a record is of no account as a racer. He may have it in him, but he is of no account until he nas made a record by the watch. It is when men have been timed, when they have stood where other men have broken down and a formey, or in the distant capital, or at home, in all the days of the week as well as on Sunday, he has established a Christian luminousness of has established a Christian luminousness of character and abides by it—that is a Christian, and he goes forth as a real teacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

To assist our poor conceptions, we speak of God

great central force of the universe and the ruler of His world; and the greatest force that can exist among men is man or man, the great reasoner on the weaker reasoner. There is almost as much difference between the power of one man and the power of another as there is between weights of a scale. The great reasoner overbears the feeble reasoner; and reason is absolute. The weight of a single ton does not give way to a two ton weight through any feeing of courtesy, but because it must. And the great imagnation illumines the feeble magnanionic everywhere, and a great soul's magnanimity makes everybody feel goverous, and everywhere a man can go there is nothing so great a help as the soul of man upon the soul of man; and when it is exalted and made perfect, there is nothing so beautiful as the Christike idea carried out in the life of a man or woman.

Let us not be Christians who rake up our fire and light, so that it can be of no benefit to our neighbors; let us not be dark lantern Christians, let us not be good only when we feel good; let us not let our lights go out, let us so live, as Christ's men, as to be able to say day by day, "Lord, I am trying to let my light so shine that others, seeing my good works, may gorify and seek after Thee."

Why He Never Shears His Sheep.

Why He Never Shears His Sheep.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, November 17.—

John Sellers, an eccentric farmer, lives three miles from here. He has a flock of sheep that has not been shorn for six years. The wool has grown over their eyes and is so long that it drags on the ground. On being asked why he did not shear his sheep, Mr. Sellers repiled:

"God put the wool on their backs to stay there and keep them warm, and I do not propose to interfere."

The flock is a great curiosity, and people come for miles around to see the sheep. Mr. Seilers never shaves, cuts his hair or finger nails. His hair bangs down his back and has the appearance

INTO THE DEPTHS.

Sad Downfall of a Young and Beautiful Woman.

Once Wealthy and Courted by Many Lovers, But Now Become a Wreck.

The Fatal Curse of the Opium Habit-A Sad Story.

DENVER, November 18.—The Tribune tells the sad story of the rapid degradation, through opium, of a woman who only a few years ago was a wealthy and petted society belle. Mrs. Nettie Gurnee, it says, the gifted daughter of Colonel E. J. Strong of the United States army, is socially a lent, clothed in costly apparel, diamonds and jewelry and \$40,000 cash in her pocket. She was an entertaining woman, refined and intelligent, and with two bright children, Marion, a girl of 11

years, and a son a year older.

The family occupied apartments at the Windsor Hotel. Of cultured and wealthy people, Mrs. Gurnee's society was courted and her children each the heir of \$10,000 upon arriving at the age

Unfortunately, however, the mother, who had been reared in a home of luxury, knew but little the value of money. She extravagantly wasted her means, and soon a less pretentious hotel was fashionable Windsor. From her elegant suite on the second floor she went into plain rooms or a sky-parlor flat, and in a little while this, too, became so expensive that she rented small apartments on Twenty-second street, between Champa

and Stout streets.

These changes covered a little over a year. At the end of that time the fashionable and interesting woman had become the object of public harity. Her costly clothing had been pawned, but the cost of the control of the state of the cost of her diamonds sold, and now, in order to give sus-tenance to berself and family, she sought alms, both by personal appeals and by walking up and down Larimer street receiving the pennies of the passers-by in a small tin cup. Although deep in the dregs, this was not the full measure of her shame. She had not been reared to struggle with life, but rather. life, but rather,

The Petted Child of a Fond Father, had been taught in all that elevates and adorns a woman in her sphere. Socially she was out of her orbit, and when thrown upon her own resources she found the culture of her girlhood of no use. She knew not how to work. Even her clothing she would not wash, but sent it to the laundry. This was her extreality when, through the efforts of Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Jacobs, Mrs. Halleck and the other members of the Woman's Relief Society, she was persuaded to rent a small eatinghouse in Rosecrans block, Nineteenth and Larimer streets. With no executive ability whatever, this effort began to fail. It was while here she began to manifest a manta for theft. Customers who would come in would upon going out find their overcoats and hats missing. The artacles were traced to her, but no prosecution was threatened until a short time stnee, when the waiters and others employed about the building awoke one morning and found their clothing and other personal property missing. Again she was accused and, confessing the theft, acknowledged with tears that she couldn't help it, as she must have money for opium or die. In this admission she confessed her secret. She was an opium eater, and had been for years. It was this habit that had weakened her intellect, and, among other griefs, had caused the separation from her family. Realizing the depth of her misery, and how great had been the fall, she told the story of her sad life, and, by the memory of her sorrows, pleaded some mitigation for the crime she had committed. The first estrangement from her family occurred when she married Mr. Gurnee, the father of her children. He was unworthy of her, but being very young she thought she could reform and elevate him. It was a runaway match, and was made against the wishes of her parents. After the birth of their first child she returned to her father's house in Pomona, Rockland county, New York, who again took her to his bosom under the promise that she would never return to woman in her sphere. Socially she was out of her orbit, and when thrown upon her own resources

The Dissipated Man Whom She Idelized as her husband. In a little while, however, she forgot her premises, and, urged by the husband, she again fied her father's house and returned to her husband at his elegant home at Haverstraw, on the Hudson. Here the second child was born, and soon after her husband died. Disowned by her family, she lived in retirement, brooding upon her sorrows and seeking brief forgetfulness in frequent doses of optum. Her appetite for this drug could not now be controlled. She concluded to seil her home and move from the seene of so much misery. Realizing \$40,000 by the sale, she came to Denver and took rooms at the Windsor, as before related. She came in the winter. In the spring following she returned East for the summer. Coming again to Denver in the fall, she represented that she had been robbed of her diamonds and of her sealskin apparel, and that mining sharks had defrauded her of her money.

It was about this time that the woman began to attract the attention of the ladies of the

to attract the attention of the ladies of the Woman's Relief Society. They had received a letter under an assumed name, asking for a position as a domestic in a private family. Her condition becoming known to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic they, too, aided her for the

Army of the Republic they, too, aided her for the memory they bore her father, who was a companion in arms during the rebellion.

As her trouble increased she grew more a slave to opium. Everything was sacrificed to feed this unnatural appetite. Her children's comforts were but a secondary consideration. Even their clothing was pawned, and when this resource was exnausted, in order to get money to procure the drug.

She frequently made appeals through the mails to Miss Hill and other charitable ladies of the city and succeeded in raising some money, which went in the same direction-into the till of the opium

When the theft of the clothing at the Rosecrans

block had been traced to her, and she had been convicted upon her own contession, other thefts were discovered. She was a kleptomaniac, and the Ladies' flelief Society made an effort to have her tried on an inquisition of innacy, but failed. Mrs. Ferris, president of the socity, then corresponded with her relatives. Clinton Gurnee, a lawyer of San Francisco and her brother-ln-law, promised to provide for the children, and sent \$40 to luquidate the expense. Colonel Strong was stationed at New Orleans, and, consequently, it was determined to send her to her mother at the family homestead in Rockland county, N. Y. These facts being well known to Chairman Shreve of the county commissioners, he told Mrs. Gurnee that it was no use to protest further; that she must either go home or go to the penitentiary. She broke down in lamentations, but the chairman was obdurate. He would not be moved, and so she consented. The Ladies' Relief Society had secured her passage to New York, and, in order that she might not step away en route, provided her with a female escort, who was cautioned against permitting her to leave her sight on the slightest pretence, or she would probably want to step away to get optum. Mrs. Jacobs and several other ladies went with her to the depot. At a meeting of the society the correspondence in the case was put upon file for record, and letters directed to be written to the relatives of the unfortunate woman.

IA MODERN EDWIN DROOD.

The Pathetic Story of George Johnson's Wrecked Life-Enslaved by the Opium Mabit Until He Would Commit Murder

to Get the Drug. LOUISVILLE, Ky., November 14.-"I wish that I knew some way of breaking myself of taking opiates, 'I would be willing to go to jail-to do anything, in short, so that I could be placed in confinement until I had a chance to cure myself of this terrible habit. I never shall be able to do so

when I was but 22. At that time I was a deacon in a Christian church; I never drank, swore or gambled. I was the owner of a retail drug store in Hickman, where I remarked all through the yellow fever epidemic. Out of a population of 1200, 200 died, among them eight doctors, but I came out of it healther than ever. When the habit took firm hold on me I commenced going down hill. I lost my property—lost my nealth, my friends and my sell-respect. I believe the knowledge of it hastened my father's death; it has beggared me, estrauged the girl to whom I was to be married, and it will prove my death. It hangs over me like the blackest of night. The horror of my situation has benumbed every waking thought, and usurped every dream of night. The horror of my situation has benumbed every faculty but that of dread, and every day I grow more keenly alive to mysawful condition. I would part with anything, even my mind, and be contented to live the remainder of my life in a maniac's cell, if I could only be cured.

"My object in telling you this is in the hope that its publication may open some avenue for my reformation. I am willing to be locked up in jail if my friends will only prefer a charge against me. I will go to any place where I can be confined and receive medical attention. I am not begging, and when I am cured I will pledge myself to work for years to repay the expenses my care will incur. I can never be reformed without help; I have tried it too often. There is a strong room in the City Hospital where I would like to be placed, and as a last resort I will apply to General Taylor or Mayor Jacob for a permit to be taken there. Whatever is done I am conscious must be done quickly, for I am breaking tast in mind and body. I have lived here for years, and old triends whom I have known all my life pass me without recognition, I am so broken and changed."

An Arrangement by Which the Exact Time of Day May be Learned by Listening at the Telephone.

All telephone subscribers may now get the time from their telephones. The new system has only been lately put in operation. It is one step further in the rapid improvements made in electricity. Now anybody in any part of the city may, by list-ning at the telephone, have teked on his ears the time of the day. A GLOBE reporter was shown how the time would be transmitted. The clock by which the time is supplied is in the store of William bond & Son, 97 Water street, and is regulated by the Harvard Observatory. In connection with the clock is a wheel with one tooth, which revolves once every minute. In the revolution the tooth at the close central office, 40 Water street. The whole operation works automatically. The striking apparatus is an ingenious machine. It is the invention of a Texan Jeweller and has been put into practice by Mr. J. J. Carty, a young electrician of this city. It is held in a small box and is controlled by a small motor which revolves continuously. The motor revolves a barrel by which the time-alarm is sounded. On the barrel are three separate sets of small brass teeth. In the first set, or bour set, there are twelve rows of teeth ranging from one to twelve in number. In the second set, or ten minutes' set, there are five rows ranging from one to five in number. In the set, or minute set, there are nine rows rang-

the second set, or ten influties set, there are not rows ranging from one to five in number. In the third set, or minute set, there are nine rows ranging from one to nine in number.

The system of working is as follows: The time is sent as stated above through a relay to the striking apparatus, and so controis the motor that it is thrown on the barrel once a minute, and, at the completion of the minute, is thrown off automatically. The teeth on the barrel are arranged in sets so that the hour teeth strike the alarm first, the ten-minute teeth next and the minute set last. Thus a listener at the telephone hearing first eleven ticks and then three ticks and then nine ticks would know that it was 11.39 o'clock. Then in order to show when the minute hand is on the dot exactly, a buzzing sound will come over the wire, so that we may set a watch to the second. The time-alarm through the apparatus can be sent to 2000 subscribers, and by relays could be given to subscribers as far as Fitchburg. The Telephone Despatch Company will put the new system in werking order and it will be supplied to all customers until they become will be supplied to all customers until they become acquainted with the new standard of time. After the time service can do so at a nominal cost.

NEITHER FOOD NOR SHELTER. One Thousand Destitute Railway Workmen Sent Into a Wilderness by the Canadian

Pacific Officers. MONTREAL, November 19 .- Some weeks ago the Canadian Pacific railway engaged 1000 men to work on a section north of Lake Superior. Arriving at that wilderness the men claim no preparations were made for their reception.

Neither food, work nor shelter had been provided. The prospect, therefore, been provided. The prospect, therefore, was to starve or freeze to death in the wilderness. Discontent soon took the form of riot and attacks on the company's stores. Whiskey being obtained, a free fight ensued and two men were fatally injured. The men then threatened Manager Lapage that they would lyach him unless the agreement of the company was carried out. Under promise of work at a station sixty miles away, 200 or 300 of the men walked through the wilderness, only to be disappointed on their arrival, when they turned their faces and walked back the whole distance. At Algoona the men seized ene of the company's vessels and compelled the crew to take them to Owen Sound, Ont., whence 500 have come here. They give harrowing accounts of their privations, and some 300 of them have taken individual actions in the Circuit Court for wages and damages against the company. The men are

treatment is expressed here. AN EXCITED VETERAN.

Amusing Exuberance of a Soldier With

His Back Pension in His Pocket. He entered an Egleston square horse car, and surprised the passengers by whooping. The loud shout was mellowed by the brogue of the Emerald Isle. He seemed greatly pleased, and was giving vent to his excitement. He was of low size, and a cloth cap was pulled well down on his forehead.

He addressed everybody in the car.
"I am a rich man teday. Uncle Sam has given me \$1600 in gold for back pension money. How I will surprise the old woman! Whoop la! I en-listed in the army in 1861. I supposed it would be all over in three months, but I found myself marching into Richmond with my gun on my shoulder. I was wounded in the arm, but Uncle Sam has made it all right. I shall have \$15 a month as long as I live. I was was working in the Revere House and lives a way was the rest to the root of the rest with the rest live. I was was working in the Revere House and left \$40 a month to go to the front. But how I will surprise the old woman and my daughter when I get home. I will first show them one gold piece and then I will pull the shining metal out by handfuls." He was amusing the other occupants of the car

greatly, when the reporter had to jump.

WEDDED WITHIN AN HOUR. The Short Courtship of a Farmer and an

Immigrant Lass.

New York, November 19.—A young man named Max Metser came to this country from Germany about a year ago, and settled in Yonkers as a barber. Before leaving Germany he became acquainted with Rosa Morz, who claims that he induced her to come to this country by a promise induced her to come to this country by a profilise of marriage. She came over and went to Yonkers. Not being able to speak a word of English she was conducted by a policeman to one Henry Flecks, to whom she told her story. The young barber was found, but denied the alleged promise. While Rosa was sitting on a board near Flecks' saloon, thinking what she would do, a man named Edward Nodipe came along in a wagon. He saw Rosa and took a fancy to her. Mr. Flecks was sent for to act as interpreter, and in a few moments the couple were engaged and in a few moments the couple were engaged and within an hour were married.

AFTER MUCH OF NEW YORK, Twenty Thousand Heirs Will Try to Get

Hold of \$300,000,000 of Property. NEW YORK, November 17 .- A syndicate has been formed supposed to represent about 20,000 heirs of people to whom were granted, in 1666, the lands under water, now comprising the part of lands under water, now comprising the part of New York City extending from Seventy-fourth to One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, and which has, in the course of years, been filled in and sold by the city for building and other purposes. The heirs claim that the title never legally passed to the city. They will form a company and proceed to erect certain docks and otherwise attempt to take possession of the property. When the city resists them they will go to law. They say the most eminent counsel in America advise them that they can make good their title to the property, which is assessed at about \$300,000,000 valuation.

confinement until I had a chance to cure myself of this terrible habit. I never shall be able to do so if I am left to myself."

These words were addressed to a correspondent last evening by a man giving his name as George Johnson, who acknowledged that he was a confirmed opinum eater. His appearance was a starting one. His face had the aspect of a haggard corpse, his eyes were holiow and sunken, but giftered with a half-maniacal fire, while a regard growth of short black beard and long tangled hair added to his wretched appearance. His clothing was old and dilapidated; a raged coat, was buttoned up to his chin to hide a coarse, diffy shirt, and a straw hat, with a pair of brogan shoes completed a costume that would answer equally well for a tramp or a footpad. Yet there was an air of refinement that clung to him with all his rags, and his hands, though solid and hardened, were slender and deheate.

"I am a perfect slave to opium," he continued, "and I would hesitate at nothing to procure the drug when the desire for his on me. I will he or steal. I heard a triend say once."—here he paused and looked significantly at the reporter—" that he would kill a man if necessary to get morphine, and I wouldn't blame him. I have fallen from a respectable station down to what you see me, and there is no teiling how much lower I will get unless I have helb.

"The amount of morphine I can take has not, I suppose, ever been equalled. One time I took ninety grains, and it did not injure me. I this dy gradually increasing the dose I could take twice as much without danger. When I can't get enough morphine to do me any good I take crude opium or chioroform. I know you will hardly believe me when I say that in one night I used a pound of clemicaled pure chioroform by inhalation, yet it is a fact. I have gone for three or four days at a time without eating, in order to buy morphine or opium with the fittle morphine or opium with the fittle morphine or opium with the fittle morphine in the morphine of the course of the death of an

SIX SHOTS, ONE FATAL.

Reeling Into His Own House Covered With Blood,

Thomas Barrows of Kittery Falls on the Bed and Expires Instantly.

Possibly a Case of Murder, But Probably One of Suicide.

PORTLAND, Me., November 19 .- About 9 o'clock

Wednesday night as the wife of Thomas Barrows, residing on old post road in Kittery, about four miles from Kittery depot, was engaged in setting the tea table, ber busband having just returned from Portsmouth, the back door opened and Barrows reeled in covered with blood. He made his way to the bed-room, fell on the bed and at had received a shot in the arm, one in the leg, a third in the hip and a fourth and fatal shot in the face, all in the left side. It was at first supposed that he had been murdered, but further investigation of the affair made it reasonably clear that it was a case of suicide. Mrs. Barrows this evening to a GLOBE reporter who called at her house, that she had no doubt but that her husband committed suicide while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. Some five years ago Barrows, while ou a tramp, visited Kittery and was met by D. F. Cate, a prosperous farmer, who offered him work. The tramp, much to the surprise of the people, although some still incline to the belief that he was murdered. One strong evidence of suicide is that all the wounds were inflicted on the left side and that Barrows was left-handed.

Result of the Inquest Over the Body of Thomas Barrows of Kittery.

PORTSMOUTH, November 16.—The inquest in the Barrows shooting case of Kittery was held today before E. C. Neally of Kittery, coroner; Dr. A. W. Johnson, expert; Alexander Dennett, foreman; James O. Trefethen, Daniel A. Hill, William O. Jones and Leonard Hanseom, jurors. An examination was made of the clothes which Barrows wore at the time of the shooting, and bed-clothing on which he lay when found by the coroner. The doctor described the wounds, six in number, at length. All these wounds were upon the left side, and the doctor stated it would be impossible for the man to inflict such wounds man binnelf.

be impossible for the man to inflict such wounds upon himself.

The spot where Mrs. Barrows says she saw her husband fall, after the discharge of the second shot, was examined, and no blood could be found on the ground, nor upon the track over which he is said to have crawled after he was shot. The bed-clothing was terribly besmeared with blood, as were also the clothes he had on. One ball was found in his clothing, and another was cut out of the fleshy part of his left leg just below the hip. The others had embedded themselves in the flesh. Mrs. Barrows in her testimony said that her husband had appeared very strange during the whole day and at 5.30 o'clock in the afternoon started for Portsmouth, and returned after dark. He came in the house after dark and ate his supper in silence, and sat by the fire some time without saying a word, apperently wrapt in deep per in silence, and sat by the fire some time without saying a word, apparently wrapt in deep
thought. At about 8 o'clock he suddenly got
up, and taking a lantern went out to the barn,
which is located about 100 feet from the house.
She weat about her work, but na every short time
she heard the report of a pistol, and ran to the
window and heard another shot, and saw him fall
to the ground. She heard several other
shots and her husband cry for help as
he commenced crawling toward the house.
Without going to his assistance, she fled from
the house through the front door and ran to her
daughter's house, some two mites distant. She
then returned with the daughter's husband.
When they went into the house they found Mr.
Barrows dead on the bed. Daniel Cook, Richard
Pukernell, neighbors, and Oscar E. Blaney, son-inlaw to Mrs. Barrows, then testified to the appearance and condition of the body when they first

Arrests in the Case. PORTSMOUTH, N. H., November 19 .- Sufficient

evidence has been secured by the authorities to warrant arrests in the case, which will probably be made tonight. volver was purchased, also the cartridges. All the evidence points to two persons as accomplices

PETER SMULL ENDS HIS FAST. He Escapes From Jail with Two of His Comrades. BELVIDERE, N. J., November 19 .- Peter Smull,

the fasting horse thief, escaped from the jall here Thursday night. At 8 o'clock that night a pris-Thursday night. At 8 o'clock that night a prisoner named Carling was allowed to go into Smull's cell. Another prisoner, named Price, was also in the cell, filling a lamp with oil. The sheriff's pretty daughter, Miss Ella Bowker, was acting as turnkey. When the two men, Price and Carling, rose to come out of Smull's cell, Miss Bowker unlocked the door, whereupon the three rushed out, pushed Miss Bowker into the cell and closed the door upon her. Before the handsome little turnkey could open her pretty lips to scream the faster and his two comrades had passed through the corridor and offices and vanished. The town was immediately thrown into a great state of excitement and a search was at once begun, unavailingly thus far. The trio of worthles were seen disappearing in the direction of Oxford, but they did not pass through that village. None of them were warming clad, and as the night was bitterly cold they must have suffered greatly. The doubting Thomases now begin to shake their heads and disavow their faith in Smull's fanous fasting. Smull is a young and handsome fellow, good natured and kind, but withal an incorrigible thief. It is said that he has stolen more horses than any horse thief in the East. His home was in Easton, Penn. He was arrested in Trenton, N. J., where he was spending money lavishly, and brought here for trial. Since he was placed in the jail he refused to cat, and, it is said, has religiously refused ever since. Thursday he completee the thirty-eighth day of his alleged fast. The pretty turnkeys is inconsolable. oner named Carling was allowed to go

"ROUGH ON CORNS," 15c .- Ask for it. Complete

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

STOCK AND MONEY REPORTS. Boston Money and Stocks and General

State Street Gossip.

STATE STREET, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, November 17, 1883. }
The money market requires but little comment, as no changes of importance have been "rung in" during the past week, and the conditions ruling it are the same as prevailed on last Saturday and for many previous weeks.

There still exists a fair inquiry for the

use of money, with a large surplus of loanable funds, which increases in a more or less degree; but for all this the market is but moderately active. Rates continue easy, and to those borrowers who can supply the regulred security they rule quite low. Mercantile paper ranges from 5.27 per cent., and these rates cover nearly

from 5@7 per cent., and these rates cover nearly all transactions, although the banks are rarely discounting over 6 per cent., while to certain of their depositors they give accommodation at 5@ 5½ per cent.

Prime corporation notes and acceptances are rather stagnant, but are nominally quoted at 4@ 4½ per cent. discount. Outside of the banks the note brokers are placing paper at 5 per cent. and upwards, according to the grade, but report business as stagnant.

cent. per annum, although in some instances where the security is without question the rate has been 3. The country banks are discounting for their local applicants at a ruling rate of 6 per

The rate for balances between banks today was 2 per cent., the figure which has ruled throughout the week.

At the clearing-house the gross exchanges this are the ware \$12.071.879, and for the week were

The market for sterling has been somewhat

5.21% @5.2246.

The New York money market also remains in an unchanged condition, an unanimate and piethoric state, with plenty of money and low rates. Double-named paper of the first class ranges from 5@6 per cent. discount, and good of the same

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M. tFurnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.)

| Land Cos. | Balkers and Brokers, 28 State street. | Land Cos. | Bid. | Asked Boston Land | b58 | 6 | Boston W.P., 21-16 | 514 | Eastern | 42 | 44 | Fiterburg | 12649 | 24 | Eastern | 42 | 44 | Eastern | 42 | Eastern | 42 | 44 | Eastern | 42 | Eastern | 42 | 44 | Eastern | 42 | E

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, 1
NATERDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17. i
PUTTER.—Fine grades sustain the advance, but
the demand is light, and sales are confined generally
to small lots. Wa quote:
Northern Dairy—Fine Franklin County, 27@29c ff
b): choice Vermont and New York, fresh, 24@29c ff
b): choice vermont and New York, fresh, 24@29c ff
b): choice straight dairies, 20@23c ff b): fair to good,
17@19c ff b): common to poor, 11@16c ff b): choice
Western ladie, 15@17c ff b): do common to good, 10
@14c ff b).
Northern creamery, fine fall make, 31@33c ff b):
choice fresh, 28@30c ff b): Summer make, 22@26c
ff b).
Western creamery, fine fresh, 28@30 ff b): choice,
26@29c ff b): Summer make, 22@25c ff b).
Western dairy—Choice, 20@21c ff b): common to
good Western ludie, 15@17c ff b).
COAL—There is a dull market for Anthracite Coal
and we quote prices as follows:
Cannel, \$16 ff too: American do, \$10@12 ff too;
Acadia, retai, \$10 ff too; American do, \$10@12 ff too;
Cumberland, \$56 ff too; American de, \$10 ff too;
Cumberland, \$56 ff too; American de, \$6 ff too;
DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been
a moderate trade for articles under this head, and we
ougte sales of Western & Acohal at Feb.

Canale, \$16 of 100. American do, \$100\$12.00 ton. Acadia, retail \$10 of 200. Striker, retails \$10 of 100. Striker, retails \$100. Striker,

Out.—Linseed Oil has been in steady demand, with sales at 55%. .e for Western: Calcutta, \$9%60c #galbard Oil has seen a fast of mand, with sales of Western at 55%70c. Boston extra at 55%70c #gal; No.1 55%60c #gal; No.1 65%60c Pain Oil has sold at 1,5%60c #gal; No.1 65%60c #gal; No.

main without change.
ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at \$1 75@2 0f \$1 bb.
PEAS.—The demand has been moderate and price are unchassed. We quote the sales of choice Canada Peas at \$1 10@81 15 \$ bash; do common. \$5@\$6c\$ 1 bush; Northern Green Peas, \$1@1 10 \$ bush; do Western \$1 \$0@\$1 50 \$ bush.
POTATOES.—The market for Potatoes has been lib eraity stupplied. We quote:
Eastern Rose Potatoes at 50@...c \$2 bush; Northern Rose at 45@\$0c\$ \$2 bush; Eastern Prolities, \$2@\$5c\$ \$2 bush; Surback Seedings at 50@\$5c\$ \$2 bush; Houton Rose, 55@.. c \$2 bush; Aroostock \$8\$ 50@\$53\$ \$2 bush; Surback Seedings at 50@\$5c\$ \$2 bush; Mouton Rose, 55@.. c \$2 bush; Aroostock \$8\$ 50@\$53\$ \$2 bush; Avoetock \$8\$ 50@\$53\$ \$2 bush; Northern Potatoes at \$250@\$2\$ \$2 bush; Bouton Rose, 55@\$0. c \$2 bush; Aroostock \$8\$ 50@\$53\$ \$2 bush; Pout TRY and \$3 bush; Northern has been a fair demant for \$c\$ cice Poultry. We quote:
Northern Turkoys, young, 18@\$20c; fair to good, 14@\$17c\$ \$b\$ is fair to good, 11@\$15c\$ \$1 bish; Northern Turkoys, young, 18@\$20c; fair to good, 14@\$17c\$ \$b\$ is fair to good, 11@\$15c\$ \$b\$ bish; Version sadsies, 14@\$15c\$ \$b\$. There has been a very fair demant for Pork. We quote the last sales of extra prime at \$2.0@\$150\$ \$2 bis lives at \$12 55@\$15\$ \$3 bish; eleas

o quality.

TEAS—Gunpowder. 20245c B b; Imperial, 2025c B b; Ilvson. 17235c B b; Young Myson. 18235c B b; Young Myson. 18235c B b; Congon, 18265c B b; Congon, 18265c

NEW YORK MARKETS.

170 stons are quiet and themsings. Dressed hogs, 61,869,80c. Burser and cheese firm. Fig #80LEUM.—Refined for export was again very firm, though quiet, at 9c for 70° test. Erude certificates kad a natural reaction dewnward on the realizing of profits, and 13,275,000 bbis were sold at the two exchanges. The opening price was \$1 174; highest, \$1 175; lowest, \$1 1659; and closing, \$1 17. Average daily runs to the 16th inst., 59,054 bbls, and deliveries, 64,558 bbls.

6. and now firm at 6. 1934/49 2 by Jute Butts are quiet at 24-072-24 2 b for paper and baseting grades more active but prices are no materially changed. Sales lacfude Cordova kips at 23-49; sorth American Hidss on private terms; Cordova Kips at 33-49; sionte-video kips at 22-49; South American Hidss on private terms; Cordova Kips at 33-49; sionte-video kips at 22-49; South American Hidss on private terms; the cordova kips at 23-49; South American Hidss on private terms; the cordova kips at 23-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 33-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 33-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South American Hidss on the cordova kips at 34-49; South Hidss at 34-49; And American Hidss of Market Hidss at 34-49; South Hidss at 34-49; And American Hidss of Market Hidss at 34-49; And American Hidss at 34-49; And America

AT PEACH TREE CREEK

Where Hood Drew Sherman Into a Trap.

Wiping Out a Federal Battery Who Paid for Their Heroism with Their Lives.

How the Gap was Filled at Chancellorsville.

M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Military critics on both sides have admitted that Hood's plans to win a great victory at Peach Tree creek, near Atlania, were laid with great nicety and promised success. He had drawn Sherman into a trap. He waited until all was ready and then sprung the jaws. He had not figured a victory without a hard fight, but he figured too nicely on the efforts of his own troops. The misconstruc tion of orders caused his advance to strike half a en feeble blows on a long line where Hood had planned one crushing blow at a certain spot. Had everything gone as he planned for Sherman must have been cut square in two.

Much has been written to prove that Hood's sudden and powerful assault was not a surprise. If it was not then some of the Federal commanders permitted of very loose discipline. Newton's division was dealt one of the hardest blows. As the Confederate skirmishers advanced upon this command they found men asleep, mending their clothes, gambling and reading. Guns were stacked here and there, and battery horses were munching their forage. Had the Confederate skirmish line would have been run over. As it was, it took five of his regiments, detailed as skirmishers, to drive that skirmish line back over the ridge.

Butterfield's division now came up, and connect-Butterfield's division now came up, and connected with Newton's right, and a general advance was ordered, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers. This line had scarcely disappeared over the ridge before a vengeful splutter of muskery was heard, followed by tremendous cheering. This was from Hood's advance—the advance which should have rolled over the ridge and down upon the true lines before they had been warned by the skirmishers.

The Crest of the Ridge Was Blue. The slope was gray. Newton was weak and strung out; it seemed as if Hood's whole army was striking straight at him. Line upon line came into view, the men waving their cars and cheering, the flags streaming above the thickets. The "pop! pop!" of the skirmisher's musket was sundenly drowned in the terrific crash of volleys. The green forest seemed ablaze in a single moment, and men who looked upon the mighty advance from the crest of the ridge felt that the one poor, weak division could not hold it in check five minutes.

Now, without orders from Newton, and without waiting for orders, a battery of ten guns callops to the Federal front and unlimbers on Newton's left flahk. It is a splendid position for field artillery. Ranks which were wavering become firm as the guns come up. Men ready to fiee in a panic suddenly become desperate fighters. The ten guns have hardly unlimbered on one flank before a part of the First Michigan Battery comes rushing up to take position on the other. Fourrushing up to take position on the other. Four-teen guns point down the slope against the Con-federate lines not over 300 feet away. They load rederate lines not over 300 feet away. They load with canister alone, and next moment the earth is trembling and the great trees quivering under the roar. Lying down in front of the guns—amidst them—on the flanks, the Federal infantry pour in an incessant fire of musketry. The air is full of bullets fired from the Confederate advance, but there are more horrible sounds—screams and shrieks and curses. Lines are checked by that fire as the progress of travellers would be checked by a wail fitty feet high.

The slope is covered with trees and thickets—here and there an open spot. There is no shelter from that rain of bullet and canister. Trees the size of a man's leg are cut to pieces; thickets are mown down; bush and sapling are pieked up by the bloody hand and sent whirling through the air. For every gunner who falls wounded twenty infantry are ready to take his place. Every man feels that all depends upon the guns. Cartridge-bearers are reinforced until there is

A Solid Line of Men from Gun to Caisson,

each with a missile in his hand. A quarter of an hour of this bloody work and Newton's division is safe. Against such a fire there can be no adsafe. Against such a fire there can be no advance; nothing living can stand up against it. The writer viewed the ground in company with a Confederate who fought there. He said: "As I looked back upon line after line and noted the dare-devil demeanor of our men I feit that the force in our front would be walked over with hardly a hait. The musketry fire was pretty hot, but the bullets flew over our heads. I hadn't a man wounded in my company, although we were in the front line, until the batteries opened fire. In ten minutes I had searcely a man left. We lay In the find fine, duft the batteries opened the. In ten minutes I had scarcely a man leit. We lay down to escape the canister, but it seemed to strike every spot. Muskerry, in such a situation, picks off a man here and there. That canister killed four or five at a time, tearing gaps through three lines of battle and throwing our best troops into confusion. Had not a man been struck the terrific whistle of the missiles through the trees, and the blinding showers of leaves and dirt thrown over us would alone have thrown our lines into confusion. The men breasted the fire with rare courage, and they stood their ground long after hope had departed, but an advance was out of the question. When we fell back it was grudgingly and in fair order, but those who lived to retreat beyond that awful fire had all the fight taken out of them for the rest of the day."

In this same battle the Confederate advance struck Geary on the right flank and passed it far enough to enfilade his right brigade. In five minutes this brigade was so cut up by the cruel

came galloping up to fill the gab, and in a moment was belching canister into the advancing lines. This fire haited them until a part of Ireland's brigade could take position in support, and then It Was a Bloody Fight at Close Quarters. Confederate artillery was brought up, the lines ensconced themselves and maintained a steady fire, and one by one the batterymen melted away until there was not enough left to work one piece. Then a detail was made from an infantry regiment, and as fast as a man went down he was replaced

During the last twenty minutes of the fight at this point the Federals were fighting on three separate fronts. The battery horses and caissons left what should have been the rear, and came to left what should have been the rear, and came to the front as a greater point of satety. One by one the horses were hit, and by and by not one remained standing. Men working the guns were hit by as many as nine bullets, and some of the caissons were completed riddled. One gun was dismounted and lost its trunions in the shock, another had a foot of its muzzie knocked off, and a third was rendered useless by some other accident. The original complement of men were all wiped out excepting two or three, every horse was killed, three of the guns rendered useless, and at least twenty of the infantry substitutes were added to the list of dead. It was the battery which saved the gap and Geary's rear, but its brave crew paid for their heroism with their lives.

The movement of Jackson across Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville and around to his rear

The movement of Jackson across Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville and around to his rear was a complete surprise. By 6 o'clock in the evening his lines of battle were formed, and the order to advance was given. Scouts had reported the Eleventh Corps in his front, and

The Attack Was as Swift and Disastrous as a whirlwind. Most of the Federals in the Eleventh were preparing supper or eating it. If there were any pickets in rear of the Federal army they were picked up so suddenly that no general alarm was given. All of a sudden the nighty tread of battle-lines and the crash of musketry fell upon the ears of the unsuspecting Federals, and the panic which ensued was but the natural finale. A few men got into line here and there, but the resistance melted away as the lines advanced. It was a furious fire which Jackson's men poured into the Eleventh. They were elated and enthusiastic. And they swarmed through the pine forest as if their numbers were endiess.

Men have said that the panic would have extended no farther, and that the corps would have speedly recovered from the surprise, and men have written that but for one man's coolness at the critical moment Jackson would have driven a wedge into the Federal army. General Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and wedge into the Federal army. General Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, lay in position to be run over by the fugitives as they sought a place of safety. In the midst of the most embarrassing confusion he sent a regiment of dismounted cavalry forward to form a line and check the Confederate advance, and the other regiments, mounted, at once charged into the mass of fugitives and drove them clear off the field on the left of the plank road. Then, one by one, twenty-two guns were brought to the front and unlimbered. The spot where each gun stood was plain to view in 1881, and may be for several years to come. It was in the cleared field to the left of the Chancellorsville plank road, and about haif a mile below the famous brick house. Those guns enfiladed Jackson's whole front, and the moment his lines broke cover they were

Met With Such Storms of Canister

that whole regiments lay down after the first volley. For the first quarter of an hour those guns were supported by cavalry alone, but as regiment after regiment was picked up, whirled about and sent to the gap, the support soon became a division. Other batteries were rushed down the plank or across the fields, and by and by Jackson's golden amoment had passed. The Federal army had faced the rear, and the great gap had been closed by artitlery.

closed by artillery.

t at sundown Jackson grew restive under the terrific fire, and ordered a general advance. Long lines of men sprang to their feet and rushed forward with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns, it did not seem as if anything living

could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it; but whole regiments charged up to within fifty feet, and scores of Confederates dashed in among the guns and were killed there. The charge was repulsed, but to be made again and again. When night had settled down Jeckson gave it up. He could not

scores of Confederates dashed in almoig the gluis and were killed there. The charge was repulsed, but to be made again and again. When night had settled down Jackson gave it up. He could not drive his wedge past the muzzles of Pleasanton's guns. He had hookwinked Hooker, routed a whole corps, and laid his plans for a great victory. That storm of canister checked him; death brought his plans to naught.

The Confederates who advanced against these guns defied death ten thousand times over. Those who were killed were in most instances radded and torn to pieces. The burial parties found corpses with fifty wounds, and heads, legs and arms were scattered all along the front. Not one single wounded man was found on that battery front. On the right flank, where the guns had an enfilade on the plank road, the rail fences were torn into splinters, the ground cut as by a hundred drags, and scores of Confederates lying in the highway ditches were wounded by stones, splinters and fragments of rocks.

FISH STORIES.

Trout, Pickerel and Suckers - Some of Their Novel Traits Described by Guides.

[New York Sun.] "Here's something queer," said the guide. He was lying flat on the shaky bridge that crosses the carry between Blue Mountain and Titowana lakes, and peering down into the water. "Blessed if the fish ain't piling stone." I lowered myself into a similar position, and saw about fifty large suckers, some of them nearly eighteen inches long, moving about energetically. In the deepest part of the stream there was a mound of small pebbles about six inches high. In a moment I saw a sucker oming along with a stone in its mouth. It laid

dentify for another.
"I reckon they're building a wall about their eggs to deep the sunfish out," said the guide. That was just what they were doing. The pile of stones, which would perhaps grow to two feet, was a castle to protect the eggs of the fish, which e deposited within.
Speakin' of fish," said the old guide, who had

"Speakin' of fish," said the old guide, who had fit the camp and joined the lookers-on at the ridge. "I see about the queerest thing over at long Lake this summer I ever did see, and it u't likely that none of you chaps ever see the ce. The old man asked me to fetch a canne ler to Ned Bundhee's old place, so I started it, and when I got up along the Island there, I e somethin' a-jumpin' out of the water in shore, id pullin' in I see a couple o' birds sittin' on limb hanging' out over the water. While I is lookin'

A Trout That I'd Swear Weighed Six

Pounds gave a hop out of the water, risin' as slick as you please about two foot over the branch, and fetched e outside bird a whack with its tail, carryin'

the outside bird a whack with its tail, carryin' it down into the water. For a minute it floated an' scrambled toward shore, and then went down with a jerk. Well, I set there a-studyin', when whish! came the same fish again, and it give tother bird such a knock that I tell two foot away, and in a second was down like the first. The fish eat 'em both."

"I never heard of trout doin' that," said the first speaker, "but in a pond roundabouts there was some pickerel that used to wake snakes with the ducks an' things. The first time I noticed it I was out fishin', and see a kingfisher dive down, and instead of a risin' with a cockle, as they generally do, she began to swim around, divin' down, flopping her wings, an' before I could get to her she went under. In a minute I grabbed her head, which was sticking out, and jerked the bird and a five-pound pickerel right into the boat. That was what I call hand fishin' with live bait. Soon after that we began to miss young ducks, and one day, in cleanin' a big pickerel I found a young duck in the stomach, and that settled it. We kept the birds out of the water, but half of 'em had their legs chewed up."

Talkin' about such things," said the elder "Talkin' about such things," said the elder guide, "brings me back to the time I was a youngster. When I was 20 I shipped to Rio on a tradin' schooner, find on the return trip we stopped at Trinidad to fill up with preserved fruits. It was a great place for fishin', and the cursed natives was so lazy that they had fish to do their fishin' for 'em. There was a fish called the sucker there that had a sort of a plate on its head, and

Whatever it Struck it Stuck to Like Grim

Death. Well, these chaps found out this, and every time they'd catch one they'd take and chuck it in a sort of yard, fenced off in water about tour feet deep, and a hundred foot long. The way they did was to take half a dozen of the suckers when they went fishin', and tie, strings about 'em, and when they saw a big turtle they'd chuck over a sucker, and of course he'd clinch hold and suck for all he was worth. After the poor creature had tired himself all out they'd haul him in, take off the suckin' fish and put him in a pail of water to get

Well, what I'm tryin' to get at is, that we'd "Well, what I'm tryin' to get at is, that we'd been ashore, and one of the boys from Mystic. Conn., got into a row with a big dago from another vessel about who was the best swimmer. So they agreed to have it out. The day was set, and when it kem it was blown' great guns, and the dago objected to the rough weather. Sam, our man, told him to swim in the crawl where they kept the fish, and he'd swim outside; so they fixed it. There was about twenty boats around, and at the word 'go' they both started, the dago inside and Sam outside. In about twe munites the other changage 'go' they both started, the dago inside and Samoutside. In about five minutes the other chap gave a vell—you'd a-thought he was dyin.' First he yelled 'Sherk!' then 'Murder!' and 'Help!' and stopped swimmin,' and began to sink and snort and blow like a grampus. 'Stand up, you fool!' says his skipper, but the man couldn't stand. They tossed him a rope, and when they hauled him up I thought I'd die a-laughin'. He was just covered with suckers from head to toe—great, big, black fish a foot and a half long, swingin' from his legs and arms jest like so many fox tails. I never heard sech a yeil as there was when he tumbled into the dingy. It took half an hour to pull 'em off, and I reckon they made him sore for one while. You see, the minute he struck the water, the. You see, the minute he struck the water suckers thought it was a big turtle, and being ed of hangin' on to nuthin' so long, they jest stened on to him. Yes, it broke up the race, and the dago swore he'd have Sam's life; but we slipped cable the next mornin, and never heard nuthin more of him."

ARTIFICIAL INFANTS.

An Invention by the Aid of Which Selfish ness in Railroad Travel May Be Pro-

The traveller in a European railway carriage nakes it the object of his life to secure an entire ompartment to himself, if possible. It is strange that railway travel should develop this form of selfishness in men who are ordinarily generous and courteous. Such, however, is the painful onduct of men otherwise entirely unimpeachable and it could be wished that some profound moral ist would discover why it is that railway travel is

ist would discover why it is that railway travel is so remarkably demoralizing.

No method of feloniously keeping travellers out of a railway carriage is now in use which can be called thoroughly trustworthy. The invention of an enterprising Frenchman announced in a recent French newspaper seems, however, to meet a long feit want, and it might be introduced into American sleeping-cars and steamboat state-rooms with excellent results. excellent results.

The invention in question is that of an artificial

infant—bebe de voyage, as it is called. These artificial infants cannot be distinguished by any ordinary traveller from genuine infants, and they possess the vast advantage of being made to cry at any desired moment without the help of pins or

The artificial infants are divided into three ter. This cry will often take effect upon a neryous traveller more quiekly than will the prolonged cry of higher-priced infants, and, as
these second-class infants are sold at moderate prices, they are sure to become
very popular. The third class is a small compressible pocket-infant—a most ingenious piece of
mechanism. It can be carried in an ordinary
coat pocket, but when it is taken out and prepared
for action it makes a noise so incessant that no coat pocket, but when it is taken out and prepared for action it makes a noise so incessant that no grown person can possibly sleep within hearing of it. This style of infant is peculiarly adapted for sleeping cars, or for ridding persons who are staving at a hotel of undesirable neighbors. It can be carried muo places from which living infants are strictly debarred, and hence may be useful in circumstances in which no other variety of artificial infant could be found.

cuinstances in which no other variety of artificial infant could be found.

It is evident that any owner of an artificial infant can obtain all the privacy when travelling that he can desire.

There is only one thing in the account of the new invention which casts any doubt about it. The French newspaper which advertises it speaks of it as an American invention. Now it is certain that the artificial infant is unknown in America. This compels us to believe either that a Frenchman can be so modest as to disclaim the credit of a valuable invention made by him, or that no such invention as the one in question has been made.

A Hospital for Canes and Umbrellas. A New York dealer in umbrellas and canes di plays a tastefully printed card in his window announcing that he keeps an "unbrella and parasol hospital," and signs himself "resident surgeon." The card says: "Broken ribs or bones earefully set and neatly mended; in fact, the whole frame speedily re-covered on moderate terms. English, French, German, Italian and American patients of all nations attended to on the shortest notice. Having had extensive practice and thousands of cases under treatment the undersigned is happy to say that he never turned one out as incurable. He has had brought to him many patients suffering from weakness brought on by inspreper treatment, and in a few hours they have plays a tastefully printed card in his window an-

ONE-LEGGED MEN.

No Class of Beings Exciting Greater Curiosity.

A Target for Inquisitiveness and Regarded As Public Property-Lights and Shades.

No Humble Place in History-Art's Solitary Tribute-Literary Flings.

No class of human beings excites more curiosity than the worthy fraternity of one-legged men.

Ten years ago the number was small in this ountry and not considerable in other parts of the world. The nineteenth century, however, which seems bound to surpass all its predecessors in every conceivable production, has of late vastly

What with railways and steamboats, insurrection and wars, there has been such a crashing of leg-bones and such a shattering of thigh-bones as was never seen before. Those who survive cutting and sawing, the poulticing and plastering, and are able to hobble through without further mutilation have during the rest of their mortal career to undergo ever-re-

curring cross-examination on the subject. This ordeal is not limited to the circle of their acquaintance. In horse car and railway station, at the seaside and in the mountains, in village and city, there always appears some individual to enforce the rule which makes the one-legged man public property. This unwritten law is as firmly fixed in Yankeeland as the British Constitution i the home of the Alabama. Its unfortunate subjects are delivered over to a degree of annoyance quite equal to that caused by the censorship of the press, deemed so tyrannical and obnoxious by all liberty-loving people. For it is scarcely more repugnant to have to talk when you do not wish to than to remain

In Enforced Silence When You Desire to Speak.

Mr. Dickens, introducing Silas Wegg, that treacherous old reprobate, makes Mr. Boffin begin the acquaintance with the stereotyped interroga-

"'How did you get your wooden leg?"

"Mr. Wegg replied tartly to this personal inquiry: 'In an accident.'
"Do you like it?"
"Well, I haven't got to keep it warm,' Mr. Wegg made answer in a sort of desperation occasioned by the singularity of the question.
"He hasn't" repeated the other to his knotted stick, as he gave it a hug: 'he hasn't, ha! ha! to keep it warm."

keep it warm."

Now, however much we may regret that the genial author should give so bad a character to our representative (he calls him a ligueous sharper), we wooden-legged men must applaud the faithfulness of his report of the first conver-

In real life the first query is always the same; In real life the first query is always the same; but after that none is too idiotic to be put to us. Fancy yourself, reader, a man who has recently arisen from six weeks' confinment in bed on crutches, with one trousers leg clewed up, as sailors term it, starting on a lourney. Gaining a seat on a steamer, say, you find many eyes fixed on the space where a foot ought to be. Presently a great hulking fellow, pointing with his finger in your direction, asks, commandingly: "Say, you, how did yeou lose that leg?" This brute is possessed of the demon of inquisitiveness. There is neither sympathy nor deference in his voice or manner. If you answer once, you must

Continue to Do so Until He is Satisfied. Once, when nearly faint with fatigue, I ventured to reviv that I didn't care to talk on the subject. 'Yer'd tell fast enough if yer warn't "Yer'd tell fast enough if yer warn't ashamed." At this a compactly-built young man rose up with, "If you bother that man any more, I'll knock you down." Upon which the wretch slunk away muttering "I sh'think he might tell." Presently, recovering his spirits, he approached a youth who was carrying the model of a ship. "Say, did you make that yourself?" and was soon made happy by finding a victim. My affection for the compactly-built young man will never cease.

My affection for the compactly-built young man will never cease.

Another mode of salutation is: "You've lost your leg," as though it were a hankerchief that you hadn't missed and might find by golug back a few steps. Often the words "Lost your leg?" (more frequently your "limb," as if there were only one to a body) interrogatively, perhaps fearing an optical delusion, meet the ear. A mild-looking old gentleman, with the largest kind of eyes, once whispered them to me, and looked intensely gratified on receiving in like manner the answer "Yes." Others again skirmish around for a while before coming to the point. "Fine day, sir." "Yes, sir." "Spect we'll have some rain 'tore long." "I hope so." "Lost your leg?" which was what they meant to say at first and you which was what they meant to say at first and you

In a few months we learn to know by instinct, as it were, whom to encourage and whom to snub. After a moment's observation we can often classify the various peremptory, interrogative, suggestive and sympathetic modes of address, and tefl who is going to employ each. To foil this intention requires much tact, and oftentimes a degree of skill that would do honor to a diplomat. Frequently a chaffing answer, "Lost? no;

A Thing Isn't Lost if You Know Where It is,"

conveys the meaning without leaving unkind feelings. Such little artifices as intently reading the ings. Such little artifices as intently reading the paper, talking vivaciously to a friend if there happens to be one along, and feigning sleep do very well: but there are times when any means are justifiable to throw off the persevering inquisitor. I have been tapped on the shoulder while reading, rudely interrupted while talking with a lady, and fairly waked up when sound asleep by utter strangers, all for the same nefarious purpose.

On one occasion during the war two unfortunates were assailed by a pertinacious watch, who left incontinently after a few words aside with one of the pair. "What did you tell him?" asked his astonished companion. "That we were both run over by a railway train while drunk." At times a cross answer, "Mind your own business," or a sarcastic counter, "Where did you get that red nose?" become absolutely necessary. But these are extreme cases, where the stranger is manifestly a vast loafing interrogation point. Many a poor cripple, sick of body, has likely been set down as ill-tempered, who was utterly weary of telling the same old story over and over again.

There is an ancient British yarn which runs about thus: "An English admiral with a wooden leg, having, among others, an American skipper to dine, was asked by him. 'Admiral, how did you lose your leg?" 'I will tell you,' said the galkant sailor, annoyed by the curiosity of his guest, 'if you will solemuly promise not to ask another question about it.' The guest agreed, and received for answer, 'it was bitten off,' whereby his curiosity was all the more excited. But he could not break his word, so he nearly died."

No One Can Fully Appreciate the Joy paper, talking vivaciously to a friend if there hap-

No One Can Fully Appreciate the Joy of that foxy old tar who has not been under the surgeon's knife, and survived to meet the great Yankee nation. But in nine cases out of ten yield with good grace, and are often amused by the singular queries and emotions of our com-patriots. If the latter learn that the loss was the singular queries and emotions of our compatriots. If the latter learn that the loss was caused by an ordinary accident, the sufferer is looked on as a sort of impostor and dropped at once. If a musket-ball caused the injury, a considerable interest is created. But a man whose leg was shot off, actually shot off by a cannen-ball, is a treasure for the time being. The first leg may have been crushed to atoms by a ponderous rock. The second may have suffered agonies for weeks before amputation. The third adone gives unalloyed gratification, as being genuinely horrifying. All beggais who wish to prosper are hereby advised to adopt the cannon-ball story, making the shot as large as modern artillery will carry.

After proceeding so far in one's responses, it is impossible to gness what will come next. "What do you think of McClellan?" was for a long time a staple; but since the third year of the war anything, from "Won't you take a tract?" to "What will you have to crunk?" is likely to follow.

Mark Twain says there is no lie so transparent, Mark Twain says there is no lie so transparent, no hoax so obvious as not to find believers; and he is right. I have seen a gaping idiot, otherwise accounted sane, swallow a tale of mutilation and recovery that would shock Munchausen, the narrator piling on agony after agony in the vain attempt to get beyond the listener's power of belief. Your morning mail is swelled, at one period, by circulars of various artificial limb-makers, giving diagrams of sundry legs, and testimonials of people who have walked, daneed, and run better than ever with them. You almost gather the impression that it would be better to be born with

Legs, Arms, and Head, Perhaps, All Wood ready patented—a second Falkenstein. A distinguished general, as long ago as the Mexican war, while on his way home with a bullet in the ankle, was approached in the cars by an enterankle, was approached in the cars by an enterprising agent. "Excuse me, sir, but in case that leg has to come off, we should be happy to supply you with one of our patent—," etc., and left his little pamphlet. This kind of reading the officer enjoyed about as much as the Army of the Potomack did the immense signs about City Point—"Embalming done here."

Life and accident insurance people also, thinking you are likely to take pretty good care of yourself in future, invite you to examine their tables and take out a policy.

and take out a policy.

Every now and then we are favored with the history of "an uncle of mine who lost his 'limb' (full particulars with gusto), just like you, and it was

hundred times. What a large family he had! Why, being comfortably buried now, in toto, should he torment us?

But in time, having been fitted to an artificial leg, we are enabled in a measure to escape the notice of passers-by, and are only liable to the attacks of those whose eyes rest longer upon us. These, however, make up for lost time by prolonging the conversation. The soubriquet of Timbertoes becomes fastened upon us, and facetious friends make rich jokes about having one foot in the grave or a much warmer place, which, enjoyable at first, Cease to Amuse After a Few Hundred

Cease to Amuse After a Few Hundred Times.

Unlucky beings whose names are susceptible of puns will sympathize. To have a sportive companion carry off your leg, hide it, and then go away and forget all about it, hath no charms for the best natured of men. This happened once in the country, and a general "battue" had to be organized, which found the missing member in a fence corner. Crowds of boys are to be avoided, as sometimes when they have penetrated the mystery they think proper to shout out comments and make a general riot.

ot.
Once an "enfant terrible," playing at my feet, Once an "enfant terrible." playing at my feet, enlivened the company by exclaiming, "Why, he's got a doil's leg." The most aggravating thing of all is, when walking with other persons, to have them stride ahead a few yards and then turn round and wait for us to come up, repeating the manœuvre every block. Very graceful in dogs, but it tends to loosen the thread of discourse with human beings. Often do we pretend to have engagements in other directions, or hall a horsecar, or, as a last resort, beg our companions to go ahead and do all the waiting at the end of the journey. It would take too much space to notice all the

It would take too much space to notice all the remarks, harangues and questions our brother-hood is compelled to answer and listen to. Nor would it be gracious to dilate further on the disagreeable phase of our existence.

On the other hand there is a debt of gratitude we owe to far the greater portion of society. Who shall express for us our sense of the delicacy, the sympathy, the aid that attend our awkward steps? The silver-haired grandfathers who insist upon yielding their seats, the young men who moderate their gait to our pace, the tender matrons who make us at home in the coslest corners, and the sweet maidens who give up a dance for a quiet talk,

Make Life Brighter Than Ever.

How can we thank all these who are ever smoothing our paths, whose respect and gentle pity are shown by actions, not speech? You who

smoothing our paths, whose respect and gentle pity are shown by actions, not speech? You who do this should know that it sinks deep into the heart, and that no mere words can teil how warmly we welcome such courtesy and forbearance; how dearly we cherish the remembrance of your loved faces. These frends do not all show by their countenances, nor proclaim by their voices, their kindly natures. Our mental gallery has many stern portraits that seem genial. We recall many harsh tones that were soft for us. This world is a brighter world than it is painted, and we who hobble through it do bear testimony thereof, and record our protest against the cynics who describe it and themselves as cold and utterly selfish.

So grave a calamity warps many dispositions, overturns many plans and theories of life, fosters a few, but destroys more old prejudices, and creates a host of new tastes and enjoyments. As the biind are entranced by the descriptions of the beauties of nature, so we are constant seekers of rapid motion. The enforced repose in which we must pass a great portion of our lives produces restlessness and fierce yearning for change of place. Athletic sports, such as rowing, riding, and salling, ever charm us. Boat races in all waters find us always present, not unfrequently as contestants. Noble horses have our unceasing admiration, and we show no mean skill as riders. Honest pedestrians enjoy our envy and respect. But O purple seal: thy loving, devoted children most are we. That which was before only a capricious allegiance becomes a master passion. And what wonder? The halting steps, slow and painful over the uneven shore, can wander but a span. Amidst the heaving waves we compete with the best.

No Man Can Swim Further Than We.

No Man Can Swim Further Than We. Our arms will ply the tough oars as long and as stoutly as any. On board my craft, from tiny soli-boat to majestic clipper, we do a fair share of labor, and challenge all to equal us in pure, irrepressible joy. We bless the moment that finds us afloat, and only replue when the port looms up too close under the lee. Paddling about a fisherman's harbor in a leaky skiff gives calm contentment. To play a leaping bluefish or strenuous bass, with delicate line and quivering rod, furnishes thrilling excitement. A fourteen-knot breeze in a queenly yacht is supreme bliss. The cestacy of such an hour is beyond the ken of all unscathed mortals, yes, even of the happy owners of Sappho, Magre and Dauntless. The zest of our enjoyment perhaps comes from the fact that we enter the lists with the capacity of doing and daring as much as any competitors.

In history our place is not humble. Giorvanni di Medici held the candle for the surgeons to amputate his thigh, and his descendants rose to greatness by a like intensity of resolve. For bustling activity, zorgeous state and reckless courage in good fortune, for indomitability and untiring enterprise under defeat, who ever surpassed the ambitious and illustrious Santa Anna, the great Mexican? The American army was more boastful over the capture of his wooden leg than over the storming of Cerro Cordo. Campaigning against him, Grant and Lee first wielded their famous swords, and Scott won his proudest laurels. In our civil war who shaff say that the one-legged officers were sail-boat to majestic clipper, we do a fair share of

and Scott won his proudest laurels. In our civil war who shad say that the one-legged officers were not as useful and as forward as any? A score of names would not complete the list. In other professions than that of war

We Have Our Representatives too ous to Mention.

In New York City a large gilt figure on the east side of Broadway, near Fulton street, giving the long sword, the dreaded cane, the awe-inspiring long sword, the dreaded cane, the awe-inspiring visage, and the wooden peg of old Governor Stuyvesant, larger than life, and more imposing than Irving even portrayed them, is a sight which we view with great complacency. It is the only statue in existence that has the appearance of being intended as a compliment to us. This tribute paid by art, though only the art of advertising, is the more grateful as our station in literature is not happy. In romance, which aims to express the emotions and opinions of the world, we are held up for universal scorn.

for universal scorn, "Our Mutual Friend" hits us hard over Mr "Our Mutual Friend" hits us hard over Mr. Wegg's shoulders—with chapters too long to quote. The "Chronicle of the Drum" also has its fing.

If Dickens had only amput ted Mr. Jarndyce's foot, the remarks of that worthy man about the wind at the east would have had all the more force and fitness. If Thackeray had bethought himself to give Colonel Newcome a wooden leg to remember his Indian campaigns by, that gallant soldier and gentleman would not have suffered in the world's estimation. But these great writers having snarpened their wits against us, who have ever loved and revered them notwithstanding, what can we expect from the smaller fry but abuse or ridecule when they notice us? The magnates of literature went out of their way to fing stones at the ideal wooden-legged man, and we search in vain for any good Samaritan of that guild

We pray, therefore, that among the giants of the future some generous champion may see some

virtue in cripples, and not always use them as moral scarecrows and butts for satire. We halt in our gait, but our moral nature is not of a surety equally lame. We scold when our toes ache. Does not graceful Apolio, your patron, scribblers high and low, growl when his tooth twinges, and are his acts all blameless? Surely his conduct to Miss Daphne was scandalous.

Have none of the Muses ever tripped? Why then have naught but siurs and sneers for us? The greater part of us incurred the loss which so exettes your contempt, helping do deeds that you are proud to sing, and in order that you might dwell at home in peace. Why, then, dealing out so many lau, els, only splash us with mud?

If a like need should arise again, be sure that, despite our grumbling, we should run the same risks again by flood and field cheerfully, though the gail of the writers should turn bitterer and the the gall of the writers should turn bitterer and the inquisitiveness of the Yankee race grow tenfold keener.

The Enterprising Rats of Nevada. (Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.) There is complaint that rats are overrunning

the town. The past summer they have "increased and multiplied" at an astonishing rate. The reason seems to be the wholesale slaughter of cats that has been indulged in by both men and bovs. The moment a cat ventures from the house some boy is ready with his air-gun or pea-tifle, and down the animal goes. Cats are bad enough, but swarms of rats are infinitely worse. One may shut out the cats, but the rats are always able to find their way into a house, either by way of roof or cellar. A gentleman about a month ago was alarmed in the night by what he thought the sawing and cutting of a burglar in au upper room. Stealing up stairs, light and pistol in hand, he began prospecting. He finally discovered that a rat had got into an empty room and was trying to make his way to some other part of the house. The animal had forn splinters of pine wood out of the bottom of the door two and three inches in length. How it got into the room was a mystery, until obthat has been indulged in by both men and boys. bottom of the door two and three inches in length. How it got into the room was a mystery, until observations were taken by daylight. Then it was seen that the rat had climbed a seaffoid pole that had been left standing by the builders, from which it leaped some six feet into the window of the room, which had been left open on account of fresh paint inside. In leaving the room the rat made a dash through the window, and probably caught on the same pole.

"The settler in the far West of America," says the London Times, "has left all that he most dearly loves behind him, if he be a man of educa tion and refined tastes. He has, indeed, a waterproof roof over his head, with an abundance of coarse and monotonous fare, he abandons indefinitely the pleasures he abandons indefinitely the pleasures of congenial society. Even the agriculturist is 'crowded up' by rough neighbors, and the cattledealer must fall back on the company of his cowboys. It is all very well for a man in the vigor of his youth exhibitanted by the pleasure of hope, and overflowing with high animal spirits, to kennel in a hovel and pays long dass in the saddle. But as years go on and he suspects that are is stealing

STAGE ACCIDENTS.

Some of the More Laughable and Aggravating.

Wigs that Shed and Moustaches that Drop -The Man who Swallowed a File.

No People More Devoted to Traditions than Actors-Instances.

All sorts of accidents diversify the performances of the stage, and many a time has the laughter of an audience been awakened by them when the solemnity of a religious ceremonial should have rested on the scene-writes Alfred Trumbie. Fanny Kemble tells how, in "Romeo and Juliet," she found a drunken stage carpenter asleep upon her bier, and before she could wake him from his sottish slumber Romeo had pried the portal of the tomb of the Capulets open, and disclosed, instead of his comatose love, a red-nosed artisan snoring like a fog-horn. The same story-teller relates that on another occasion, in the same character, she swallowed the contents of a vial of ink, and came very near poisoning herself in reality, as well as improving her complexion with a fine blue tint about the nose and mouth. I remember, some ten years back, a company whose heavy man years back, a company whose heavy man enerished a weekness for the bottle. This individual did not turn up to play Friar Lawrence when he should have done so. One of the ladies of the company, being out of the cast, was made up with a wig and domino to read the lines, and in the middle of her most solemn scene her beard fetched away, and exposed to view of the audience the soubrette whose anties were wont to anuse them, misquerading as the reverend incumbent of the anchorite's cell.

False hair is ticklish stuff to depend on anyway, and numberless stage accidents are due to it.

raise nair is textism stair to depend of anyway, and numberless stage accidents are due to it. Wigs will come off and moustaches drop, no matter how layishly they are gumined on. The handsome tenor of a recent first night, being without amoustache, had provided himself with one of blonde that and marnificent proportions. In the Full Heat and Thrill of His Serenade

to Olivette's window, one-half his hirsute labial adornment dropped off. The audience, which had been upon the ragged edge of tumultuous applause, immediately began to titter. But the artist was equal to the occasion. Without a moment's pause in his part he pulled the other half of the moustache off, and the fact that he had been so suddenly clean shaved was forgotten in the roar of approbation which hailed his conclusion of his song, while the brisk business of the remainder of the act diverted further attention from his mishap.

sion of his soing, while the brisk business of the remainder of the act diverted further attention from his mishap.

The presence of mind of this actor recalls the old story of George L. Fox, that, as he once made his entrance on the Bowery stage his hat struck a gas fixture, and hat and wig tumbled off together. Fox did not stop to pick them up. Making his entrance, he coolly took the hat from one actor's head, snatched the wig from another's, and went on with his lines as if it was all the legitlmate business of his part.

Miss Jane Coombs and her company arrived in a town once where they were to play almost at the time the curtain was to rise. Wearied by a long journey, they still had to unpack and go to work without rest. In the screen scene Miss Coombs, who had kept wide awake as long as there was any excitement to spur her on, found inactivity too much for her. She sat down on the stage behind the screen to rest, and when it was struck down, actors and spectators beheld Lady Teazle squarting tailor fashion and fast asleep.

Firearms that don't go off are a prolific source of accident upon the stage as well, sometimes, as firearms that go off when they are not wanted to. It is not every actor who can get around

The Difficulty a Guu Which Hangs Fire

Presents, like the Gallic artist who had to be shot in the character of a convict, while feeling his way out of prison, and die in terrific agonles on the stage. The gun was to be discharged at the back, as if a

prison, and die in terrific agonies on the stage. The gun was to be discharged at the back, as if a sentry on the outer walls had detected the prisoner at his attempt to escape and fired on him, but the weapon the property man had provided himself with did not go off. The situation was a critical one; the house was on the verge of a tumult of derision when the actor, with a contortion expressive of agony, screamed: "Great heavens! I have swallowed the file."

And, rolling to the footlights, squirmed himself to death there, amid a thunder of applause. In an old piece, once very popular here, called the "Scourge of the Seas," the buccaneer chief had to snuff a candle on the stage with a pistol shot. He did it by firing a blank charge, while a man behind the flats blew the candie out through a hole in the canvas. One evening an envious rival stretched a bit of gold beater's skin over the orifice through which the friendly zephyr was wafted, and when the buccaneer fired, the candle did not go out. Cursing, the marksman seized another pistol, while the property man punched a hole through the gold beater's skin. This time the candle went out like a flash, but the buccaneer's pistol did not go off and the curtain had to be run down to prevent a riot.

Serious stage accidents are by no means uncommon on the stage. It is not many years since a female sharpshooter, doing a Wiffiam Tell act at a New England theatre, shot the young woman who stood to have the apple shot from her head, dead as a door nail or anything else of a totally defunct character. Only last year Frank Frayne

Shot his Leading Woman Dead in the Same

Shot his Leading Woman Dead in the Same Way. Not long since, in a French theatre, the business

of the piece required that a platoon of soldiery should fire on the heroine escaping from prison by a rope. Blank cartrides were of course used, but in one gun the soldier (one of a party furnished by the garrison of the town) got a ball cartridge and the actress went to bed with a bullet in her thigh the actress went to bed with a buffet in her thigh.

Stories are common of the fury which the oldtime actor used to put in his stage combat, and
there are anecdotes of the ferocity of Edwin Forrest, when he was excited by a part, which makes
the hair of the unsophisticated stand on end.
There is a good deal of foundation for some of
these yarus. The player of the past had a weakness for the bottle, and when his spirits were fired
made a stage combat a very realistic one indeed.
It is toid of Booth, the father of the eminent
tragedian, that he was very trying to other actors
because of his carelessness in flighting on the
stage, and the vigor with which he fenced. He
was playing Hamlet with a new Lacrtes, whom
he warned before the performance that, as he got
very excited in the fencing scene and wounded
his opponent, it therefore behooved Lacrtes to be
carreful. Lacrtes thanked him for the hint, and
observed that he too was very excitable, and
whenever he felt hinself wounded he always ran
his opponent through the body. Booth-contrived whenever he fell himself wounded he always ran his opponent through the body. Booth contrived to keep his mind and his sword under control while fighting that Laertes.

A cultous accident occurred at Marseilles theatre recently, while Dumas' brilliant play, "La Dame de Monisoreau," was being played. The actor who took the part of Chicot, the gallant noble-hearted jester of Henry III. got so excited by his part that

He Forgot to Be Cautious in One of the Fighting Episodes,

and wounded a fellow-player. It is really remarkable, however, bow very seldom such accidents take place; the wonder should rather be not that they occur at all, but that they occur so seldom. The space in even the largest theatre is limited, and when actors fight with the grim sem-blance of reality, which it is now necessary to give to these mimic combats, it would seem as if the chances were rather in favor of than against an accident.

Fechter was a master of the fence, as he was of

an accident.

Fechier was a master of the fence, as he was of pretty much everything be undertook, and in order to get an actor to cope with him he had to put him through long and arduous rehearsals. On one occasion though, he had to engage a new man to play Chateau Renaud in the "Corsiean Brothers" at the last moment, his own having got on a spree. The new man professed to understand the small sword, and after a few explanations Fechter trusted to his assumed knowledge to carry the scene out properly. When it came to the fight, however, the actor proved to be a boaster who knew nothing whatever of the fence. Like all beginners, however, he was more dangerous than an oid hand, and Fechter, unprepared for his furious and unscientific lunges, would have had to surrender at discretion if the vilialn had not slipped and given him a chance to pin him to the earth.

There are no people more devoted to traditions

There are no people more devoted to traditions than actors. In professional and private life they cling with a heroism worthy of a better cause to traditions. They cross the stage in this way, do that thing, use tother business, simply because some one did it before them in the historic past alleged dramatic writers concoct magazine arti-cles out of. It is interesting in this connection, and as it is also connected with the subject of our article, to get a sample idea of How a Stage Tradition May Originate.

When Frederick Lemaitre was playing Georges in "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," with Mme. Dorval as Amelie, in the third act that lady wore Dorval as Amelle, in the third act that lady wore a cap made of lace or some other inflammable material. In the scene where Amelie takes from Georges' hands, to sign it, the deed by which she makes over her dowry to him, Mme. Dorval leaned so close to one of the candles standing on the writing desk that her cap caught fire, and a seri-rious accident was inevitable had not Frederick, without saying a word, justantly torn the can off rious accident was inevitable had not Frederick, without saying a word, instantly torn the cap off the actress' head, extinguished it between his hands, and put it in his pocket. The act was so spontaneous that Mme Dorval, quite unconscious of lis real cause, stared at him with stupefaction. Those of the audience who had perceived the danger, applauded, and next morning a journal complimented Frederick on his presence of mind, adding that any other actor in his place would complimented Frederick of his presence of mind, adding that any other actor in his place would have shouted "Fire" and called for the engines.

But among the spectators who had seen and suspected no more than the action of a man simply snatching off his wife's cap and stuffing it

into his pocket was a provincial actor, who, hearing the applause, said to himself, "That is an effect I should never have thought of."

Some time afterward, having to play the "Gambler" in the chief town of one of the departments, the aforesaid actor took good care not to forget the cap effect. The instant Amelie approached to sign the deed, he violently pulled her cap off her head, and as advoitly thrust it into his coat tail pocket.

The public taken by surprise, muttered audibly and looked about uneasily,

Fearing a Case of Sudden Insanity. The actor, hearing no applause, said to himself,

not in the least disconcerted, "The stupid fools! They don't appreciate it!" Two days subsequently a subscriber to the theatre, after complimenting him on his remarkable personation of Georges de Germane, ventured to ask:

"But why the dence, in the third act, do you tear off Amelio's any?"

"Ah, you do not understand?"
"Ah, you do not understand?"
"Not the least in the world."
"Why, it was one of Frederick's most powerful

"One of Frederick's effects!" exclaimed the subscriber. "Well, certainly, I should never have suspected it!" And that is how some few traditions arise.

A LONDON "KIP."

Pen Picture of an English Wholesale Lodging-House-Its Unsavory Condition.

When a man has sunk from the position of a householder, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette, he has two courses open to him. If his employment be still sufficiently remunerative he may inhabit one of the dens known as furnished lodgings. These are rooms let singly and supplied with a couple of chairs, a flap doing duty for a table, and a blackened sack stuffed with for a table, and a blackened sack stuffed with straw on an old and shaky four-post bedstead. For these advantages he is charged the nightly sum of eightpence, which a long experience has taught the intelligent land-lord to exact beforehand. Eightpence is a large sum and cannot always be afforded, so the next alternative is the common lodging-house, or "kip," which, for the moderate sum of fourpence, supplies the applicant with a bed, use of lavatories, kitchen and kitchen fire, for the space of twenty-four hours at the most. The "kip" is under the unwinking eye of the law, which is supposed to ensure ceanliness—i. e., cl-an sheets once a fortnight; decency—i. e., the separation of the domitories of the two sexes, and sanitation, which means something almost as indefinite dormitories of the two sexes, and sanitation, which means something almost as indefinite as "common sense." The older inhabitants of the "kip" relate most harrowing details about these places before this supervision and registration took place, which it is a pity even to evoke from oblivion. Suffice it to say that any one might start a lodging-house, and overcrowding was universal—which, of course, is sometimes the case now, only sub rosa, and in not more than every other house in poor districts. The better "kip" is frequented by men only, and many an old soldier or rensioner lives permanently in them. But the majority of the houses are open to persons of all ages and sexes and all degrees of social status.

The Prominent Feature of All "Kins"

The Promin ent Feature of All "Kips" is the kitchen. This is at once dining-room, drawing-room, smoking and card compartment, as which leads to the long sawdust floored room, surrounded with benches, or perhaps divided into compartments like a restaurant. A huge fire, be the weather what it may outside, serves to cook the viands of the inhabitants and to supply the heat which an insufficiency of clothing randers grateful in the colder weather. A number of the vessels, supplied by the house, serve for teapots or missiles as the case may be, both uses being frequent.

or missiks as the case may be, both uses being frequent.

The first impression of a "kip" is that of a savor of death unto death, with variations and permutations. The men, following afar off Sir Walter Raleigh, perpetrate a consumption of the rankest shag. The fair sex contribute a rasping flavor of so called tea. Both eat cheese of decided strength, or herrings of questionable age. Most of the faces are such as to strike one with utter hopelessness. The brutal gin-swoflen countenances of the elder women, the hard, dogged faces of the men and the children furrowed and careworn, the babies who never kick and crow, but are suckled on alcohol and curses, are pictures which are full of grim horror. Here sits the lad who has left his home at the age of thirteen and set up for himself; next to him is a reprobate parson, who, in his sober moments, writes discourses for some of his more fortunate but less gifted brethren to inflict upon their congregations. Many ranks and callings contribute their quota to the mass of human wreckage, the sole qualification being the payment of the night's fourpence.

None is Rejected or Ejected, unless violently or obtrusively "boozed." There are whole streets of these places, some making up nightly 150 beds. That the worst are not to be nightly 150 beds. That the worst are not to be found in the East End is the general report. It is said that Nutting Hill has this unenviable supremacy, but this may be disputed very plausibly. Up stairs there are dormitories, with rows of camp beds bought from the barrack sales, every article of which is marked in large letters, "Stolen from —"s." The double beds have little wooden partitions between them, with doors and latches upon the same.

upon the same.

The dormitories, as a rule, have no washing con veniences, still less any chests or cupboards. Those of the inhabitants who possess a change of

A LONG STORY. But It Tells Where All Our Old Maids Come From.

"Do you know, sir." inquired an American tourist of his companion, while doing England, "can you inform me the reason for the fresh, healthful appearance of the English people? Their complexion is far superior to ours, or our countrymen ver the herring pond."
"Well, I know what Professor Huxley says."

"And what reason does he advance?"
"Well, Huxley says it is all owing to the old maids."
"Owing to old maids! You surprise me."
"Fact. Huxley figures it out in this way. Now you know the English are very fond of roast beef."
"But what has that to do with old maids?"
"Go slow. This genuine English beef is the best and most nutritious beef in the world, and it imports a beautiful so wellsyin."

"All but the old maids. They are still hovering "All but the old maids. They are still hovering in the shadows."

"Why, don't you see? This red clover is enriched, sweetened and fructified by bumble bees."
"But where do the old maids come in?" said the inquisitive American, wiping his brow wearily.
"Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face. The only enemy of the bumble bee is the field mouse."

"But what have roast beef, red clover, bumble bees and field mice got to do with old maids?"
"Why, you must be very obtuse. Don't you perceive that the bumble bees would soon become exceive that the bumble bees would soon become ex-terminated by the field mice if it were not for—" "Old maids?"
"No, if it were not for cats, and the old maids

"No, if it were not for cats, and the old maids of old England keep the country thoroughly stocked up with cats, and so we can directly trace the effect of the rosy English complexions to the benign cause of English old maids—at least, that's what fluxley says about it, and that's just where the old maids come in. Science makes clear many mysterious things, and don't you forget it."

The Lion and the Hash.

Exchange, 7
The lion arose from his lair the other day and roared. It was an ill-natured roar, and it filled the entire jungle with dismay. He had been given and love the entire jungle with dismay. ing premonitory growls for a long time, and last month issued an ukase forbidding the second presentation to him, in any form, of a joint which had already appeared upon the table. As a woman of limited purse is never a thorough house-keeper until she has made the rechauffe an artistic delicacy, the manifesto was like a bomb. The entire household of four rushed to the rescue of my small dishes.

"You may be spared hash," they began, but the lion cut them off dogmatically.
"Hash," he said, "is a compound which should not be mentioned in polite society. Call it mineed meat, if you must have it; but never have it. The stew is sacred to the sorrows of the decayed gentlewoman who keeps a boarding-house. The croquette is the most lonesome, pathetic, utterly gruesome piece of landscape gardening in the way of edibles that I know of. I know that it is only hash after all, and I can't eat it. As for the cromesquieu, it is only a syllabicated evasion of a cold fact—"
"!-ut what in the world is to become of all the

cold fact—"
"Int what in the world is to become of all the cold meat?" we asked.
"There is a meal known as the home luncheon," said the lion, "and it is the recognized duty of every woman at the head of a Christian household to practice all the religion and eat all the cold meat."

After such an assertion of dogma, what could I do but east my refined economies to the winds? For one mouth I fed the lion as solidly as if he were a noble Englishman just come into a fortune. Then one morning I approached him with a doc-

ment. "Noble beast," I said, "I have done as you de-"Noble beast," I said, "I have done as you desired, and behold the butcher's bill!"

It was upon this occasion that the lion roared. You should have seen him eat hash next morning. He called it by its plebelan name, and he swore he liked it. This, I think I may in all modesty call a domestic victory.

An English lady sitting on the balcony allotted to her room was heard to say to her young daughto her room was heard to say to her young daugh-ters, who were becoming rather too noisy for such a public place: "Girls, do keep quiet, or the guests will take you for those rude, boisterous American girls!"

Fair young America on the other side of the partition called out serenely: "Not with those big feet!" when the chraged British matron promptly bustled off with her sensitive darlings.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Once on a Time.

[Luther G. Riggs.]
There never was so mournful a dirge
Of minstrel's harp or poet's rhyme,
As tims sad sentence, in which merge
The buried years—"Once on a time!"

The silent past its charm recalls— It speaks in language strong, sublime; A shadow o'er life's tunshine falls, At those weird words—"Once on a time!"

Not Visited in Vain.

Who says Lord Coleridge's visit to this country has been in vain? A paper collar, new brand of

cigarettes and new style hat has been named in is honor. Who wouldn't be a lord with all these hings to perpetuate your memory? One Like Mine.

Bables with blue eyes, bables with gray, Bables with dim-les, bables like May; All kinds of oables—short, f-t and fair, All of them beauties, uzly ones rare.

Bables with black hair, bables with red, Bables with pug noses, babes that you dread; Every one augels, all of them flue.

The best of all bables is one like mine,

Something Lacking. A woman without a baby is like a man in a ballroom without a crush hat. He may be faultlessly attired, pleasant to contemplate and agreeable to talk to. He seems to be all there, and yet you are yaguely conscious that there is something lack.

But Could She Fry Clams?

But Could She Fry Clams?

Her lips were ripened fruit, where bilss Might long to die upon a kiss.

By feeling stang to perfectness.

The languor of a passion east.

Too perfect at its height to last,

Too perfect at its height to last,

The sweet and half-exhausted sense

Of being almost too intense,

Beneath whose exquisite excess

Life fainting falls in weariness

And drooms to sad indifference,

All this had made her wan cheeks thin

And Love's lost purpose lived alone

Upon the groud prefected throme

Of her compelling chin

Sing a Song of Sixpence.

[Rochester Herald.]
O Amerikaw, Amerikaw! How I love you-Fifty cents all around, please. American women are very beautiful—Fifty cents more all around. please. I have purchased a house in New York, and shall make this country my home - Fifty cents more, etc. That is what our European visitors are giving us.

On the Rio Grande.

On the Rio Grande.

Many 2 day has sped, I say,
since I've tasted the old Big Sandy.
For my ranch is now in the Texas slough,
And I drink of the Rio GrandeThe stream from which Taylor watered his grog
When he tippled with Santa Anna,
And toasted his health in a soldlerly nog,
And a rough-and-ready manner.

So I pledge their fame and heroic name;
Forgotten be their memory never,
Or the battles they won 'neath a Mexican sun,
And I drink to their gl.r; forever.
By the stream from which Taylor watered his grog
When he tippled with Santa Anna,
And toasted his health in a soldlerly nog,
And a rough-and-ready manner.

Ah! No! Chigago News.1
A prima donna once held conversation with a

mule, and, falling into a dispute, the mule victously cried: "You cannot sing half as well as "That may be true," replied the prima donna;
"but you cannot kick as I can."
Overcome by the truth of this argument, the
mule lapsed into a harrowing silence.

Catch On. Old friend, don't grieve nor be downcast; "Catch on" the present—leave the past; You can't recall what's fied and gone; Brace up, old pard—you can "catch on." This world's not giv'n the rich, the few— You may enjoy its snnshine, too, For fortune's wheel doth never stop— You may "catch on," e'en reach the top.

You may "catch on," e'en reach the top.
Old friend, "catch on" the good and true—
"Catch on" the hand that pulls you through;
Ne'er despair, bu: journey along,
Friends will arise, and then "catch on."
Although you be fast growing old,
You'll still find shelfer from the cold;
Sweet charity is not yet gone,
But bids the needy one "catch on."

We hope your husband is better. The recipe for White mountain cake we published in last week's issue, in reply to your question, was a week's issue, in reply to your question, was a typographical error. We got hold of a prescription for gargling a horse for the heaves. Do not seek a divorce from your husband on account of the remarks he made about the cake. There is no doubt any court in the land would sustain him except the Supreme Court of the United States, and it won't sustain anything it is expected to.

[Hawkeye Burdette.]

Time's Changes.

(T. B. Aldrich.)
They parted, with clasps of hand
And kisses and burning tears,
They met in a foreign land
After some twenty years. Met as acquaintances meet, Smilingly, tranqui eyed— Not even the least little beat Of the heart upon either side!

They chatted of this and that, The not ings that make up iife; She in a Gamsborough hat, And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this!
Neither was hurt it appears;
Yet once she had leaned to his kiss,
And once he had known her tears. "Does Yer Think We Bran's 'Em?" "I say, here, waiter," said an Englishman to a colored gentleman in a restaurant, "ain't these

"Doan know, boss; am't neber heard 'em com-am none. Mout be sick, sir, fur all I knows, ysters seem ter lose da courage an' ambition hen da's fotch to this country, sah."
"Well, take them away and bring me another

brand." "Boss, yer'll hafter eat de ones we gin yer. Doan think dat we ketches oysters wid a rope and bran's 'em, does yer?" "Because-."

Some drink to make them wide awake,
And some to make them sleep;
Some drink because they merry are,
And some because they weep.
Some drink because they re very hot,
And some because they re coid;
Some drink to cheer them when they're
And some because they're old; m when they're young

Some drink to cheer them when they're you And some because they're old.
Some drink to give them appetite,
And some to aid direction;
Some for "doctors say its right,"
And some without a question.
Some drink when they a bargain make,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasure take,
And others when they're cross.
Some drink of the sake or commany,
While others drink more siy;
And many drink, but never think
About the reason why.

Tasting the Bottom Dry.

[San Francisco Wasp.] A sad story comes over the wires from Chicage of a former "queen of fashion" (Chicago fashion) who has been reduced to the position of "saleslady." It is not as bad with her as it might be: lady," It is not as bad with her as it might be; there are still several degrees of social degradation for her to take. She may sink to the state of a washerlady, or become the foreiady of a ragpickery. She has tasted the bottom dreg of her cap of buteness, however. A Chicago editor, clutching up his bowel of compassion, tosses his cold nose in the air and contemptuously calls her a "woman"!

The World is Like a See-Saw.

The world is like a see-saw, never balanced for Your salary is always low just when you need the tic delicacy, the manifesto was like a bomb. The entire household of four rushed to the rescue of my small dishes.

"You may be spared hash," they began, but the lion cut them off dogmatically.

No good are all the "have beens," for in country and in town. in town
No one will care how high you've been when once
you have come down.
No one will ask about you, for you never will be missed.

And the mill will only grind for you while you supply the grist.

One day you're worth a penny, next day you're worth a pound, One day you're at the ladder's top, next day you're on Life is nothing but a lottery, each day we clearly Such is the way the world wags on, at least for you

The autumn maiden is a sensible sort of girl. he has her eye always on the main chance. She is more matrimonially inclined than the summer girl. The starlight and the front porch were good your cheek, you know that the siege cannot be withstood very long, and that you will be capture in time to be a Christinas present.

Faded Leaves [Alice Cary.]

The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beach leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand. The clouds in bars of rusty red Along the hilltops glow, And in the still, sharp air the frost Is like a dream of snow. The berries of the brier rose Have lost their rounded pride, The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums Are drooping heavy-eyed.

A TANGLED WEB;

LIFE ON A DESOLATE ISLAND.

A Strange Story of Friendship and Treachery.

By WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

[Copyrighted, November, 1883.]

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL ALONE.

With the going down of the sun the breeze freshened and tossed the spray of the incoming tide as it was struck and was beaten into foam against the sides of the wreck, upon the face of the almost dead survivor of the crew and passengers of the ill-tated vessel. Yet it was some time before he recovered even partial consciousness. The reaction from desnair to hope had been very great—very nearly fatal.

By degrees, however, he was aroused, and as the mists cleared away from his brain, and he was able to think with something of his natural clearness—as he came to fully realize his situation—to feel that he was no longer being helplessly tossed at the mercy of the ocean—that all the blessings of land were within his reach—that the often ultered prayer was at last answered, he nerved himself to sit up and look around.

Upon one side was the sea, stretching away into space. He turned from it with disgust. Upon the other he saw the splendors of tropical vegetation—the tall trees with their bare trunks and crowns of leaves, woven together by countless parasite vines and affording protection from the fiercest sun, and his ear drank in (in fancy at least) the murmuring of fountains that almost literally "guished forth? the midst of roses," while the long unknown fragrance of leaf and flower appeared to bring with it new life, and the golden light of the Southern Cross to flash as light from heaven.

But everything was swallowed up in the intense

But everything was swallowed up in the intense longing to once again set his foot upon land, no matter what it was, or where situated. The regions of eternal ice would have been almost the same to him as where the orange and pineauple and banana ripened, and the child breath of winter never came. Anything that was not water was the "be all and the end all" of his desires. And for a time it rose superior even to his sufferings and weakness. He crawled to the side of the deck, leaned against the broken bulwarks, and feasted his eyes upon it. Feasted? Aye, for it was food for both body and soul. But the flickering twilight rendered everything uncertain and shadowy, and gave a weird character to the view, making it now a scene of enchantment, and then a fit hiding place for spectres.

Must he remain, be chained to his long prison house for eyen another night? What if the hours would soon pass? They would still appear to him But everything was swallowed up in the intense

a fit hiding place for spectres.

Must be remain, be chained to his long prison house for even another night? What if the hours would soon pass? They would still appear to him now an hundredfold more long than they had done even when the ship was a loathsome pest house. Besides, he might be driven away. He knew nothing of how securely the wreck had stranded—how its keel had been driven it between and its copper pierced by sharp rocks—nothing of the impossibility of its ever floating again. But if he ever lost sight of that blessed land he would kill himself, he mutters, and now that there was a gleam of hope it should go hard if he did not place himself in a situation to laugh at stormswept billows and deadly calm.

He wheel his eyes to clear away the mist that had gathered in them and endeavored to calculate the distance between himself and the beach that stretched away in rifts of sparkling silver sand. But he had been so long looking at countless miles of ocean, unbroken by a single object, that he could place no dependence upon his judgment. Then he crawled down into the little cabin, refreshed himself with a few mouthfuls of food and wine, secured the telescope from the table and returned to the deek.

A short observation convinced him that the wreek was lying upon a little reef of (probably)

and wine, secured the telescope from the table and returned to the deek.

A short observation convinced him that the wreck was lying upon a little reef of (probably) coral rock, and that there was only a narrow inlet between him and the main land. It was without doubt deep, but what mattered that to one who had been noted as a swimmer? He realized that he had not strength for any long continued effort, but certainly he must have sufficient to accomplish the distance that was not greater than a ship's length. If perfectly possessed of his ordinary ability, he could have leaped half way and the rest would have been easy. What if the struggle were greater now? The cool water would be refreshing to his weary limbs, and never in his life had there been such a motive—never such a prize waiting to after so long a time of slothful misery, and to secure his safety—to guard against being swept away by the tide that appeared to rush along, if one could judge by the foam, he procured a small, stout and long piece of cordage, knotted one end

stout and long piece of cordage, knotted one end around the stump of the mast, and the other beneath his arins. This would effectually guard against accidents, and, should his strength fail, give him the means of regaining the wreck and climbing on board.

With a melancholy pleasure he took a last look at his prison, calculated upon returning again and taking away the stores that would stand between him and starvation for a long time, then sought the best place and prepared to jump. But it was well that he did not. An hundred deaths were waiting him the moment he had reached the water! It was swarming with ravenous sharks, and what he had taken for the foam of the tide was the lashing of tail and fin as they daried hither and thither in quest of food, calculating with almost human forthcught that the broken and stranded vessel could

quest of food, calculating with almost human foretheught that the broken and stranded vessel could
not long remaie intact, and that they were certain
of their prey they had followed so long.

With a shudder and prayer of thankfulness, the
miserable man turned away, fully realizing the
horror he had escaped. Yet he could scarcely
give up the idea of instantly gatining the shore. It
was like the putting away of untold wealth from a
miser's itching palm—the loosing of a plank from
the hand of a sinking wretch. But his means and
invention were limited. He saw the necessity of
extreme caution; felt that he was going to
an unknown land, the lair, perhaps, of
wild beasts; it might be the home of
savages with cannibal instincts, a place
where he wou'd need all the strength and
judgment and resolution of his best days. Fortunately, too, for his sanity, his reading had
taught him the danger of sleeping in the moonlight, and taking a last, lingering look at the (to
him) Eden shore, bathed now in opalesque light,
he retreated to the cabin, ate more heartily than
he had done for many a long and weary day—with
a smile of defiance at faste, took up the pear to

murmured:
"No, no; not now. I will wait until the blessed "No, no; not now. I will wait until the blessed dawn comes again—wait until I am safely upon the land. O, leaven! that I should ever have thought of killing myself and she—she—may God protect her—she yet living and loving and hoping for my return."

The slumber which followed exertion was more

the land. O, heaven! that I should ever have thought of killing myself and she-she—may God protect her—she yet living and loving and hoping for my return."

The slumber which followed exertion was more protracted and caim than usual. The lonely man awoke in the freshness of early morning, hastily swallowed food and clambered to the deck to again feast his eyes upon the glories of the rank vegetation. The gratified longings of the storm-driven mariners who came with Columbus could not have been greater than his, or the feelings of those who wintered in the Arctic regions with Kane more jubilant when the little "ice-nipped Faith" was hoisted upon the deck of the stanch steamer that would bear them to home, and friends, and warmth, comfort and plenty. It the shore had appeared beautiful when the moon was softly shimmering down, it was a hundred times more so now, as the sky was beginning to be streaked with gold and vermillon—the grav softening into purple, and a rosy flush lighting up every leafy nook.

Beautiful exceedingly, and it would have appeared almost equally so if but sterile rocks—destitute of every living plant, barren soll—the blackened lava vomieta from the volcano's throat. Beautiful, and the almost usane idea of the previous night took entire pos-ession of his brain. He must reach it, and that without delay. Must reach it, walk upon its beach of shming sand, rest beneath the green trees, drink of its cool springs. But how was it to be done?

He laid down upon the deck and looked earnestly at the now placid waters, but there was nothing to be seen—not a fin stirring. What had become of the sharks? Far too tireless to give up the hope of food—too cunning to abandon an unsubmerged week. They must be somewhere in the vicinity, and the eagle-eyed little pilot fish would soon give them notice of any object of prey. He arose and went to the seaward side of the wreck. From thence, even without he aid of a glass, he could see them tearing at some floating object, knew tiey would return the instant it ceased

"Australia?" repeated the lawyer with a sudden start, as if there was something in the name he did not fancy.

"Either there or California."
"Advise him to go to the latter place. The chances of wealth are much the g eatest there. But what do you intend to do? Why not go with him? I would be liberal with an outfit."

"And mighty glad to get rid of mei!" was blurted out with a hoarse laugh. "No, no, I am going to remain in the city."
"And you think this kind of thing is going to last for ever? Why, man, I've paid you over and over again for the trifling service you did me—you and Foster."

"Trifling, was it? And you have paid us? He don't think so. But how about the money?"

"I will give your comrade what he desires, and you double the amount if you will go with him and never let me see—"

"My ugly face again? Why don't you speak out? You would have said it if you dared to," was the laughing reply.

"What do you say to my offer?"

"Pil take the thousand now and think of it."
"As I said before there has got to be a stop put to this. I'm tired of the extortion, and it's the very last cent I'll ever pay to either you or Foster."

"There is somebedy else that will be glad of the chance." the swelling of the sides, and there he saw a monster shark resting almost as motionless as a log. It was lying in wait—patiently watching, and with less of caution upon his part would have been tearing away the little of flesh that semi-

and with less of caution upon his part would have been tearing away the little of flesh that semi-starvation and mental agony had left.

In an instant he had returned to a place of safety—was resting upon the deck, throwing down anything he could lay his hands upon in his wrath, and calculating the chances of baffling the monsters of the deep. This would not have been at all difficult for a salior—for any one acquainted with mechanics—but he knew as little of them as a child and could conceive only one way, and that was to build a raft.

With infinite labor the raft was made. Planks were torn up and lashed together, and when completed it was pushed over the side, checked by a rope, the man swung himself upon it, reached the shore in safety, leaped upon it, flung himself down upon the saids, and in the eestacy of the moment spread out his arms as if he would clasp it all to his heart.

The delusive dreams of safety were so very strong that he lay unmoving for an hour. It was all the happiness he desired to lie upon the sands, to listen to the never-ceasing song of the ocean and leugh scornfully at the wreck. He then stretched beneath the sheltering trees—did not as yet feel the need of the foed or drink—every longing seemed satisfied, and he would have been contented to die then and there had not a delicate female hand appeared to beckon and a sweet voice to whisper in his ear of a lifetime of bliss.

The dream—those of love are apt to be so—was as fitting as beautiful. Night was coming on; he female hand appeared to beckon and a sweet voice to whisper in his ear of a lifetime of bliss. The dream—those of love are apt to be so—was as fitting as beautiful. Night was coming on; he would know something of the land he was upon; must make some preparation to pass the dark hours; must guard against unknown dangers, with which he might be surrounded. Forcing himself to arise, he began to take a hasty survey, to make preparations for commencing a Crusoe life, that might last as long as he did. But he was little prepared for such an event, In his haste to leave the wreck he had brought notbing with him, no food, no elothing, not even the means of defence. Yet he could not think of returning immediately. There would be time enough for that on the merrow, and he waiked on as fast as his strength would permit.

A short time satisfied him that he was upon an island—one below the average size; that it was wooded only in the centre, and that long spits of sand and rock (the fabric of the busy coral insect) stretched away from the northern and southern

stratched away from the northern and southern extremities. He could find no sign of its being inhabited, saw no tracks of wild beasts, and having

inhabited, saw no tracks of wild beasts, and having gone entirely around, returned to the starting place tired and dispirited to pass almost as miserable a night as he had done upon the wreck—a poor, homeless, houseless wanderer upon the sand, with its sliding particles for a bed, and the blue, star-spangled sky above for a covering.

Up with the dawn he sought for but found none of the coel, crystal springs he had fancied he heard—saw no way to satisfy either thirst or hunger, except by returning to the wreck and bringing stores from thence. He tried to remember all he had ever heard upon the subject, and determined to put it in force before he made any farther investigation of his island home. But great was his horror when he found that the raft upon which he had expended so much labor had drifted away—was tossing along almost out of sight of land.

With an unbreathed curse at his folly in not

which he had expended so much labor had drifted away—was tossing along almost out of sight of land.

With an unbreathed curse at his folly in not having secured it, he turned to look for other means but was forced to give up in despair. Unless he could borrow the wings of a guil, there was no way of reaching the wreck in safety; for the sky began to grow murky, the wind to rise and the sharks appeared to have gathered in even greater numbers than upon the preceding night.

Would the ship survive that storm? And, if so, would he live until it became calm enough for him to venture on board? These two questions presented themselves at the same instant, and one, at least, was quickly answered.

The wreck lay in a strained position, and though it might have lasted for weeks under ordinary circumstances, was even then breaking to pieces, and there would soon be no trace of that which had been the pride alike of builder and owner, captain and sailors. Every moment the storm was becoming more violent, and the waves were rushing high upon the beach and breaking into foam against the gnarled roots of the tree to whose branches he had been driven for safety, thanking God that he had escaped their power, no matter what else of suffering might be in store for him.

But that tempest (although he hearly perished before it iniled) was his salvation. When the wind ceased, and the waves returned to their customary bounds, there was nothing of the ship to be seen save a section of the stern hat was driiting oceanward. But the shore was strewn with bales, and barrels, and boxes, and timbers, and planks. The mighty power of the storm had saved him all the labor of transportation, and dropping down from his peren, he was not long in procuring the means to satisfy the cravings of nature.

To tell or one day would be to picture many. The record is sad and the page blotted with tears. All the hours that could be seen in almost any direction as a signal to any ship that might pass. But when those things were accomplished—when he had not

like emerales in an azure setting; they could not be more desolate than the one he was upon. Of the former he had few, of the latter nothing, and after a dozen vain efforts he gave up the undertaking, and if ever sloth became a torment to any man it was so to him. Without books, without labor, without the slightest thing to turn his attention upon, he had nothing to do, did nothing but watch.

And how very often he was deceived! Countless times he mistook the wing of a guil for a sail, and clambered up the flag staff and hallooed himself hoarse, only to drop helplessly, hopelessly to the bottom again and creep away and hide himself in his miserable hut. If he had been unon one of the enchanted islands ships could not have kept more at a distance. Did it drift away? Had it the power to hide itself when any were coming near? Truly, it appeared so, for, as weeks were added to those that had gone before, he began to despair of ever being rescued, scarcely ate enough to sustain life and was fast becoming a skeleton, drying up with every principle of life sapped, unshaved, unshorn, belowered sunker of the read.

When the lawyer entered the library and saw who was waiting for him, the expression upon his face entirely changed. Before it had been one of triumph, and now it was sullen and fearful. "Great heaven! you here again?" he exclaimed, as he dropped heavily into a chair, and as if he had not the strength to utter more. His visitor was a very powerful man of nearly 30, with short black hair, that lay in crisp curls over his head and hung down over his low fore-

"A thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars! You must be mad."

"And my parduer wants as much more. He's atting out for a long voyage—got tired of staying on shore. It's getting too hot for him."

"Going away, is he?" And the lawyer gave a sigh of relief.

sigh of relief.
"Yes, and won't be back for a long time—most

"Yes, and work of the likely never."
"Where is he going?"
"To Australia."
"Australia." repeated the lawyer with a sudden start, as if there was something in the name he

"There is somebody else that will be glad of the "You are too late. I have guarded against

"You are too late. I have guarded against such a contingency."
"I know what you mean, but suppose I shall go to the chief of police and just whisper that..."
"Hush! for the love of heaven," and the face of the lawyer instantly became as colorless as death.

ments—was lost in reflection, and then continued:

"Foster off on a long voyage—though I don't
much like the idea of Australia—probably never
to return, Martin driven away, the rest is easy,
and I am rich beyond my wholest dreams. Oh,
the power of bright, gilttering gold: I have
staked all, body and soul, upon the hazard of the
die, and now I am to win."

In accordance with the above plan, the lawyer
sent for a detective whom he could trust, and
without giving him any reasons for so doing, but
him upon the track, to learn within twenty-four
hours, that Martin had been killed in a drunken
brawl at the latter had fled—gone to sea—and was
beyond the reach of the officers.

"Did Martin langer long or talk much?" asked
the lawyer, valuly striving to control his feelings
of loy.

of joy. "No, he was instantly killed; scarcely breathed again; didn't have time to say a word, sir."
"Thank God!"
The detective thought that a queer expression for one man to use with regard to another who had been suddenly cut off in the midst of his sins. But he made no remark; received his pay and departed.

parted. "So," muttered the lawyer, "the greatest fear I had is removed, but I must trust to no man's eyes but my own," and he went to the house where he had been informed the dead man was lying, and gazed upon the face as repugnant in death as it had been in life had been in life
Then he satisfied himself that the story of the flight of the murderer was also correct, and walked the streets with a firmer step and less sirinking eyes than he had done for years, walked swiftly home, took the ledger that conversely the street with the story walked swiftly home, took the ledger that conversely left by Willis and strained his eyes hour after hour, day after day, week after week, but never a vessel came in sight—never a sail gladdened his heart. The broad ocean, unruffied now as a mirror, and now lashed into foam, was what his gaze alone rested upon—and was what he saw, first, last and always.

There cannot be imagined anything more horrible than this situation at length became. Death would have been a relief. Could it have appeared in bodily shape the grasp of its hand would have been a warm one. He was tempted a thousand times to dash his brains out against the trunk of a tree, or throw himself into the waves and miserably perish. A dead guil lying upon the sand excited his envy. He knelt beside it, and prayed that he, too, might be called away. But the prayer was not an impious one. He had passed that, was biding his time, and would do so unto the end, whenever that end might come, but would never stain his soul with

No nor care."

again."
"Not until I want some more;" and he backed

shine, answered the summons to and enjoyed his dinner with a long-inknown gusto.

Yes, Charles Malvin was a man again. He showed it in every act of his life, held his head more erect, was more open in his dealings and had no apparent anxiety, save such as might have been inferred from his uncommon devotion to marine news.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. "Is it not strange that we de not hear from Lewis?" asked Clara Malvin, as she and her father were seated at the table some months after

unity,"
"Is it possible that you still remember him? I thought you would have entirely forgotten him by this time," he replied, watching her face closely.

closely.

"I forget him, father. You certainly must be jesting. I shall never forget him. No, not if I lived for an hundred years. No, never forget him while allve, and if dead I should always mourn for him."
"Mere school girl talk. It will do well enough
"Mere school girl talk. It will do well enough "Mere school girl talk. It will do well enough for novels, but is nonsense in the affairs of life."

"You will not find it so in my case. When I gave him my heart it was forever," and her eyes flashed and her lips were set in determination.

"And you are foolish enough to suppose that he kept you in memory any longer than you were in sight?"

sight?"
"Certainly I am. I would stake my life upon his truth. But why do you ask so foolish a ques-"Then you have not heard the rumor that is floating around concerning him?"
"What rumor?" she asked, instantly growing

"What rumor? she asked, hadden pale,
pale,
"That he was but flirting with you and—"
"It is a lie! A base, monstrous lie! Who dare
assert such a thing? Oh, that Lewis were here!"
"Softly, my dear," answered the old man, who
had awakened such a storm as he but little expected and was not prepared to meet. "Softly.
There is no need of getting into a passion." "Softly," There is no need of getting into a passion."
"Softly," she repeated, with cheeks burning with indignation and her eyes raying out dangerous hightings. "Father, how dare you talk to me thus? If you had been half a father you would have frequently startly such as the startly st would have instantly struck any mau to the ground that dared to even whisper such a libel upon as pure and nobie a man as the sun ever shone upon."

His visitor was a very powerful man of nearly 30, with short black hair, that lay in crisp curls over his head and hung down over his low forehead. His eyes were of the same hue as bis hair, as were also his full, closely-elipped beard and moustache. His nose was flattened, as if by a heavy blow, his mouth was large, his jaw square and massive. In fact, there was very much about him that reminded one of a great bulldog, and the idea was strengthened by his deep and growling voice as he replied.

"You did not expect to see me so soon. But you know what I came for," and he extended a huge "You did not expect to see me so soon. But you know what I came for," and he extended a huge black hand that would have been a fortune to a prize fighter. "Leech! Bloodsucker! Cormorant!" came to the lips of the lawyer, but ne suppressed them, and, controlling his emotion, said, in his usual calm and measured tones: "This thing must come to an end."
"So you told me the last time I was here," was the impudent interruption.
"And now I mean it. I have submitted to your intolerable demands as long as I am going to do so. But for the last time, how much do you need?"

would have instantly struck any mau to the ground that dared to even whisper such a libel upon as pure and noble a man as the sun ever shone upon."

"You are forgetting yourself, Clara."

"I am not. I would not be a true woman if I failed to defend the name of an absent lover—a betrothed husband. Forgetting myself? I would glory in doing so before all the world."

"But if I could adduce proof?"

"You cannot do so. I dare, I defy you," and she arose and stood before him, with her pure eyes fixed on his gaility and shrinking ones.

"Of course," he answered evasively, "I doubted the truth of the story."

"Do you believe it now?"

"It you will keep silence for a few minutes I will teil you all and you can judge for yourself."

"Go on." Her voice was strained and unnatural, her face coloriess but firm as marble, and her nands like ice.

"I could not believe so badly of Lewis and denied the story as sternly as you could wish, but at length was forced to give way."

"Take me to the witnesses. Let them stand face to face with me."

"That cannot be. But it is needless to talk any more of the matter."

"Not talk of it! As I hope for mercy in my last hours, I will not rest day or night until this foul calumary is disproved."

He hid entirely miscalculated the effect of the story he had invented—had believed that it would instantly raise jealousy—that she would become a pliant tool in his hands—and that he could mould her to his own purposes. He saw, however, the wonderful transfiguration of Love!

The once shrinking and yielding girl had changed into a resolute woman; the duetile wax became adamant, and fearful that she would follow up the falsehood and at length ascertain that her own father was the originator, he endeavored to smooth it down and banish it from her mind.

"It is possible," he continued in his most insinuating tones, "that there is even yet some mistake. There might easily be two of the same name. I will investigate farther, and if it should prove false, as I most fervently hope it will, I will take the m

"And yet you have waited and permitted the base slander to be circulated for months undenied, without even mentioning it to me!"

"You would make a poor lawyer, he replied, with a forced laugh, to conceal his chagrin; "you would try the case without evidence."

"What evidence can I want more than that of my own heart, father?"

"That witness may be good enough in the court of Cupid, but, I regret to say, would not be permitted to testify in any other. You fail to remember that the denial would give the shameful story a still greater circulation, and that if we should fail in the proof the scandal would be magnified a hundred times. You certainly can trust your own father—your only parent—to do what is for the best."

death.
"I understand, but if you force me to it I blow the"
whole affair, turn State's evidence, and so pull
through and leave you to bear the while."

he direrped, and the burning flashes of her eyes were tempered down by tears.

"And that coolness has been your safety. Our silence in the matter has shown how much we disclaim it. Fut had I known how very much you were interested I should have still kept the matter a secret."

"Would that have been honorable?"

"It would have been best."

"You said, "If you had known how much I was interested." Ah! that is a very cold word. 'Interested.' Ahe for him who is to be my hushand—who is more dear to me than life itself! Father, never use that word again when Lewis and I are concerned."

The lawyer arose, stepped to the opposite side of the table from which his visitor was seated, and put his hand in a drawer. But before he could raise it again he saw a revolver pointed at his head and heard the words:

"That won't do. I know you would like to see me out of the way, don't doubt it in the least, but you nad better not try such a thing. I can't afford to lose you and am not going to give you a chance to shoot me. I fancied you might be getting desperate, and so left my comrade to watch on the outside, and if he was to hear a pistol or I failed to come back he would soon let the police know something was wrong."

The lawyer withdrew his hand empty. The coolness of the ruffian awed him, and at the same time he saw the force of the reasoning. He had placed himself in his power and must endure to the end. For his life he did not dare betray him or turn informer. Still, he would have been inclined to temporize—would have done so had he been permitted, but his crafty intentions were cut short with:

never use that word again when Lewis and I are concerned."

"I was thoughtless. But you must remember that I have long since bidden farewell to youth, and may be pardoned if I no longer indulge in the rhapsodies. And Clara, while we are upon the subject, let me ask-you a question."

"If about my love for Lewis, a thousand!"

"Suppose—remember it is only a supposition—that anything should happen to Lewis, that he should be shipwrecked; should be sick, should die."

"I told my comrade that I'd meet him in half an "For the love of heaven, hush!" she gasped,

hour, and it only wants a few minutes of the time.

If I aren't there with the money we'll be in to see what has become of me and then—"

"How much did you say you wanted, Martin?"

"One thousand each. Ten centuries, you know."

"Pshaw! I wish you would drop that long siang, at least while you are here. It smacks too much of theyes and—"

"Is used by." "For the love of neaven, hush" she gasped, clutching the table for support.

"What would you do then? It is well to think of these things so as to be prepared in case they should actually occur."

"I should die—die very soon, with a widowed heart." heart."
"What! waste your young life and beauty upon a grave, when there are so many other men in the world?" "Is used by-"
"Hush! Never breathe that word or I'll make

"Father!"
She turned upon bim a look of the most ineffable disgust, looked at him from head to foot, seemed to read his black heart despite all the coverings of flesh, and clasping her hands above her heart to still its iumultuous throbbing walked slowly out tle child.
Anxious to be clear of his strange companion, the lawyer went to his safe, took out a package of money, and counted out the required sum, ow I want you to promise me that this shall

the room. "By heaven!" growled the disappointed man "By heaven!" growled the disappointed man from between his element teeth. "I never was so humbled in all my life. She ought to have been a queen and sit upon a throne of gold in place of being a poor lawyer's daughter. But she loves Lewis Armstrong too well for me to make the slightest move so long as he remains alive, and my sending him away will be of no avail. Living? I wonder if he is still alive? It is strange, as clara suggested, that we have never received any letters since the first mouth of his sailing. There ought to have been news of his arrival at Australia long ago. I must call and inquire about the skip at the office of the underwriters the first thing tomorrow. They will be certain to have received news if there is any, but I pray, as I prayed when she sailed so proudly be the last. It is sinful to squander money as you do, and i shall have to stop furnishing it for want "Pshaw! Your own word."
"Do you know how much I have already paid "No, nor care."

"This makes \$10,000 each—a very large sum for an hour's work. You must be certain that Foster really sails. If you will go also, I will give you another five hundred."

"Thousand, you mean."

"Yes, as soon as I am perfectly satisfied of the fact, but that will be the very last. The truth is, I was greatly, very greatly deceived in regard to the amount of the venture, and have already paid you more than double your share. There is the money. Be off, now, and mind you don't come again."

certain to nave received news if there is any, but I pray, as I prayed when she sailed so proudly and bravely, that she may have sunk in a thousand fathoms—gone down like a shot!"

He gave no thought to the others that were on board, none to their families, to the wor widows and orphans who would be left to struggle on in this cold and heartless world, where every one is for self. No, very far from it. To have been certain of the death of one man, one who had never done him the slightest injury, whose father had been a benefactor, from whose estate he was receiving a large yearly income, he would have sacrificed hundreds of his fellow-beings, without a single twinge of conscience.

The time for that was to come.

From the room where his daughter had left him the lawyer sought his customary place in the library, and he pondered long upon deeds foul enough to make a demon blush that he had once been a man! again."

"Not until I want some more;" and he backed out of the room, keeping his over fixed upon the lawyer until the hist, as if fearful of treachery. As soon as he had disappeared, Charles Malvin started up, walked the floor rapidly, and muttered to himself: "By heaven! this is terrible to bear. Twenty thousand dollars paid out for what I might just as well have done myself, if I had not been a cowardly fool. But it will be a great relief to have Foster gone—will be so much saved. As for Martin, he is a surly and desperate dog and would stop at nothing. I must think of some plan to get him out of the way—trump up some charge to have him arrested—play the part of friend and yet manage it so that he will have to flee the country for fear of being sent to Sing Sing. That is a glorious thought. Strange that it never occurred to me before. I'll set a detective to work this very afternoon. A few hundreds expended in that way will be a good investment."

He rested his head upon his hands for a few moments—was lost in reflection, and then continued: "Foster off on a long voyage—though I don't much like the idea of Australia. proposity never

enough to make a demon blush that he had once been a man!

It was very late when he retired, but he was up and away before his daughter had arisen, leaving word that he was called off upon urgent business. The fact simply was that he dared not meet her. The expression of her eyes as she had last looked still haunted him, and he must become hardened to it before he could successfully carry out the nefarious plans he had in view. Besides, he had slert little, and that little was far from refreshing. His rest had been disturbed by strange spectral shapes; by forms that should have remained quiet beneath the sods of the graveyard—by writing that appeared to have been penned with flame and blood! From such dreams any man would have been glad to flee; glad when the "black bat" night had flown, and the light of morning was to be seen.

It was yet early. The pestilent vapors of the great city hung heavily and were nauscating, making breathing almost repulsive. He caught the first down car, and did not get out until it had finished its journey. Then he stalked onward through an influxing human fide from across the river, the little army of sidewalk sweepers, until he reached the southern extremity of the island, and bad an uninterrupted view of the bay, the whistling tugs, the swiftly plying ferry-boats, the dweply laden sloops and schooners, the steut ships swinging nullenly at their anchors as they chafed at restramt and longed to again spread their snowy wings upon the ocean. But what attracted his aftention with a more subtle power than all the rest was Gibbet island!

The breeze, untempered as yet by the rising sun, came blewing freshly up from the Narrows and was particularly grateful to the lawyer's lot face and wrinkled brow. He leaned over the messy stone wail of the once fashionable Battery, and gazed upon the waters as they sullenly bear against the base. Would that they could whisper to him of the far-away, tell of the monarchs that rode proudly upon their bosom, full freighted with westith and health and ha ocen a man!
It was very late when he retired, but he was up

that rode proudly upon their beson, full freighted with wealth and health and happiness, and of the shattered hulks that had gone plunging down where the whales made their home and the sea flowers grew from the sparry flor, wreathing alike painted shell and moldering bone. One word from the ocean's mysterieus lips would have solved all—would have lifted his heart to the rest of happiness or compelled it to that of despair. But though aged and wise and hoary as Time, the sea remained mute.

The bustle in the city began to grow greater, the carts rattled, and business men began their almost increasing round upon the tread mill of gain. Chartes Malvin aroused himself, and sought a house where he obtained breakfast. With little of appetite he lingered over the meal, imagered over the morning paper, strolled listlessly around block after block, often consulting his watch. Then, as the bells of the time-honored Trinity chimed out 10, as the doors

most casual manner he could command, as to the news.

"It is bad—very bad, Mr. Malvin," was the answer. "A few more losses will have a fatal effect upon our stock for months to come."

"I regret to hear it. Something new, is it not?"

"Yes. We only received the intelligence last evening, and it is heavy, sir, very heavy. I will never consent to take another such venture, never! By the way, I think you have an interest in it."

"You are mistaken. I have not a single dollar invested in your company, sir."
"You may thank your lucky starsithat you have
not just at the present time, though it has always
stood A1 in the market. But I did not refer to the

stock."
"What then?" "What then?"
"The ship."
"I am too much of a landsman to risk money in any such perishable property," replied the lawyer, curbing the impatience; impatience that was almost consuming him. "No, my dear sir, nothing but real estate and first bonds and mortgages for me; something you can lay your hands on and put in your pocket at any time, have any temptation for me."

tion for me."
"Right, Mr. Malvin, right, but you entirely misunderstand my meaning. You cannot but be
deeply interested, as you are the guardian of
Lewis Armstrong, who sailed in the unfortunate
vessel" "Lewis Armstrong? Great heaven! Has any-

"Lewis Armstrong? Great heaven! Has anything happened to him?"

"You can judge for yourself. The Clipper South Wind arrived yesterday, and brought what I cannot but consider positive proof of the loss of the Alhambra."

"Is il—can it be possible? My poor dear boy. Oh, what a blow to Clara," and for a single instant there was something like fatherly feeling in his heart.

"Clara? O, your daughter. Yes, I remember now to have heard that an engagement existed between them. But with regard to the proofs There lies a portion of the stern of the ship. Though the name is almost obliterated there are plenty who can swear to it."

"Yet, there might be a doubt."

"If there was not, men of your profession would soon manufacture one (with a smile), but to settle the question, here is the log book, and in it you will find a sorrowful record of the life of your young ward. After all the others who were on board had died, a record continued until the last moment before the wreck parted and went down. That great blot is, to my mind, the most poshive evidence that he was suddenly interrupted in his writing."

"It may be so—may be so."

with the was suddenly interrupted in his virting."

"It may be so—may be so."

"When the Albambra was broken into pieces a cortion of the stern drifted away, and this book, which might well be called the voice of the dead, was found upon it. The South Wind had been triven by uncommon stress of weather far out of ts usual course, else the fragment might never tave been seen. We do not—cannot doubt the otal destruction of the ship and all on board, and had at once pay over the insurance money." total destruction of the ship and all on board, and shall at once pay over the insurance money."
"You are right, sir, the evidence is conclusive."
"Have you a lite policy upon Armstrong?"
"Yes."
He was reticent upon that point for the insurance he had effected was uncommonly large, he did not care to have known how large, at least until after payment, and changing the subject he continued:

"Will you do me the favor to loan me this sad and terrible record for a few days. Mr. Jones? I will take the utmost care of and return it at any time you may desire. It is important that I should have it."

Vertainly, Mr. Malvin, certainly; very happy to

"Certainly, Mr. Maivin, certainly; very happy to accommod.te you."
"Thanks."

He secured the documents that to him were almost like life, and passed out. But the venerable president little dreamed of what was floating through the lawyer's brain. That horrible record would not only give him possession of the vast wealth left by Willis Armstrong, but it would prove to his daughter that all future love for his son would be useless, and with hope broken down what night he not accomplish by means of her youth and beauty? youth and beauty?

Like one in a maze Malvin hastened homeward,

Like one in a maze Malvin hastened homeward, hugging the precious volume to his heart. Now he could meet his daughter, and cared not for the eyes of any one in the world. Lewis Armstrong was at the bottom of the sea, Martin was dead, Foster had fled and would not dare to return. But even should he do so what ground would there be for fear? His own character stood far too high to be shaken in the least by the unbacked testimony of such a man. He could laugh it to seorn, could easily hand him over to justice to be dealt with as a muracter.

that word without a sindde. It certainly is not a pleasant one. There is something gloomly suggestive about it of prison and rope, of bleodshed and death. He had seen executions, and the recollections were far from pleasing. Yes, that and one other word, 'Suicide,' never failed to shake him severely, and he always took the most speedy method of banishing them from his mind.

Once at home Charles Malvin sought his library and arranged the light af er his usual crafty fashion. Then he retreshed himself with a glass of wine, and sat dewn and examined his seastained record, page by page.

"It is strange, fearful," he muttered, with lips nearly as white as the paper; "horrible indeed. It is strange how very much a min can pass through and live. I would not have conceived of such a thing. It contains the ground for a hundred works of fiction. I never believed before that stern truth could be more wild and startling than highly-wrought pletures of the imagination. But it is so is so. And it ended at last in death. That at least must have been a release to him, as it is to me. And how will Clara bear it? I almost tremble to think. Last night revealed to me how remarkably intense and lasting was her love. Yet there is no reason for delay. The matter will be bruited all over the city by sundown; the confounded papers will be full of it. Yes, the soener Clara knows it the sooner its effects will pass away, and then—I must think deeply of that."

He rang the bell, and sent a servant for his daughter. She came with a quick step and radiant face, for she had been dreaming sweet day dreams and thinking sweet thoughts of her absent lover. But the moment her eyes rested upon her father she stopped and suddenly exclaimed:

"Merciful heaven! What is the matter?"

"I have bad, very bad news, my good child."

"Of Lewis?" and her heart appeared to stand still, with every drop of blood congealed in it.

"Yes—of him."

"Yes-of him."
"Is he sick?-or-or-"

"Father, are you telling me the truth?" Never before the previous evening had she doubted him Now she would do so evermore.

She stepped to the table—looked at the familiar handwriting—read a few sentences, and with a wild scream fell fainting to the floor. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

PECK'S BAD BOY.

He Has a Heap of Trouble Trying to Convert an Infidel Boy, and Gets Mauled. (Peck's Sun.)

"Hello! Hello! Helle!" yelled the groceryman to the bad boy, as he peeked through the window from the outside to see if any customers were in, "Come in and let me look at these bruises you ar carrying. Great heavens, how did you get that carrying. Great heavens, how did you get that italic style on your nose, and did the same blow blacken both eyes?" and the groceryman laughed at the breke-up condition of the boy.

"O, you laugh if you want to, but when you get walked all over by an infidel, and have some teeth knocked down your throat, you won't laugh so much," and the boy pouted as much as he could with his mouth swelled, and looked at the grocer as though he would like to tip the stove over.

with his mouth swelted, and looked at the grocer as though he would like to tip the stove over.

"What about an infidel? You haven't been fighting with a heathen have you? Tell me all about it, because you are on your last legs, and cenfession is good for the soul. Reveal to me the cause of that leaning tower of Pisa nose, and that hie jacet colored eye," and the groceryman winked at a carpenter who came in to fill his tobacco box.

"Well, you see one of the boys belonging to our gang of widow helpers, his pa is an infidel, and he don't believe anything, but he can saw more wood for widows than any of the boys. He is a good fellow, only he does not go to Simday school, and don't believe there is any God, or devil, or anything. He has made us boys tired more than six times, when we have been sawing wood, talking about things that we believed in that he didn't. He said the idea that a whale swallowed Jonah was all bosh, and Elijah going up in a chariot of fire was poppycolic, and everything was wrong. I went to a deacen of our church, a regular old hard-shell, and told him about the boy, and asked him what ought to be done about it, and he was mad at the infide! boy, and said he ought to be scourged, and we should smite him, and beat him with many stripes. I asked the deacon if it would be right for us good boys to

and make him believe things, if we had to choke them down him and he said it would be doing a service to humanity, and would win for us everlasting fame and glory. Well, here's your glory, Gaze on my left-handed ness and you can see the fame. I tell you, I don't take no more jobs converting infidels. I want to do everything that is right, but hereafter, if an infidel meets me on the sidewalk, I shall go across the street and let him have the whole street. You see, we got the infidel boy up in the haymow of the bern, and while the boys were talking to him I slipped a clothesime around his legs and tied them, and then tied his arms, and we had him so tight he couldn't wiggle. He tried to get away, but he couldn't, and then I commenced on him about Adam and Eve eating the apples. At first he wouldn't believe anything, but I choked him until he admitted that the devil got them into the scrape. Then I asked him if he believed that the Lord cut a spare rib out of Adam and took a lot of dust and puttied it up and made Eve, and set her up in the sun to dry. The darned infidel kicked on that and said he never would believe it, but I sat down on his stemach and tickled his nose with a straw, and finally he caved, and said he believed it, but he was mad, and tried to chew the clothesine around his arms to get away, but we held him tight. Then I tackled him on the children of Israel walking through the sea without getting their feet wet or catching cold, and he utes to believe that, and when the time had expired he said he couldn't swallow It, so I took hold of his cars and tried to pin them tocether at the and make him believe things, if we had to choke

A Brand Plucked From the Burning. We took a recess and played mumblety peg, all except the infidel, for ten minutes, and then I tackled him on Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, and he said that was all nonsense, that it couldn't be done, and I began to run timothy hay and tickle grass up his trousers legs, and finally he weakened and admitted that Josh was all right on the sun scheme. He kicked on Solomon having a thousand wives and said he never would believe a man could be such as blasted fool, but I took a hay nake and parted his hair in the middle, and filled the inside of his undershirt with oats, and when they began to nurthim he said the Solomon story was true, and he even went so far as to believe Solomon had twelve hundred wives, so I got him to believe two hundred more than there was, which is pretty good for an infidel. He wouldn't take any stock in Jonah and the whale, until we buried him up in the hay and made him believe we were going to set the hay on fire, when he said he believed that whales were used in those days to carry passengers, and were fitted up with staterooms on the inside. Then I tackled him on the Hebrew children being cast into the fiery furnace, and not being scorched at all, but he said he would believe anything but that, so I put on my roller skates and began to walk on him, and skate, and fail down on mm, and she begged and said, come to think of it, that fiery furnace story looked the most reasonable of the whole lot. Then I thought he was getting to be converted enough for one day, and I united the rope and let him loose. Yeu wouldn't believe a boy could be so base, but as soon as he was loose all the good work I had done on him seemed to be lost, and he became an infidel again in less than a minute, and We took a recess and played mumblety peg, all except the infidel, for ten minutes, and then I

Scared the Other Boys Down Stairs with a pitchfork and cornered me, and knocke me down and walked on me and pounded me, and

me down and walked on me and pounded me, and before he got through with me he made me swear that I didn't believe anything in the Bible. He was just as mean as he could be, and I don't dare be good unless I go off somewhere alone. I showed my nose to the deacon, and told him the infidel mauled me, and the deacon said I was no good. Say what would you do if you was in my place?"

"I would go and soak my head," said the groceryman. "You have got to learn one thing, and that is, mind your own business about your religious views. The infidel boy is as much entitled to his belief as you are, and the days of choking your views down people who do not believe as you do are passed. After you get mauled a few times more you will be pretty smart. You attend to doing good, wherever you see a stance but don't have some the desired the of infidelity. mauled a few times more you will be pretty smart. You attend to doing good, wherever you see a chance, but don't try to stem the tide of infidelity by brute force, and you will be happier."

"All right, that lets me eut," said the boy, as he looked in a mirror to see how black his eyes were, and tried to push his nose back square in front, "Hereafter people can believe as they please, but I will get even with that deacon, or my name is not Hennery. I bet you he knew that infidel soy was too much for me. Don't it seem strange to you that an infidel should be endowed with muscle enough to knock a Christian boy sity? I can't account for it. I should taink the good boy ought to have the most muscle," and the boy went off thinking how to get even with the deacon.

General Sheridan's Dare-Devil Bravery A story is told of this battle at Stone River, which illustrates the devil-may-care bravery of which illustrates the devil-may-care bravery of Sheridan. He and General Wood each commanded a column, and each strove to see if he could reach the summit of the mountain before the other. Sheridan rode in front of his ranks under the fire or shot and shell, encouraging his men and swearing at the enemy like a flend incarnate, bearing a charmed life. Twenty rebel batteries were turned upon his troops, but he scorned the danger. At one time he took a canteen of whiskey from his aid, and filling a cup he raised it in the air and yelled, as he held it out towards Bragg's headquarters, "How are you, Mr. Bragg."

Just then, as he was moving it to his lips, a rifle ball struck it and took whiskey and all away.

"That's damned ungenerous," he said, and, unmoved, rushed on to battle. His horse was killed, he jumped from the dying steed and led the rest of the charge on foot. He was the first man on the top of the mountain, and he jumped on to one of the guns which his soldlers had captured and shouted for joy and swore at the enemy in turn.

SKINNY MEN.—"Wells' Health Renewer," restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. \$1.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

Charcoal Sketches of the Federal Capital.

Fabulous Prices Asked for Real Estate Everywhere.

A Soldier Who Brought in One Thousand Apaches Unaided.

WASHINGTON CITY, November 10.-An art

capital is more important to America than is the

Federal capital. The one is just beginning to grow in importance. The other may well be permitted to fade away in the distance, diminish as the years roll by to a thing of little more than politteal routine and consequence. "We are too much governed." Conceive, if you can, a session of Congress when absolutely nothing is done, and a session with not one Congressman in the city would be an improvement still. That would b the most glorious day ever celebrated on these shores. Some have found fault that the President went fishing for a few months. For my own part, I think it would be a good thing for the country if the President should go fishing and never come back till the Saturday afternoon of his administration. And let him then come up the back alley, tin bucket in hand and coat over shoulder and get his pay. And just in proportion to our approach to that period of civil service perfection will we recede from political tunuit and turmoil and trouble. And as we recede from these we will come upou Arcadia, art, social refinement, rest. And these things must have their capital, heart, centre, soul. Well, that capital is here by the people are suddenly surfeited with money.

Potomac. I say it. America is a swift land and rounds into shape rapidly. Only a year or two ago money was the great god. But today our people are suddenly surfeited with money. We have suddenly awakened to the fact that memey-getting is not the noblest pursuit of man. We see so many valgar people who have money—money and nothing else—that it is hardly considered reputable to be rich. We begin to see that it is not a great achievement to get money. We find that all a man has to do in this profite land is to grip his bard hand tight to all he gets and hold on it all he gets to be a millionnaire in time. In fact, we begin to see that the more vulgar and mean a man is the more money be gets. We find, in short, that we have pienty of men in America who are fit for nothing else but to make money. And so it is that our best people are suddenly

And so it is that our best people are suddenly beginning to say "let us do something better." But, as the army is a dead letter, and our navy is rot, why art—art in its many ways and walks—allures the eager feet of our ambitious and best-minded people.

New York will, of course, long remain the capital of commerce. This tremendous Moloch of trade very naturally tramples art to death. She may sit at his feet, seil her wares there and all that, even flourish for years yet on the roading island of iron and stone, but she will not stay there. She has built her house here in Washington. To drop figures of speech and state cold facts, art has already built here on a single street in a single year more beautiful houses, fine, rich, glorious to see, than can be found in the entire city of New York. Stick a pin here and remember that this is the cold, frozen truth. And I think it means something. I think it means a great deal more than simple material prosperity. It means an advance, a long advance, too, in the lines of art. Of course architecture is not the highest or noblest, but it is tangible, visible, and serves to illustrate, emphasize, what I would say. And so I say art has built her here here. She will possess it and olde here under these blue skies.

The Red City.

Close your eyes and recall the color of cities you have seen. London is a sombre gray, almost black. Paris is white, and so on. This is a red city. Of course, if you only see the capitol and Pennsylvania avenue, and indeed the largest half I fear only see this much, why Washington may seem gray, green or even black or mottled, if you take into account the crowds of colored folks. But go out toward Senator Pendleton's place or Secretary Bi ine's and you will ever after remember Washington City as the reddest of red spots of this earth. And the fervid green of the trees, the bluest of blue skies, these bring out and italicize the red so distinctly, the intense Pompetan red, that you tain'y revei in the warmth of it. And this red is not at all obtrusive. These green trees see to that. And then the Pompeian red is often interrupted by some sudden and sharp contrast of color. Here it is surprised by a break of green stone or gray stone, then a softer form of red, but the whole habitable and decent part of this great capital of ours is one prevailing array of harmonious Pompeian and Indian red. I fear only see this much, why Washington may

eye—a large and soutful orb—looked downward, and her ample ears sloped coyly toward a drooping tall. Her legs were spread out like the legs of a four-legged stool, and she seemed quite restful and at times even distrait.

Without entering any one's house here I think it can be said that the ladies are as beautifuly, numerous, but not so numerously beautiful as in New York. It is high tide here at 4 o'clock, and you see rivers of them flowing in every direction from his lips as the bungstarter fell with awe-incoming the property defined when of the the departments. Of course, these young ladies the departments. Of course, these young ladies are not in what is called society yet. But many of them are better born, and better bred, too, than some who are there. Taken as a whole, I think them most worthy and deserving. They work hard, are honest, good. Nearly all their earnings go to help some helpless ones at home. No, they are not of the social element of which I began to write. And they ought to be glad of it, too. They are doing better.

But the world wants a social capital in America as well as an art capital, a sort of winter Newport

But the world wants a social capital in America as well as an art capital, a sort of winter Newport or Saratoga. But the extreme North is too coid; the extreme South is dull, stagnant, of doubtful interest to the young in quest of social excitement; to manimas with daughters, to rick young men who in the course of time and nature will woo and wed them. And so with the nucleus of foreign legations to begin with, where we touch the topmost reach of social eminence, "society" is slowly but very surely coming to make this her capital this side the Atlantic. So far as the winter months go "society" has been pivoting about between Boston, New York, Washington and some of the winter quarters South for some years, but it has at last, this year, for the first time entirely, I think, decided to settle down by the Potomac. I may be mistaken, and it is a matter of very little importance, too, but I want to put It down as a prophecy that Washington city is to be this winter and all succeeding winters the social capital of our country.

Trying to Buy a House at the Capital.

Finding this place healthy, civilized too, as compared to New York or Boston, falling in love with its refinement and beauty in fact, I picked out my house, one marked for sale and one which thought might be within reach of my very fer thousand dollars, and went to the agent.

thousand dollars, and went to the agent.

"Ah, that house is only about half a mile from Senator Blaine's, and we will have to ask you a pretty good sum, sir, a pretty good sum."

"Well, put it at your lowest figure and say at once how much?"

"Sixty-two thousand dollars, sir."

It took my breath away. I went into the street and leoked up a house of humbler front.

"How much for the little house with the Queen Anne gables, Pompeian complexion and Jerusalem tower."

"How interference that complexion and Jerusalem tower."

"Let me see. Ah, that is only a mile from Secretary Blaine's. Well, sir, I can let you have that for forty thousand; only a mile from Secretary Blaine's, sir."

In despair I fled and found at last the smallest house in all the northwest portion of Washington. In fact, I think it had been a brick chicken coop up to the time when they got up this tremendous "boom" in real estate here. It belonged to a negro, and, of course, was for sale at a bargain; for the black man does not quite keep up with the progress of Washington City. This black man had had a bay window annexed to his little brick house; and in cold truth, the big blazing Pompeian red bay window was bigger than the house. I did not go to the agent this time, but spoke directly to the man and brother.

"Yow much do you want, nucle, for your little house, here?"

"Fo' dis brick house, sah, wid bay window?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Wal, boss, you see I'se powerful close to de nex president, heah, sah, an' I'm to get a heap o' money for dis.

president, heah, sah, an' I'm to get a heap o' money for dis. Yes, sah, nex president over dar jis a quarter of a mile." "And who is this next president, uncle?"

"Jimblaine, sah."
"I did not buy that bay window with the house

On Meridian Hill. Despairing of being able to buy a house within

the city's limits, I climbed the crescent of hills to the northwest, where a few fine houses dot the mountain's brow under the great oaks that shadow it. I turned about here to look at the city below. it. I turned about here to look at the city below. I tell you I had never seen Washington City before. And no one has yet seen this mighty city who has not seen it from the high levels of these oak-set hills. This is the place, this natural park about the great circling brows of the mountain, around from the Soldiers' Home to the west, for the national drive. The air is so fine here, the scenery so matchless, so magnificent, that the city must in time come here for its cool, pure air of a summer's evening.

But whether this long, high level of mountain from the made a park and drive or not, do not fall to visit if you wish to see Washington City and the most stately panorama of river, valley and circling mountains ever yet seen.

From this one point the whole arena melts into a perfect and unbroken circle, as perfect as the circle of the Coliseum. This seems strange, with many rivers flowing through and around the city, but it is so. All the breaks in the surrounding mountains, all the gaps made by the coming and going of rivers, all things are closed up, and the city of Washington, from this one point of view

seems surrounded by a wall as unbroken and perfect and shapely as if it had been fashioned by the Cyclopean kings of eld.

An Old Arizonian Soldier.

What a small world we live in, after all! And how round it is, too! Here on the heights, alone, save for the many beautiful babies born to him since he sat down under his oaks, built his house and planted his vine and fig tree—many vines and many fig trees, in fact—I find a dear old soldier, a fellow world-builder of the far West. A dozen years or so he found this spot with the encircled city below, the Potomac far away; yet in his very door-yard, with many slips, the old Roman areas before him. arena before him, aye, the very wild beasts of vouring Christians over yender at the Capito finding all this before him, I say, he sat down her finding all this before him, I say, he sat down here, would go no more away, but gave up his commission and has been here ever since, planting grapes, growing figs, looking down into the president's doer-yard. And this sileen title man, too modest to let me mention his name, is the very man, the humane and gallant solder who went out unbarmed, all aione, some fitteen years ago, and brought in more than a thousand armed Apache Indians; a feat that startled the country at the time, I remember.

The Winter Newport.

Washington City is a splendid century plant, set here by the Father of his Country, and this is the first time it ever blossomed. I announce it as a first time it ever blossomed. I announce it as a scientist might announce a discovery that this city of Washington is now Newpert, Saratoga, Long Branch, all tegether, for the winter season. It is a new but indisputable fact. This great country seems to have only suddenly and sow discovered the giory and splender of its capital.

Washington City is even now brighter, livelier, more gay, more attractive socially than ever was famous Saratoga.

And yet Saratoga! Who—what man of heart—has not memories of that restful, wooded watering place? Memories of the one fair woman?

IN MEMORY. I lift these lines, a monument Above these de r. dead buried days, When leve led on which way we want, When lowers bloomed in all our ways. I sing those days of long ago, Because—because I loved him so, And loved them so because that she Was of them so entirely.

Was of them so entirely.

Do you not remember that one great season at Saratoga? Foreign ministers, the Emperor of Brazil, Don Carlos of Spain, a duke or two of England, and then a score of us scribes and "literary fellers" all following, fluttering like moths about this one bright light of that one greatest season? You forget the picture? For shame. But I shall not. Here it is:

HER PICTURE. HER PICTURE.

I see her now—the fairest thing
That ever mocked man's picturing.
I picture her as one who drew
Aside life's curtain and looked through
The mists of all life's mystery
As from a wood to open sea.

The soft, wide eyes of woodsrment
That trusting looked you through and through;
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new bent,
That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sent love's arrow swift and true.

That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient Hath not such pearls in all her stores; N. tall her storied, spice-set shores Hath fragrance such as it hath spent.

I picture her as one who knew How rare is truth to be untrue— As one who knew the awful sign Of weath, of tife, of the divine. Sweet pity of all leves, at hates, Beneath the Iron-footed fates. I picture her as seeking peace, And clive leaves and vine-set land; While strife stood by on either hand, And wrong her tears like rosaries.

I picture her in passing thyme
As of, yet not a part of, these—
A woman bein above her time;
A woman watting in her place,
With patient pity on her face.

Her face, her earnest, baby face; Her young face, so ancomman wise— The tenger love-light in her eyes— Two stars of Heaven out of place. Two stars that sang as stars of old Their silent eloqueace of song, From skies of glory and of gold, Where God in purple passes along— That patient, baby face of her. That won a thousand worshipperst That silent, pleading face; among Ten thousand faces just the one I still shall love when all is done, And life lies by, a herp unstrung.

That face, this shisting sheaves among;
That face that hever can grew eld;
And yet has never been quite your;
— JONQUIN MILLER.

WINNING OVER A MULE. Wonderful Mesmeric Power Displayed by a Negro. [New York Sun.]
A man and a mule stood on the corner of Park

row and Beekman street. The man was excited The mule was not. A crowd of idlers formed a ring and gazed stolldly at the efforts of the man to start the mule. The mule stood still.

There was about the mule an air of gentie ex-

uberance, mingled with a reserve, that protected her from the pointed remarks of coarse men. Her eye-a large and soutful orb-looked downward,

"Phy don'th' must go an?" he asked haughthy.
"Bekase he stays where he is," answered the
driver.
"Don't be hppy, you."
"Eat a brick, y' tarrier."
The driver and the ponceman thrust their chins
forward and glazed into each other's eyes for several minutes, while an artful smile stole over the
mobile features of the mule, and her ears waved
gently. Suddeally there was a rushing sound in
the air, and a howl of warning arose from the
crowd as the mule mathered her hoofs under her
and shot them out is four directions all at once.
One of the hoofs came within two inches of the
policeman's nose, and he at ence fell uron the
driver with a howl of ferecity, jamined him up
against a telegraph pole, and choked him half to
death while he poured a stream of ragged adjectives into his ear. Then he shook the driver until
his teeth chartered, and east him against the
mule.

his teeth chartered, and cast him against the mule.

The driver picked up the bungstarter and resumed his exercise upon the mule with a down-cast air, while the policeman yanked at the mule's bit. The mule seemed more or less annoyed, but still smiled. Then the policeman, the driver and some volunteers got at the wheels of the cart and tried to roll it against the mule's hind legs. They succeeded in doing this, but it only amused the mule. Then the volunteers stopped and mopped their fevered brows, while the mule looked commiscratingly around upon them.

It was at this mement that a small and stumpy negro emerged from the crowd and walked around in front of the mule and looked steadily into the mule's right eye and stroked one of her ears.

"Phat's th' coen doin' wid th' mule?" asked the policeman.

policeman.
"I'm a mezermerisin' ob dis heah animile, I am," said the negro in an injured tone. "He don't like de I-rash." like de I-rash."

Then he communed with the mule again, went to the cart, climbed to the seat, said "G'on dar!" and gently prodded the mule with his toe. Without an instant's hesitatien the mule started off at a toggle-jointed trot, and whirled around the corner.

A patient writes nearly a year after using Compourd Oxygen:

"There is nothing wrong with my lungs now, and for that I have to thank you more than anything else. It is true, there are days when I do not feel as bright as I could wish, but if it had not been for the Oxygen I doubt if I would be here to feel at all." Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," contain-

of Treates on Combound Caygon, containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrin, Neuralgia, Eronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chrenic diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. Stankey & Falen, 1109and 1114 Gurard street, Philadelphia. How John Small Makes Money on Hens John Small, who lives in Milford, Conn., is a

chicken fancier who raises eggs for the New York market. He keeps about 100 hens and is an ex. market. He keeps about 100 hens and is an ex-pert gunner, snarer and bird trapper. His hens are very profitable, the only outlay he has made on their account during the season being for twelve quarts of corn and wheat daily. The menu of these hens has comprised 200 skunks, 150 rab-bits, 100 muskrats, two horses and one cow. Twenty dollars per month has been the average sale of eggs.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—The Daily Sentinel, which is the leading morning paper of this State, writes:

(Pittsburg Dispatch.)
A distinguished physician, whose habit is to A distinguished physician, whose habit is to smoke five or six eigars every evening, but none at all during the day, has long pursued the plan of not smoking at all during the month of October. His idea is, he says, to allow his system to recuperate thirty days annually. The effect of to-bacco, in his case, is a slight acceleration of the movement of the heart. This acceleration becomes clearly defined by the end of every September, but ceases entirely at the boginning of November, after his period of abstanence, leaving him in good condition for another year's wrestle with the weed.

In you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "billousness." Nothing will cure you so speedly and permanently as D. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER.....EDITOR

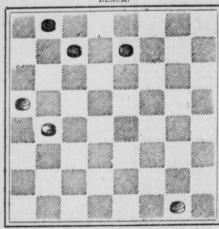
Boston, November 20, 1883.
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15

BY ISAIAH BARKER, CAMBRIDGEPORT,

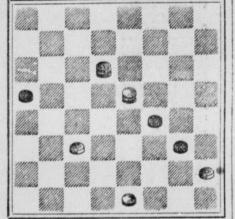


WHITE.

White to move and draw.

The above position was published wrong last week. We give it again this week corrected.

Position No. 1174. BY WALTER L. HANNAHS, OAKVILLE, CONN. BLACK.



WHITE. Black to move and draw.

		-		
Came No. 1673-New Fifteenth.				
BY G. H. POWELL, BOSTON, MASS.				
1015	2623	2 6	2922	B-710
2117	811	1910	3 7	
1518	2420			
2314	913		812	
918	2824	711		
2215	1115	3126	514	2419
1118	3026	1216	2319	
1714	4 8	2521	16. 23	
6 9	2319	1825	27 9	1115
				Drawn.
A-In	zame No. 2	268 of Tt	irî Mr. E. A	. Durgin
introduce	es this mov	e to corre	ect "Janvier"	s Ander-
	- 00 -+	ood mor	o whose O	o TO in

B—Corrects Durgin, who plays 12..16 and 1..5, allowing white to win. This leaves Janvier's Anderson correct. (Var. 1.) 21..17-2 9..6 20..11 22..15 17..14 1..5 11..16 15..18 10..28 12..16

		(Var. 2.)		
3228	2419	2819	1912	1115
1014	1524	1216		Drawn.
		Sale to consist out the sale		
	Came N	lo. 1674-	Switcher.	
Played	between 1	Messrs. Wy	rllie and R	obinson-
	n's move.			
1115	1822	815	2427	2318
2117	2318	1713	1815	5 1
913	1 6	1216	1014	1814
2521	2824	2011	1511	1 5
811	6 9	716	2731	1410
1714	2723	13 9	1916	2226
1017	3 8	514	3126	3 8
2114	3025	2218	1612	2630
610	2226	1522	2623	812
2217	3122	25 9	12 8	3026
1322	1115	1620	1417	1216
2617	1811	2419	8 3	2623
1518	927	2024	1722	A-5 9
2420	3223	2318	9 5	Drawn.
				rem a

A-Can black win? A. O. Robinson.-[Turf. Came No. 1675-Laird and Lady.

The following three games were played at Greenock, on Saturday last, in the match between W. Campbell of Glasgow and J. Ferrie of Greenock. Second game in the match-Campbell's move.

2114	31 8	2824	2319	Drawn.
	Came	No. 1676	-Alma.	
Third	game in th	e match-I	erne's mo	ve.
1115	2925	1518	1823	1827
2217	1620	2215	1612	711
811	1916	1118	811	2731
2319	1219	1916	12 8	2824
3 8	28 7	1219	1115	3126
2522	211	2415	8 3	2420
1116	1713	1019	1518	2623
2723	812	2724	3 7	2016
711	2623	2027	2326	2319
3127	4 8	3216	3023	1612

Came No. 1677-Single Corner Fourth game in the match-Campbell's move. 11..15 4..8 1..5 9..14 20..27
22..18 16..12 25..22 22..18 26..23
15..22 5..9 14..17 5..9 27..31
25..18 28..24 21..14 11..7 9..14
9..13 11..16 10..17 14..17 32..27
29..25 31..26 32..28 7..3 23..18
12..16 10..14 17..21 10..14 17..22
24..19 18..15 28..24 18..15 15..10
16..20 7..10 7..10 14..18 22..25
26..22 24..19 15..11 23..5 Drawn.
8..11 2..7 8..15 16..32
19..16 22..18 18..11 2..9 -[Sunderland Weekly Echo, October 26, 1883.

Solution of Position No. 1171. End game from "Whyte Dyke." BY G. H. POWELL, BOSTON, MASS.
 18..14
 23..18
 15..11.*
 7...2

 26..31
 26..33.1
 23..19
 24..27

 27..23
 19..15.2
 11..7
 2...6

 81..26
 20..24
 19..23
 27..31
 (Var. 1.) 27..31 10.. 7 15..10 22..18 31..26 14..10 14.. 9. 24..27 18..14 19.23 8..3 27..31 12..8 24..27 7..11 20..24 3..7 23..19

BY G. W. BROWN, WARREN, ME. 27..23 17..14 14..10 11..15 15..10 6..9 6..15 9.14 21..17 23..18 18..11 15..19 10..6 9..6 5..9 W. wins.

Checker News. During Mr. Wyllie's visit to Detroit he played in all 247 games, of which he won 198; lost, 6; drawn, 43. The following are the scores of the leading players: Wyllie, 1; McGreevy, 0; drawn, 3. Wyllie, 13; Ashley, 2; drawn, 11. Wyllie, 43; Jackson, 2; drawn, 9.

Mr. David B. I	Day, a prominent	player of Jersey
City, N. J., spent	a week in Bosto	n recently. Dur-
ing his stay here	he made the foll	owing scores:
Day 1 M	laynard1	Drawn4
Day 1 O	ak1	Drawn5
Day 1 K	elly1	Drawn0
Day 4 D	r. Brooks2	Drawn4
Day 2 E	astham0	Drawn0
Day 7 D	mrgin1	Drawn4
Day 2 B	atley 3	Drawn3
	right1	
In response to	an invitation from	n the Haverhill
	tor visited that	
	arough the kinds	
Mrs. Larkin, as	well, also, as Mes	srs. Killam and
Tonney he was	anabled to an	low an avaallant

hearty welcome from a jovial set of checker players. The editor remembers his visit with pleasure, and trusts that he may be able, at an early date, to accept their kind invitation to come again.

Mr. W. A. Kiliam was very successful in his play, as will be seen below.

From the Bulletin of October 30 we copy the following:

Checker Contest. H. Z. Wright of Boston, editor of the checker department of the Yankee Blade, was in the city yesterday, and played several games with some of

yesterday, and played several games with some of the players of Haverhill. As a player, Mr. Wright has few superiors in the State. Below we give a summary of the games:

There were thirty-two in all, of which E. G. Morrison played 12, U. A. Killam 6, C. Meserve 5, M. Hersey 4 and W. B. Larkin 5.

With Morrison, Wright won 7, and there were 5 draws; with Meserve, Wright 4, draws 1; with Killam, Wright 1, Killam 2, draws 3; with Hersey, Wright 2, Hersey 1, drawn 1; with W. F. Larkin, Wright 3, drawn 2.

There were a number of spectators who watched the playing with much interest. Mr. Wright plays quite rapidly for a professional, which is something unusual with those who have won a reputation as superior players.—[Yankee Blade, November 10.

Mr. J. H. Irwin, the well-known Boston expert,

Mr. J. H. Irwin, the well-known Boston expert, spent a few days in this city during the past week, and entertained the players across the board with the fellowing results.

Irwin... 6 Nagel ... 4 Drawn... 6 games Irwin... 3 Simon ... 2 Drawn... 2 games Irwin... 1 Denvir... 2 Drawn... 5 games Mr. Irwin remarked that he was in Detroit recently, and while there had a sitting with Mr. Astley. We wonder what the score was?—[Cln. Mr. Gazette.

Mr. George W. Johnson, hair-dresser, No. 276 Congress street, Portland, Me., invites all players visiting that city to make him a call.

STANDARD TIME.

Particulars of the Extensive Change Which Took Effect Sunday-Facts Concerning Possible Future Universal Stan-

Sunday, at noon, the much-heralded change of time took effect. From that time onward all places in the United States and Canada, from Eastport, Me., to a point a little west of Cleveland, O.; Columbia, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., will have the same standard time. Or, more exactly, the clocks at all points between the meridian of 67°30' and 82°30' will indicate the same hour and minute. Then all points from about Detroit, Mich.; Columbus, O.; Atlanta, Ga.; and Tallahassee, Fla., to about Winnepeg, Can., Fargo, Dak.; Omaha, Neb.; Topeka, Kan., and Houston. Tex., will have the same time as far as the clocks indicate, though all will have time exactly one hour slower than in the district in which Boston is located. For instance, a man may start from Eastport, Me., with his watch set to standard time, and the watch will, if a perfect time keeper, be just right everywhere until he reaches a point 900 miles west of there, when he

Crosses the Meridian Just West of Cleveland,

Ohio, when his watch will be exactly one hour too fast. Continuing his journey 900 miles further, to Yankton, Dak., he will discover that his watch is exactly two hours too fast, and so on until he reaches a point just west of Virginia City, Nev., where the watch will be exactly three hours fast, and that time will hold clear to the Pacific coast. When it is 12 o'clock at Trenton. N. J., it will be 12 o'clock at all points 450 miles east and west of Trenton or the seventy-fifth meridian; it will be 11 o'clock at all points from 450 miles east to 450 miles west of St. Louis and New Orleans, or the ninetieth meridian; it will be 10 o'clock at all points 450 miles east or west of Denver, or the 105th meridian; and it will be 9 o'clock at all points 450 miles east or west of Carson City, or the 120th meridian. The minute hand at all points in the country will always point alike, and the difference in the hour hands will be in even hours. Previous to this time there have been about fifty different standards in use in the United States. The new arrangement reduces it to four, and the standard for New Brunswick and Nova Scotla, adopted in this new arrangement, makes a fifth. Heretofore every city and town has had its own standard, its time being set to its own meridian, or the moment that the sun passed over the north and south line of the City or Town Hall. Whenever one has travelled fifteen miles west his watch would be one minute fast, and so on. The chief difficulty experienced under the old time has been by railroads and the travelling public. For instance, a gentleman starting from New York for Boston under the old system would come east to Springfield on New York time, and finding by the time card that the train for Boston left Springfield at a certain hour, might take a short walk about Springfield to stretch his legs, intending to get back to the depot with a minute or two to spare. Yankton, Dak., he will discover that his watch is exactly two hours too fast, and so on until he

Depending Upon His New York Time, he would be very likely to learn on reacning the depot that the train for Boston had been gone about twelve minutes-having left on Boston time. Henceforward nothing of that kind can occur. The following table shows the time in the cities mentioned as it stood before noon Sunday; that is, previous to the adoption of the new standard time. For instance, at Boston Saturday noon, the time was 16 minutes faster than the standard time at noon Sunday.

Bath, MeTime 18	20 minutes faster.
Bath, Me. Time is Boston, Mass. Time is Charleston, S. C. Time is Chicago, Ill. Time is Cincinhati, O. Time is	16 minutes faster.
Charleston, S. C Time is	15 minutes slower.
Chicago, IllTime is	9 minutes faster.
Cincinnati, O Time is	22 minutes faster.
Columbus O Time is	28 minning faster
Columbus, O	28 minutes factor
Dubnana Ta Time is	2 minutes laster.
Dubuque Ia Time is Denver. Col. Time is Ramilton. Ont Time is Hannibal, Mo Time is Houston, Tex Time is	o minutes slower.
Denver. Col	exactly the same.
Hamilton, Ont Time 18	19 minutes slower.
Hannibal, Mo Time 18	1 minute slower.
Houston, Tex Time is	24 minutes slower.
Indiauapolis, Ind Time is Jefferson City, Mo Time is	10 minutes faster.
Jefferson City, Mo Time is	9 minutes slower.
Kansas City, Mo Time is	10 minutes slower.
Kalama, Wash	10 minutes slower.
Louisville, KyTime is	18 minutes taster
Kansas City, Mo. Time is Kalama, Wash. Time is Louisville, Ky. Time is Laramie, Wyo. Time is Montreal, Que. Time is	6 minutes slower
Montreal One Time is	6 minutes faster
Macon Cla Timo is	99 minutes favor
Macon, GaTime is Minneapolis, MinnTime is	19 minutes laster.
Mobile Ale Time is	2 minutes slower.
Mobile, Ala	o minutes faster.
New London, Conn Time is	12 minutes faster.
Mobile, Ala Time is New London, Conn Time is New York City Time is Nashville, Tenu Time is New Orleans, La Time is	4 minutes faster.
Nashville, Tenu Time is	13 minutes faster.
New Orleans, La Time is	exactly the same.
New Orieaus, La. Hune is Omaha, Neb. Time is Philadelphia, Penn. Tine is Port Hope, Ont. Time is Port Huron, Mich. Time is Portland, Me. Jime is Portland, Me. Jime is Port Huron, Mich. Time is Port Huron, Mich. Time is Portland, Ore. Time is Richmond, Va. Time is Richmond, Va. Time is	24 minutes slower.
Philadelphia, Penn Time is	I miaute slower.
Port Hope, Ont Time is	14 minutes slower.
Port Huron, Mich Time is	30 minutes slower.
Portland, Me Time is	19 minutes faster.
Providence, R. 1 Time is	14 minutes faster.
Port Huron, Mich Time is	30 minutes faster.
Portland, Ore	10 minutes slower.
Richmond, Va Time is	10 minutes slower.
Savannah, Ga. Time is St. Louis. Mo. Time is St. Paul, Minn. Time is	94 minutes slower
St Louis No Timo is	1 minute alower
St Dayl Minn Pinn is	10 minutes slower.
Selma, AlaTimo is	12 minutes slower.
Seima, Ala	12 minutes raster.
Sioux City, Ia	26 initiates slower.
San Francisco, CalTime is Sait Lake City, UtahTime is	10 minures slower.
Salt Lake City, Utah Time 18	28 minutes slower.
Toronto, Ont	17 minutes slower.
Terre Haute. Ind Time is	10 minutes faster.
Vicksburg, Miss Time is	3 minutes slower.
Winona, MinnTime is	7 minutes slower.
Vicksburg, Miss. Time is Winona, Minn Time is Washington, D. C Time is	8 minutes slower.
The figures above given are n	ot exactly correct

in each case, but are hear enough for practical purposes.

The change, which went into effect Sunday, is one step toward a universal standard of time, selentific men looking forward to the period when 24-hour clocks will be in universal fise, and when some particular ineridian shall be taken, such as that of Greenwich, and when clocks will everywhere indicate noon at the same instant and one, two, three, etc., o'clock at the same moment everywhere. Even though when it was noon at Greenwich it might be dark at San Francisco, it would at the latter place be so early in the morning, yet 24 o'clock at each place by the clocks. There would, it is claimed, be considerable difficulty in settling upon a prime meridian.

Never Been Sick a Day in His Life.

(Danbury News.)

Homer Stuart of Newtown died early last week.

He was in prime health. He was even conceited about it. He said but a few days before his death that he had never been sick a day in his life. He was pretty proud of this, as he had a right to be. In the fulness of strength he went out to build a fence. Shortly after he was found dead by the side of his work. The medical examiner said his heart was thoroughly diseased. And he hadn't been sick a day in his life.

The New London Day says that as a Connecti-cut fisherman was wading in a shallow oyster cove cut fisherman was wading in a shallow oyster cove he noticed that his feet were getting very heavy. Looking down to ascertain the cause, he was surprised to find his legs covered with oysters, small ones to be sure, but cysters just the same, which had set and were happy in the thought that they were provided for life. Instead of this proving an unmixed blessing, our fishing friend was employed two hours in ridding himself of the oyster bed.

An extraordinary announcement of the attractions which it has secured for 1884 is made by the Youth's Companion, and especially noteworthy is the group of serials which it will publish. These include original stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, James Payn, Katherine S. Macquoid, Alphonse Daudet. George Manville Fenn, J. T. Trowbridge and Frank R. Stockton. All these were written expressly for it, and Mrs. Oliphant's story is said to be the best she has produced for some time. Daudet's story is of life in Paris, Hardy's of the peasantry in the west of England, Fenn's of London, Mrs. Macquoid's of Normandy, and Trowbridge's and Stockton's of America.

ments in this paper, please do us the favor to mention that you saw the same in THE Experts visiting Haverhill will be assured of a BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE.

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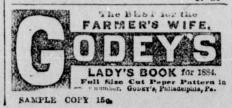
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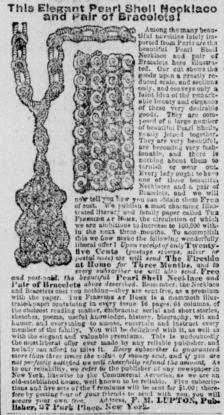
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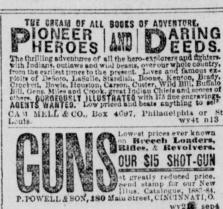
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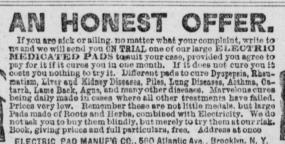
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